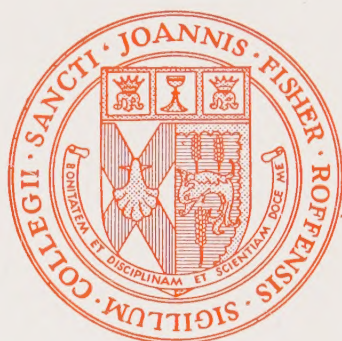




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George Harvey

GEORGE HARVEY

'A Passionate Patriot'

BY

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AUTHOR OF

'AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS,' 'A CENTURY OF EXPANSION,' ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

CALVIN COOLIDGE



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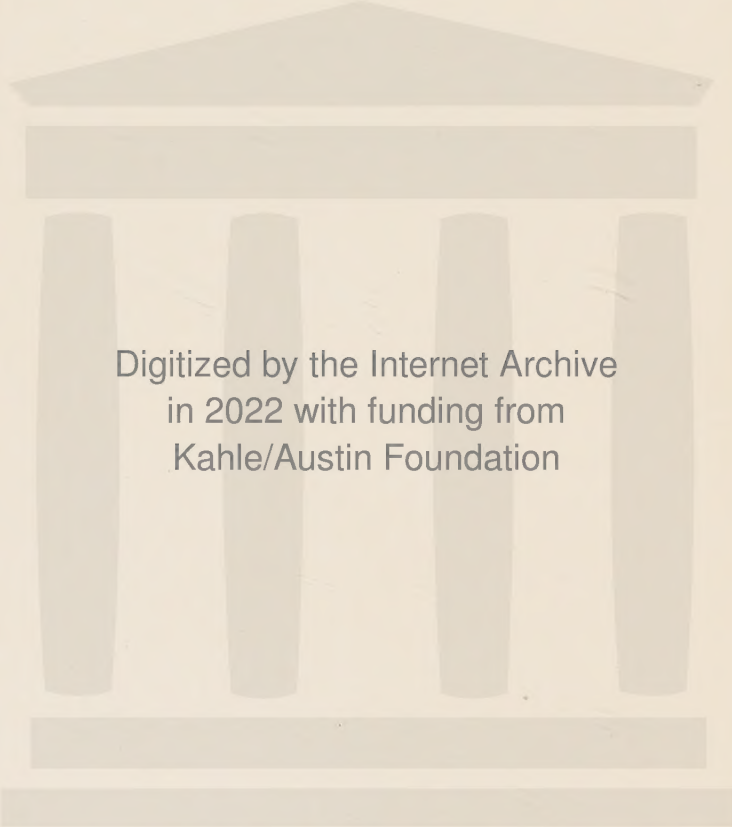
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PREFACE

THREE documents lie before me as I undertake to tell, as far as possible in his own words, the story of George Harvey's public career. They are from his library and bear the marks of his frequent and familiar usage, and in their contents they are singularly indicative of the motives and purposes which controlled his life.

One is an excerpt from Daniel Webster's famous speech of July 17, 1850, in the Senate of the United States of America, in which he said:

'I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my Country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. . . . No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country.'

Another is an excerpt from Alexander Hamilton's 'Federalist,' No. XI, in which he urged:

'Let Americans disdain to be the instruments of European greatness! Let the Thirteen States, bound together in a strict and indissoluble Union, concur in erecting one great American system, superior to the control of all transatlantic force or influence, and able to dictate the terms of the connection between the Old and the New World!'

The third is a copy of the 'first complete and perfect' edition of the 'Letters of Junius,' published in 1812 in three sumptuous volumes — a presentation copy in a triple sense. First it was inscribed 'From the son of the original publisher of Junius, to R. G. Clarke, Esq.' Next, and many years later, it was again inscribed to George Harvey by Joseph Pulitzer as 'A small souvenir of our Washington chat.' Finally, after George Harvey's death, it was given by Mrs. Harvey to me as — she

kindly suggested — the one to whom he would have wished it to be given.

The spirit of these three documents was the spirit of George Harvey. He rivaled Webster in his inflexible Americanism and his supreme devotion to the welfare of what he was wont to call 'our beloved country.' He emulated Hamilton in the resolution, cherished by an illustrious line from Washington to Roosevelt, to keep America forever free from European entanglements. And he ranked with Junius in that dialectic skill, amounting to positive genius, which made him the joy and reliance of his friends and the terror and confusion of his foes.

It is thus with unhesitating confidence in the fitness of the act that I apply to him the phrase which he himself years ago coined for another, in his memorable tribute to a worthy American statesman, 'A Passionate Patriot.'

W. F. J.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1929

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GEORGE HARVEY

Frontispiece

DIPLOMATS IN PARIS

Facing page 308

INTRODUCTION

It would be hard for me to say just when I first met Colonel George Harvey. He was an individual of so many sides that after being with him a short time it seemed that I had always known him. His experience had been so broad, his information was so extensive, that he seemed to have lived with every one. But it was not until after I became President that I came into intimate contact with him. He was then Ambassador to Great Britain and on leave in this country. Of course our both being natives of Vermont gave us a natural affinity and a somewhat common point of view.

His intellect was brilliant and comprehensive. His opinions were always positive, making him a friend to be cherished and an adversary to be feared. He had an uncanny way of sensing the public mind, of seizing on the weak point of the opposition and presenting the strong points of his own position, that was a great power in moulding thought and securing action on important questions. He was very quick to define the main issues in a campaign. If he sometimes appeared to be over-influenced by personal likes and dislikes, it was always with a clear purpose in view. Without strong emotions no one could have performed his work. Such a character makes enemies, but he also makes enduring friends.

Undoubtedly Colonel Harvey was a great power in shaping the Republican platform in 1920 and selecting the candidate. His advice was very influential in directing the publicity in that campaign. He seemed to have a liking for me and was helpful in securing my nomination in 1924. During that campaign he was editor of the 'Washington Post' and also of 'The North American Review,' which gave him the opportunity, that he knew so well how to use advantageously, of impressing his views on the entire country. In pointing out the confusion that would follow in a three-cornered contest for the Presidency, unless there was a decision at the polls, in a series of editorial articles which stressed the point of 'Coolidge or Chaos,' he defined one of the most important issues of that campaign. No-

thing appeared to interest him more than to be called into a situation that had seemed to be impossible of solution. He had an ability to muster all the facts in such a case, and a persuasiveness in presenting his side that usually disarmed the opposition and brought harmony where agreement had seemed impossible. He was a master of public relations, whether it affected a great industry or a political party. He knew how to present a case in the press either under his own hand or through various news writers and editors.

It was this marked ability that made him of such value in the diplomatic service. He was of the most important assistance in the negotiation and settlement of the British debt. This was the first of the adjustments of war obligations and was therefore pioneering work in the final stages of which his skill was invaluable.

To his remarkable capacity for absorbing information he had added the even more remarkable quality of a judgment that was quick as lightning in separating the irrelevant and accidental from the material and essential.

A character such as Colonel George Harvey possessed would make him an intense, even an almost fanatical American. He was not wanting in a world vision. He did not lack a vision on any subject. But his ideal of world service was to keep the United States free and unencumbered by any artificial limitations that might hamper it in serving humanity in accordance with its own judgment, in its own time and in its own way. There was little about him that was legalistic. If something ought to be done, it was his way to go and do it. He was purely practical and purely patriotic. As a journalist and author, a politician and a statesman, he left a broad and deep mark on the times in which he lived. Not only our own Country, but the world at large has profited by the life and action of Colonel George Harvey. It is a satisfaction to feel that he was my friend.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

NORTHAMPTON, *June 8, 1929*

GEORGE HARVEY
A Passionate Patriot

GEORGE HARVEY



CHAPTER I

A GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY

GEORGE HARVEY was a Green Mountain boy, and in his original personality he reflected something of the character of his native State. For Vermont was and is unique. Since the earliest days of the Revolution it has been the scene and seat of intensest patriotism, both local and national. Upon its soil occurred some of the most stirring activities of the War for Independence. From among its sons, native or adopted, came several of the most aggressive and inspiring leaders of that conflict. It was one of them who, midway in time between Lexington and Bunker Hill, gave to the American cause a thrilling slogan when he demanded the surrender of a British fortress 'In the name of God 'Imighty and the Continental Congress!' — for such and not the more reverent 'Great Jehovah' of conventional tradition was the authority given by Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. It was another, a very Vermonter of the Vermonters, who on the crucial field of Bennington vowed that the enemy should be vanquished 'or Molly Stark's a widow!' Odd, by the way, that the place of that battle, one of the historic glories of the State, should bear the name of the man on whose account the independence of Vermont was long disputed.

And yet — and this is the unique circumstance — Vermont was not one of the Thirteen Colonies, nor one of the original thirteen 'free and independent States' which they declared themselves to be. It had no Delegate in the Continental Congress. It gave no Signer to the Declaration of Independence. It had no part in the organization of the United States of America in Congress assembled under the Articles of Confederation, nor in the final establishment of a genuine Republic

under the Constitution. It was partly a ground of contention between two covetous States, and partly an independent and thus technically alien Commonwealth. And when in the fullness of time it entered the Federal Union, it did so, not as a Territory erected into Statehood by the sovereign will of the Congress, but rather as a foreign country annexed by mutual treaty.

As a State, Vermont was the first to be added to the original thirteen, and it was for its representation that the first alteration was made in the National ensign by the placing of another star in the canton and another stripe in the field. Since then it has contributed to the public life of America an exceptionally large number of men of commanding rank, several of whom were protagonists in epochal achievements, and it has been consistently instinct with a spirit of aggressive loyalty and unfaltering devotion to the Union not exceeded by that of any other State, old or young, great or small.

Such a Commonwealth was the appropriate birthplace and formed the fitting background of a publicist who, at least equally with any man of his day and generation, in all the varying phases of a versatile career, was entitled to be known as 'a passionate patriot.'

As its name suggests and as its history affirms, Vermont was of cosmopolitan colonization. It was first, in part, explored by the French, under the leadership of the illustrious man whose name is borne by the great lake which lies on its northwestern border. The Netherlands at Fort Orange vaguely aspired to ownership of at least its southwest portion and thus opened the way for a controversy which in after years verged dangerously near a belligerent solution. The English of New Hampshire and Massachusetts found in it an inviting field for their expansion. And at an early date a considerable settlement of Scots was made in the northeastern section, on whose account the region in which they were planted was organized and known as Caledonia County. These pioneers came at first by way of Connecticut and were later joined by others coming directly from Perth and Stirling, under the leadership of Alexander Harvey, some of whose kin were thereafter prominent in the affairs of that region.

The cosmopolitan character of northeastern Vermont is

further suggested by the nomenclature of its map. Three counties abutting upon Caledonia are named respectively Orleans, for the French, Essex, for the English, and Orange, for the Netherlanders; while a fourth, Washington, indicates the triumphant Americanism which ultimately and indeed rapidly absorbed and assimilated all these varied elements.

Just at the close of the French and Indian War a royal charter was granted to Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire — a colony which then and for some time thereafter claimed sovereignty over that part of Vermont — for the establishment of a town to be known as Peacham, in Caledonia County. That was in 1763, a century, a year, and a day before the birth of one who was destined to become the most distinguished native of that place. The name Peacham savored of English rather than Scottish selection, and was perhaps reminiscent of Peckham, near London, which in Domesday Book is recorded as Pecham. The building of a military road through Peacham was begun in 1776, for Arnold's invasion of Canada, and further work was done on it two years later by Washington's command; and a blockhouse was maintained there during the Revolution. And it was during these operations that the actual settlement of Peacham was begun. Deacon Jonathan Elkins was the head of the first family planted there, in 1776, and his son Harvey Elkins was the first white child born in that community. The first town meeting of any kind was not held until 1783, and organized local government was not begun until 1791, shortly before the annexation of Vermont to the United States.

Wentworth's charter for Peacham contained a provision that a part of the land should be used 'for the benefit of a school in said town forever.' This formed the foundation for the Caledonia County Grammar School, sometimes called Peacham Academy. For this institution, organized on the English model, a charter was secured by General William Chamberlin on October 27, 1795, and the President of its first Board of Trustees was the Alexander Harvey of whom we have already heard. Provision was also made in the Peacham charter for a courthouse, to be the seat of government for the county. But Peacham preferred school to politics. It did not, in fact, feel able to build both institutions. For a time there

was rivalry between it and the neighboring town of Danville for the distinction of being the county seat, which was decided — for a time — in favor of the latter; so that while Peacham had the school, Danville had the courthouse. Of this settlement we must reckon that Peacham got the better part; for it retained the school in perpetuity, while after some years Danville had to surrender the courthouse and the county seat to the more rapidly growing town of St. Johnsbury. Moreover, no *causes célèbres* or other transactions at the courthouse ever commanded the attention and the place in history that were won by some of the alumni of the grammar school; such as Wilbur Fisk, Oliver Johnson, Thaddeus Stevens, and George Harvey.

It was at Peacham that George Harvey was born, on February 16, 1864. It does not appear that relationship was claimed by his father with the kin of Alexander Harvey, although it probably existed in some remote degree. The Harveys and Herveys of Great Britain, comprising many eminent men, are supposed all to have been descended from a follower of the Conqueror, named Hervé, from Brabant, whose family settled at first in East Anglia and thence extended into Scotland. George Harvey's paternal great-grandfather was a physician, at Greenock, in Renfrew, on the Clyde, who came to America and settled in Caledonia County, bringing with him (among other children) his nine-year-old son Stewart. The latter grew up to be a farmer, and married a North-of-Ireland woman, of whom her grandson used to say, with racy glee, 'She smoked a pipe!' To Stewart and Jane Harvey was born a son, to whom they gave the good Scottish name of Duncan, and who followed his father's occupation of a farmer, combined, after the not uncommon manner of those days, with the conduct of a 'general store.'

Duncan Harvey married Margaret Varnum, a member of one of the most noteworthy families among the early New England colonists. The Varnums, of pure English stock, were planted in the seventeenth century at Dracut, near the present important city of Lowell, Massachusetts. Their head was Samuel Varnum, whose son John was the first white child born in the Merrimac Valley. John's son, Abraham Varnum, 'yeoman,' married Rebecca Shead, or Shedd, and their son,

William, married Sarah Coburn, member of another noted family, and removed from Dracut to Peacham. A son of this latter couple, Phineas Varnum, married Locadia Blanchard, and their daughter Margaret became the wife of Duncan Harvey.

Concerning the Harvey-Varnum nuptials, an aged kinsman of George Harvey wrote to him, many years ago:

When I was a boy I was at the Peacham church one Sunday, and Mr. Boutelle was the minister. It was the law to publish intentions of marriage; but he forgot this publishment until the last thing, at the end of the sermon, and then ran it in with the announcement of the hymn, in this way: 'From Greenland's icy mountains; Mr. Duncan Harvey and Miss Margaret Varnum intend marriage.' Everybody laughed but the minister. Your mother and father were not there.

It thus appears that George Harvey was one half English, one fourth Scottish, and one fourth North Irish; and he exhibited in his temperament and genius some of the characteristics of all three strains. He was wont to say that the first of his ancestors to come to America came hither in the seventeenth and the last in the nineteenth century. Because of his father's parentage, he was often regarded as if of Scottish and Irish descent alone — of the same stock as another, a few years his senior, who was growing up in a Southern State, and with whom he was destined in after life to have years of contact; at first of intimate friendship and at last of violent and implacable antagonism.

There were born to Duncan and Margaret Harvey five children, to wit: Lou Ella Harvey, who became the wife of Francis E. Sargent; George; Nellie May Harvey; Ettie Harvey, who died in childhood; and Charles Duncan Harvey. Between George and his younger sister, Nellie, there seemed always to be a special bond of affection. For many years she was an almost helpless invalid, and it was his pleasure to devote to her his tenderest and most unremitting care. Only a few weeks before his death — to anticipate the narrative — he removed her from the sanitarium of which she had for years been a resident, and installed her in the old home of their childhood, which he had had entirely refitted and refurnished for her comfort — an achievement which gave him

more satisfaction and heartfelt joy than almost any other of his career.

It may be added that between the parents of George Harvey there was a marked contrast in disposition. The father, though a man of high integrity, was somewhat dour, unsympathetic, and arbitrary; and it was almost inevitable that toward him the sentiments of George, a sensitive and affectionate child, should be more of fear and obedience than of confidence and love. The mother, on the contrary, was the embodiment of sweetness and generosity; it was from her that George inherited his disposition, and between her and him the ties of confidence and sympathy were singularly vital. She meant to him in his boyhood even more than mothers usually mean to their sons, and her influence upon him was perceptible throughout his entire life.

At his birth the boy received the given names of George Brinton McClellan; a circumstance suggestive of the resolute and unbending disposition of his father. Duncan Harvey was in politics a Democrat, and for a man to be a Democrat in probably the most inflexibly and impermeably Republican State in the Union meant something far out of the ordinary. So he insisted upon making a lasting record of his political intransigence by naming his firstborn son after the man who was already looked to as that year's Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It mattered not to him that General McClellan had been retired from active command, and that the initials of his given names had popularly been interpreted as standing for Gun Boat, in derisive reference to his inclination to depend too much upon naval support for his army. It was sufficient that he was the outstanding idol of the Democratic Party of the Northern States. But it is pleasant to add that he was only confirmed in his admiration of McClellan when that loyal patriot, as the nominated candidate of his party for the Presidency, openly repudiated its platform declaration that the war for the preservation of the Union was a failure, and insisted that the conflict must be fought out until the Union was restored, though he himself could no longer be a leader of the victorious armies. In that touch of patriotism above partisanship or personality, at least, we may reckon Duncan Harvey's temperament to have descended to his son.

Throughout his early life, George Brinton McClellan Harvey used the entire name which had been bestowed upon him, and honored it for the sake of the man who had borne it. Later, in his active business career, he chose to be known simply as George Harvey, but this was purely for the sake of convenience, for his friends and himself, and not in the least because of any change in his respect for the full name.

The one great disappointment of George Harvey's boyhood, later largely outgrown, was that he could not go to college. It would not be just at this time and in this place to say whether that fact was to be charged to the unwillingness or to the inability of his father; though it was almost inevitable that the boy should in some measure resent it on the former ground. The father appears to have been controlled by that dourness of disposition which has already been referred to, and to have determined that, as he could not send all his children to college, impartial justice forbade him to single out one for preferential treatment. George bore his bitter disappointment manfully, however. As his father could not or would not send him to college, and as it was impossible for him to earn enough money to pay his own way, he would make the best of the academic opportunities within his reach — thanking God that Peacham had chosen the grammar school rather than the courthouse!

The Caledonia County Grammar School was indeed an institution of rank and merit. Today it would be called — if it did not honorably prefer to cling to its historic name — a High School, if not a Junior College. Let us recall what George Harvey himself said of it in after years:

That Grammar School, on the English model, started its boy-training with Greek, Latin, and mathematics. You had to take those — or see your father! I think that ought to be the course for young boys today. Greek is not the linguistic help that Latin is, for our language is so based on Latin that the man without it is at a disadvantage in using English. But Greek does train a boy's mind, compels him to think, to work his brain. I give much credit for my success to that old school, which gave better training then, I believe, than many of our modern colleges.

He ranked as an excellent student in that school, finding his greatest difficulty, perhaps, with Greek, and showing special aptitude for English composition, rhetoric, logic, and oratory.

The school, happily, had that invaluable adjunct, a lyceum, in which the boy had training, eagerly sought by him and profitably used, in debate and speech-making. In it were developed the beginnings of that controversial prowess which made him in his maturer years an invincible disputant and an occasional orator — despite certain vocal deficiencies — of unfailing readiness, wit, and charm. An incident of his maturer years — again to anticipate the narrative — will illustrate his possession of these gifts.

It was at the crowded meeting of an important social and intellectual organization, and the principal speaker was a scholar and publicist of more than national reputation. Throughout his address, George Harvey sat impassive, with an air which only courtesy restrained from appearing indifferent and bored. At its close, all unexpectedly, this apparently *distrail* listener was invited to speak. He did so. Item by item, categorically, he took in hand the points that had been made in the carefully prepared address of his predecessor, and tore them to shreds. It was such a reply as could scarcely have been more complete if he had been provided a week in advance with the full text of the speech which he was answering; a veritable *tour de force*, in memory and in dialectic skill, which made his hearers breathless with amazement.

The Principal of the Caledonia County Grammar School in George Harvey's student days was Professor Charles A. Bunker; and it was a felicitous circumstance that he lived to see his pupil become one of the foremost journalists of America, the practical maker of two if not three Presidents, and the occupant of the most distinguished place in his country's diplomatic service. Naturally, George Harvey cherished life-long gratitude and affection for the school to which he owed his entire academic training, and when its centenary was commemorated for two days, in August, 1897, he contributed essentially to the success and distinction of the occasion.

The personal factor, however, is always supreme in human affairs, and we may consider the most important feature of the boy's school life to have been the personality of one of his classmates, happily destined to be his life-mate. This was Alma Parker — for of course the school was co-educational — a descendant of William Chamberlin, the founder of the school,

and a daughter of Dr. Luther Fletcher Parker, one of its trustees and later President of the Board. She was of even older and more completely colonial ancestry than he. The first of her forbears in America was Robert Fletcher, who came from England to Concord, Massachusetts, in 1630. His son, William, settled at Chelmsford, near Lowell, in 1653, built the first framed house in that region, and owned a large part of what is now the site of the city of Lowell. In the fifth generation from Robert Fletcher, Bridget Fletcher became the wife of Isaac Parker, and from them Alma Parker was descended. Bridget Fletcher Parker had a brother, Elijah Fletcher, whose daughter Grace was the beautiful and accomplished wife of Daniel Webster. A grandson of Isaac and Bridget Parker, was Luther Fletcher Parker, who, at the age of nineteen, 'took his worldly goods on his back' and walked from his native town of Coventry, Vermont, to Peacham, 'to get an education' at the Caledonia County Grammar School. He settled at the neighboring town of Barnet, but removed permanently to Peacham in 1854.

Dr. Parker married Louisa Martin, a descendant in the eighth generation of Robert Martin, who in 1650 came from Plymouth, England, and settled at Woodbury, Connecticut. It is related that Samuel Martin, a grandson of Robert, but not a direct ancestor of Louisa, distinguished himself by being the father of seventeen children, all but one of whom lived to maturity. The sixth and seventh were appropriately named Prudence and Mercy; the thirteenth and fourteenth, Patience and Concurrence, and the seventeenth — most happily — Deliverance! It is a matter of record that once, in the midst of a severe winter, upon the birth of triplets, he made a formal appeal to the Legislature, not for birth control but for pecuniary aid! In the fifth generation Ashbel Martin married Lydia Chamberlin and Mary Ann Martin married Elisha Chamberlin, respectively a sister and brother of General William Chamberlin, the founder of the Caledonia County Grammar School. Four brothers in that generation of the Martins served in the Revolution, and at its close removed from Woodbury to Peacham.

These genealogical details illustrate the intricate and intimate interrelationships of New England families in colonial

and subsequent times, and without any incursions into the technicalities of Mendelism they afford a background of heredity which should enable us to appreciate more understandingly the characters, the qualities, and the achievements of persons of our own day. Ancestral traits, descending from some of the best of the creators of New England's moral and material greatness, and endless traditions of that which was most loyal and most heroic in early American life, could not fail to make a deep and lasting impress upon the sensitive, imaginative, and adventurous boy, causing him, as we shall see, even in his early teens, to echo and reëcho the words of Webster: 'I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American!' and thus precociously to take a man's mature view of the interests of his country and of his own duties toward them.

When he was only a few years beyond his teens, he married Alma Parker; and thereafter, for more than forty years, until the end of his life, her influences were blended with those which he had inherited, for the more complete development of his ingenious and complex character, and the more just and stable balancing of his restless and versatile powers.

CHAPTER II

EARLY ESSAYS IN JOURNALISM

POPE tells us that he 'lisp'd in numbers.' George Harvey, we may as truly say, toyed with types. And it was fitting that it should be so, that a Peacham boy should almost from infancy be inclined toward journalism; for that village had been the home of one of the earliest newspapers in Vermont. That was 'The Green Mountain Patriot,' which was founded in 1798 and which still existed in George Harvey's time. Nor was it a solitary journalistic voice crying in a wilderness. Almost every other considerable town or village in Caledonia County had one, in days when the issuing of such sheets was a simple and inexpensive matter, and before the days when the multitudinous output of metropolitan journals invaded the field of the local press. There were, besides 'The Patriot,' 'The Caledonian,' 'The Republican,' 'The Democrat,' 'The North Star,' 'The Argus,' and what not others. And when two of them were united into one, under the name of 'The Argus and Patriot,' Caledonia County witnessed one of the early steps toward the processes of consolidation and 'chain papers' which in our day have almost transformed both rural and metropolitan journalism.

With these various local papers George was familiar in his early childhood, at his home and in his father's store, and he was attracted by them to a degree of fascination. 'So far as I can remember,' he said in after years, 'my chief aim in life was to get my fingers into a pot of ink.' But ink availed him nothing unless there were types to smear it upon; and the types were futile unless there was a press to put them into; and ink and types and press were but unfinished prayers without paper upon which to make an impression of the 'art preservative of arts.' How he contrived to secure the capital required for the investment is not a matter of record. But the outstanding and fateful fact was that at the age of ten years he became the owner of a printing-press and its essential appurtenances. It was a machine of primitive design, but it worked. It printed

a page little larger than a postal card, but it printed it. And it cost two dollars; with a font of type, a pot of ink, and a quire of paper included.

One of the prompt results of this purchase, or of its ensuing activities, was a marked increase in the amount of home-made soft soap consumed in the Harvey household!

Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, somewhere in his very early teens, the boy went to the neighboring village of Danville, and there visited the office of 'The Caledonian.' There, for the first time, he saw a real newspaper being printed; and saw a real, live editor at work producing it. This, he tells us, was 'either E. or N. H. Eaton; I cannot say which, because I could never tell them apart.' Stout Cortez, who was really Balboa, never stared at the Pacific with eagle eyes more intently or more wonderingly, or with a more thrilling inspiration of high ambition, than did George at the various processes of writing 'copy,' of setting it in type, of making up the form, of working the press, and of bringing forth the printed sheets which, in a little while, would be read by hundreds of people in all the country round. It seemed to him that this was the greatest thing in the world; and he returned to Peacham 'filled with a grim determination to write.' That determination he fulfilled, and of course the writing necessarily implied printing. Thereafter the little two-dollar press was kept busy, day and night. 'There was no union exacting the eight-hour day at the lever of that machine. I even suffered gloriously the penalty of personal chastisement, properly administered, for keeping the family awake nights. Once I even went so far as to weed onions to get money with which to buy ink.'

Of course, he printed a paper. He was then fifteen years old, and a member of what would now, in a sophisticated high school, be known as the freshman class. Because of the mechanical limitations of the press, the pages of the paper were very small. It was the first of the tabloids. Today it would probably be called a tabloidette. Scrupulously respecting the copyright of the names of his esteemed contemporaries, he refrained from using any of them, but called it 'Ariel,' thus demonstrating that he already knew his Shakespeare as well as his onions! By dint of diligent and protracted labor, an edition of no fewer than seventeen copies, all legible and nearly all

unsmudged, was 'struck off successfully, and sold unsuccessfully.'

This latter circumstance was seriously considered, with the result that he was disinclined to issue another number. Had not Ursa Major pontifically pronounced any man a fool who wrote except for pay? Why, then, should any one out of the moron class print a paper except for money? Many years later, as we shall see, to the great profit of the Nation, he took a different view. But at fifteen the impecunious lad was mercenary. So 'Ariel,' Vol. I, No. 1, remained solitary and unique among the incunabula of the American press. This achievement 'marked the beginning and the ending of a journalistic venture grounded solely upon optimism.' But it was none the less a venture in journalism. Was not 'Publick Occurrences, Both Forreign and Domestick,' on September 25, 1690, likewise confined to a single issue?

The lack of a full-paid circulation for 'Ariel' in no degree, however, lessened the boy's determination to become a journalist. 'I communed with myself,' he says; 'took under consideration the commercial aspects of the profession, and began to write items for "The Caledonian."' Thus he associated himself with what was then, and indeed still remains to a larger extent than the general public perhaps appreciates, one of the most characteristic features of American journalism.

For he little knows the American local press, 'racy of the soil,' who does not know the 'Local Items' and the 'Neighborhood Correspondence' of the rural weekly — of those still multitudinous rural and semi-rural weeklies and semi-weeklies which a competent authority has pronounced to be in the gross more influential in shaping public opinion and directing popular action than are the great metropolitan dailies. Horace Greeley is credited with having declared that as news for New York readers a dog fight on Broadway was of more importance than the murder of a man in Chicago. So to the readers of 'The Caledonian' at that time the announcement that Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was planning to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, or that Roscoe Conkling and his political colleagues were seeking the nomination of Grant for a third term in the Presidency, fell far short of the news that Deacon 'Zeke Sprowle was building a new barn, or that Aunt

Sally Hawkins spent last Sunday with her married daughter at Barnet.

What was that law of inverse squares, which we applied to the problem of the lights, or of the magnets, as some had it, in the days of our flunking in mathematics? Let us apply it with equal confidence to news items: Their importance decreases inversely as the square of the distance from the occurrence to the reader!

So George Harvey, most observant of lads, contributed to the columns of 'The Caledonian' such items of news as were of immediate local and domestic interest to the readers of that paper, and was paid for them, in good hard cash, at the rate of five cents apiece. Thereafter his prosperity depended upon the number and seriousness of things that happened. He might have said with Byron: 'Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.' 'The most poignant sorrow of a minor nature that I have ever experienced,' he once testified in whimsical reminiscence, 'was the scarcity of news. I think I was a reasonably humane lad; but even so, I cannot deny the alleviation of regret I experienced when by chance a cow died or a promising colt broke his leg. What I deprecated most was the paucity of crime in that community. I used to lie awake nights, not exactly hoping that murder would be done in the peaceful region, but frankly admitting to myself that if the spirit of Cain was to take possession of a human soul, in that vicinity, anyway, that was a very good time and the best of places for it to make its appearance. It never did. The event nearest to a homicide that ever happened was a suicide. A morose farmer hanged himself from a rafter. But even my fervid youthful imagination was incapable of conjuring up for the pathetic consideration of the great reading public any manner of complaint or regret.'

This work of a reporter was done in the intervals of faithful attendance at school and service in his father's store. But in the summer vacation of 1879 he was able to devote much more time to his chosen profession, and opportunity happily presented itself:

I achieved my highest ambition by obtaining a job between school terms from the founder of 'The St. Johnsbury Republican.' This was a country weekly whose chief characteristic was timidity, and whose editor's tendency was to indulge in a continuous holiday.

Nominally I became associate editor and publisher. And I was fifteen years old. The man who owned the paper lived in Bradford. He paid me three dollars a week, and couldn't have induced me to play or to sleep if he had tried. Moreover, he didn't try. He had a girl in Bradford, and for some reason, inscrutable to me at the time, he preferred her companionship to mine. Consequently I very quickly acquired all the prerogatives of editor, publisher and skilled laborer, united in one boy in his mid-teens.

It was a joyous summer. I possessed absolute authority, and was free from interference of any kind. My staff was so ill fed that it had not the strength to be disloyal. I was the staff. The editor, who was also the reporter, was an enthusiastic young person for whose demonstrated energy at that time, somewhat vitiated since, I still entertain a profound respect. I was that editor and that reporter. Typesetting machines were unknown then, but the office contained an exceptionally light and airy composing room, which was occupied by a thoroughly capable force. I was that force. It was a non-union office. I was the non-union. The pressroom was the best in the building; so was the press. The power which moved the machine was more earnest than electrical, but it was sufficiently effective to meet the requirements. I was that motive power.

The utmost ingenuity of the human mind could not conceive a greater harmony of working interests. The effectiveness of what is termed in the sportsman's world team-play could not have had a more favorable test. And yet, in the interest of veracity, I am obliged to admit that the demonstration proved less satisfactory to the owner than the conditions might have led one to expect. At the expiration of a few months the public was startled by the announcement that the proprietor of the brilliant journal had sold out. It was a kindly expression of an untruth. He did not sell his paper. He did not even give it away. He paid somebody to take it. Whence that proprietor came or whither he went, I know not, but my conscience has never been troubled by the suspicion that he received less than his due from a long-suffering and helpless public.

This untoward ending of his first editorship did not, any more than the fiasco of 'Ariel,' daunt the young journalist's resolution. He had to return to school, but he resumed his work as reporter, thus serving not only the new proprietor of the St. Johnsbury paper, but also other journals in neighboring towns; organizing, in effect, a local news syndicate. In after life he recalled the days when he got himself excused from his school duties in order to go over from Peacham to St. Johnsbury 'to help report the annual cattle show for "The Caledonian."' "

By that time, I knew it all. There was no subject within the wide horizon of thought, from international problems to the correct method of paring potatoes, that I was not wholly competent not only to discuss but also to decide with irresistible conclusiveness. I was particularly strong on politics. When E. and N. H. (Eaton) had died and George had gone to Troy, 'The North Star' came under the control of two young men whose capital and qualifications consisted chiefly of hope. It was then that I first began seriously to mould the opinions of the nation through the medium of a great public journal. I had a large and varying assortment of convictions. In one respect, however, they were alike. They were uncontaminated by tints and shades. Everything was either absolutely right or absolutely wrong. I recognized but two colors, black and white.

With extreme sagacity I formulated a method of educating the masses up to an adequate appreciation of the blessings of Free Trade. The use of these two specific words I shrewdly deprecated, but I did not hesitate for an instant in strenuous advocacy of Tariff Reform. I did not indeed merely advise the adoption of a new fiscal policy. I demanded it. I doubt whether in the whole United States there was at that time another more grimly insistent upon the adoption of a low tariff, except perhaps one Theodore Roosevelt. I spurned the suggestion of treating it as an economic issue. It was a moral issue, based upon some one of the Ten Commandments — I was never quite sure which.

But I did not stop there. I was at the reforming age of sixteen. Thinly disguised Free Trade did not suffice. With equal vehemence I demanded Civil Service Reform; and it is a somewhat curious coincidence that, while thumping the spoilsmen with might and main, and flattering myself that presently they would skulk for cover in consequence of the blows rained upon their hardened skulls, I began, and continued for a considerable period, an animated personal correspondence with George William Curtis.

I remember that in my first letter to that great man I frankly set down the sum of my tender years, and the sphere of usefulness occupied by 'The North Star.'

There is, indeed, in all the record of George Harvey's career probably no more 'curious coincidence' than that at the age of sixteen he should thus have entered into such a correspondence with the veteran and world-distinguished editor of the 'Journal of Civilization,' which for many years had stood in the foremost rank of the American press, whose successor a score of years later, in that exalted place, he was destined to be. Curtis was then fifty-six years old, just forty years older than his schoolboy correspondent, and was at the height of his intellectual powers and of his journalistic and political influence.

These pages suffer an inconsolable bereavement in the impossibility of rescuing from the débris of nearly half a century ago a correspondence which would be fascinating and illuminating in its reflection of the two contrasting personalities engaged in it. But Harvey has left us at least the record that 'the fidelity, patience and courtesy of that prince of journalists were shown in his writing, with his own hand, letter after letter, pointing out the best methods to be pursued to arouse interest in Civil Service Reform.'

But 'The North Star,' said Harvey, 'had its limitations, and I had none; so I slopped over into "The Argus and Patriot."' Apparently the limitations complained of were those of space; and they must have been painfully narrow, seeing that even in his salad days Harvey was never given to verbosity. He turned to the paper with the twin names, the consolidation of two earlier sheets, with especial appreciation 'because of its capacious pages. There was no lack of space; and there was no dearth of ardor in the mind of the proprietor in respect to anything tending to disclose the iniquities of the Republican Party. Later, when a Democrat did chance to be elected President, the editor's enthusiasm over Civil Service Reform became somewhat modified. But consistency has never been an integral necessity of partisan journalism.' But by that time Harvey was no longer thundering in 'The Argus and Patriot.'

For at the age of eighteen, having completed the curriculum of the Caledonia County Grammar School, or Peacham Academy, he found himself at the crisis of his adolescent career. His father definitively would not or could not send him to college, and he had not, out of five-cent items and three-dollar-a-week salaries, been able to save enough to make even a fair start at paying his own way. So, with a regret that was deep and sincere, he was compelled to renounce further academic pursuits and to seek success in his profession with such preparation as he already had. He therefore turned, by fortunate selection, to that paper which, despite its comparatively small circulation, stood foremost of all in New England, which of all papers of that region had the greatest reputation throughout the whole country, which was of all most exacting in its requirements, and which had at its head the man who, despite his extraordinary idiosyncrasies, was

best fitted to be the Radamanthine preceptor — one could scarcely say, 'guide, philosopher, and friend' — of an aspiring journalistic youth. This was 'The Springfield Republican,' then edited by Samuel Bowles the Second.

In this Harvey adopted and practiced Danton's motto. It was audacious for him to send contributions to so critical and exacting a journal. But like Wisdom, Audacity was justified of her children; for his 'pieces' — or some of them — were accepted, printed, and paid for. Again it was audacious for the boy, still in his teens, to write to the editor — personally to Mr. Bowles himself — applying for a job in the office. But again his audacity was justified, for Bowles personally replied, inviting him to come to Springfield and see him. And yet again, and ever, it was audacious to accept an invitation which a less ambitious and determined youth might have regarded as merely a polite way of getting rid of him.

He was able to scrape together, from his own resources, enough to pay his way down the river to Springfield. But he would need something more, to serve as 'working capital' until he was in the enjoyment of a sustaining income from 'The Republican's' supposedly opulent payroll. For that purpose he borrowed from his elder sister the whole of a legacy which had been bequeathed to her by her grandmother. This amounted to just ten dollars. But it was sufficient, in those days of small things; and her brother returned it to her, in full, out of his first earnings.

He took with him, as his credentials, two documents, with three signatures, which it is interesting to recall. One, dated at New York, January 17, 1882, and presumably secured through correspondence, was from Oliver Johnson, the Abolitionist colleague of William Lloyd Garrison and the journalistic colleague of Horace Greeley in the early years of 'The Tribune'; written on plain note-paper with pen and ink, in Johnson's own hand, which was as neat and legible as Greeley's was illegible and slovenly. It read:

To Whom It May Concern:

Mr. George B. M. Harvey, a native like myself of Peacham, Vermont, has become known to me within the last year as a young man — not quite twenty years old, I think — who aspires to the profession of Journalism. He has received his education in the common schools

and the Academy of his native place, and has been a very diligent student, making the most of all his advantages. He writes with a force, clearness, and accuracy that seem to me remarkable for a man so young; is careful as to matters of fact and discriminating in the use of them; has 'a nose for news' and soundness of judgment as to its value; is (for one so young) well posted in public affairs; and his aspirations, though high, are rational. I believe he has in him, with anything like a fair opportunity, the making of a journalist of the first class, and he is willing to begin at the bottom and work his way upward by his own intelligence, industry, and fidelity. He seems to me to have been born for the profession to which he aspires. Some of his contributions to different papers evince unusual tact and judgment.

OLIVER JOHNSON

This contrasts strikingly, almost grotesquely, with what would appropriately be written about the typical 'cub reporter,' *ætat* eighteen, of today. But it was written thoughtfully and seriously by a man who, indeed, never wrote otherwise, and who meant, with a sense of plenary responsibility, every word of it; and it was in every written line and every unwritten interlineation a just estimate of its subject.

The other document, written in an exquisite 'copperplate' hand, worthy to serve as a model for a class in penmanship, was dated at Peacham, March 9, 1882, and read:

This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. G. B. M. Harvey, has been a member of our school for several years.

He possesses talents of a high order, is a fine scholar, and for the last year or more has developed a marvelous amount of energy and perseverance in literary work.

I also believe he will be found in business affairs a young man of thorough honesty and integrity.

C. A. BUNKER

Prin. of Peacham Ac'd'y

I can heartily endorse the above.

JOHN VARNUM, JR.

Sec. of Trustees of Peacham Academy

Oliver Johnson did not live to see his forecast of the young man abundantly fulfilled, as it was; but these other sponsors did see him reach the foremost rank in American journalism, and also in the diplomatic service of the Nation.

CHAPTER III

EAST AND WEST — AND NEW YORK

AN uneventful journey, in a most eventful time, took George Harvey from Peacham to Springfield. The early eighteenthies were epochal years in American political history. The Reconstruction era had been succeeded by the Solid South, and it, allied with the partially rejuvenated Democracy of the North, was formidably challenging the twenty years' old supremacy of the Republican Party. The latter had in 1880 carried the national election, but in a Pyrrhic victory. Before the new President was installed, the party was rent asunder under the rival leaderships of its two chief exponents of bossism and spoils. Thus the way was open for great Democratic gains in 1882 and for a complete victory in 1884.

There occurred, moreover, a curious but most felicitous example of the proverbial irony of fate. In the midst of and largely because of that sordid and tragic struggle for spoils, there came the beginning of the end of the spoils system. And the triumph of Civil Service Reform was paradoxically enough achieved under the sympathetic administration of a President — strictly speaking, an Acting President — who had only a few years before been *anathema maranatha* to reformers as a thorough-paced spoilsman; though in fact he never deserved that imputation. It was also achieved at the congressional initiative of a member of the party which had founded and developed the spoils system and had a generation before gloried in the piratical slogan, 'To the victors belong the spoils.'

We may imagine the sentiments with which George Harvey observed these proceedings. He saw the establishment of that Civil Service Reform system in which he had sought and enjoyed the instruction of one of its pioneer exponents; saw it under the presidential administration of a man who like himself was a Vermonter of Scots-Irish ancestry. He saw, too, the impending victory and return to national power of that party to allegiance to which he had been dedicated at his christening, but which had thitherto in all his remembrance seemed to be

doomed to perpetual defeat. It was a singularly opportune time for him, with his antecedents and ambitions, to emerge from parochial journalism into a larger and practically national field, and to do so under the auspices of a journal and an editor that stood conspicuously for the independence and the progress which he most dearly cherished. We may imagine, then, that as he made his way to Springfield he was literally —

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men.

But also we must confess that his arrival and reception at his goal formed something of an anticlimax to his 'vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.' For, truth to tell, his advent at Springfield produced no civic commotion, nor did his entry into the office of 'The Republican' move the staff of that paper to any disturbance of the noiseless but even tenor of their way. Mr. Bowles, of course, received him with courtesy, though it was a courtesy perceptibly more austere than that to which the boy was accustomed among the farmers of Peacham; but he betrayed no unwonted emotion. 'He seemed,' says Harvey, 'less enthusiastic over my safe arrival than I had anticipated!' Nevertheless, the boy whose ardor had not been dampened by the fate of 'Ariel' or of his editorship at St. Johnsbury was not to be downcast by such circumstances as these. At any rate, he was at Springfield, and Mr. Bowles was willing to give him a job on 'The Republican.'

The first and paramount question was that of pay. In after years one of Harvey's pet stories was that of the Man and Brother of easy-going habits who applied for a job, was told that he would be taken on and would be paid 'as much as he was worth,' and instantly responded, 'Why, boss, I's gettin' a lot more'n that now!' It does not appear that that was at all reminiscent of his bargaining with Samuel Bowles, and yet those negotiations were not altogether to his liking. 'He asked me,' he says, 'politely but firmly how much I expected.' The boy had been thinking of fifteen dollars a week as about the right figure, to begin with. But on looking at the impassive

countenance of the great editor, and reflecting that perhaps after all his services might not be deemed absolutely essential to the continued existence of 'The Republican,' he discreetly though reluctantly reduced his demand to ten dollars. Mr. Bowles listened with placidity and fortitude, and then observed that in his opinion six dollars would be the appropriate stipend. To this Harvey demurred. He had in mind the debt of ten dollars, and the length of time that would be required to liquidate it from the possible savings from an income of six dollars a week. But Bowles was adamant. 'Finally,' says Harvey, 'we compromised; on six dollars!' After all, that was twice as much as he got on 'The Republican' of St. Johnsbury, three years before.

At the time of these transactions that other scion of Scots-Irish stock, native of Virginia, nearly eight years George Harvey's senior, having pursued a full course at Princeton University and another at the University of Virginia, was about to enter upon a third at Johns Hopkins; thus securing an academic training as abundant as Harvey's was scanty, and having his own college ambitions fulfilled as completely as Harvey's were disappointed. Neither of the two at this time knew of the other's existence, and the contrast between the comparatively opulent collegian and the struggling 'cub' reporter made it unlikely that they would ever become intimately associated. It would have seemed preposterous to expect it. Yet in a score of years they came into close and controlling contact, in circumstances in which eventually the elder was immeasurably debtor to the younger; and in less than a second score of years they were the contending protagonists in a public conflict of national and international importance, in which the younger was the victor.

Harvey's apprenticeship on 'The Springfield Republican' was not prolonged, in time; but it was of great and lasting value. It could probably not have been served in a better shop. That paper cherished and maintained the finest traditions of American journalism, particularly those of moral and intellectual independence and integrity, and of scrupulous insistence upon accuracy as flawless as human care could make it. This latter principle was strongly impressed upon Harvey's mind before he had been with the paper many days, in an inci-

dent which he never forgot and the influence of which was never lost.

'One of the first stories I wrote,' he related, many years afterward, 'contained a serious reflection upon a well-known citizen. I had made a thorough investigation, and was confident of my facts; and so I informed the managing editor, Mr. Griffin, when I was called upon to answer questions springing from his perusal of the proof-sheets. "There is not one chance in a hundred," I declared, positively, "that the story is not correct in every particular, and there is no chance whatever that it can be confuted." "You are sure," he said; "not one chance in a hundred?" "Well," I replied, "just about that; certainly no more." "Then," he said, quietly — and the words were chiseled upon my memory — "then it may not be true." I reluctantly assented. "I haven't a doubt that it is true," he said; "and," he added with a grimace, "I dislike to lose it. But it is a serious thing to take even a chance of one in a hundred of blasting a personal reputation. Besides, you see, it is a rule of the office never to print anything that may not be true." So the story went by the board. Subsequently it was fully substantiated. But I was reconciled. By that time I had acquired too strong a sense of pride in and responsibility for the paper for which I was working to mind what had then seemed to be a sacrifice. I might add that forever thereafter, in common with others who are reputed to have profited from early lessons, I heeded the injunction thus conveyed. To make that assertion would be easy. But I hesitate. In fact, I cannot. Alas! it might not be true.'

In spite of this whimsical disclaimer of inerrant care for accuracy, it may confidently be asserted that George Harvey did throughout all his subsequent career 'heed the injunction thus conveyed' to a noteworthy extent. For years as the editor of three important journals he was continually making statements of fact, often of the most searching and startling kind, concerning men and affairs, and it was seldom indeed that any one ventured to challenge his accuracy, and so seldom as to be almost never that such a challenge was sustained. Speaking from the vantage-point of many years of peculiarly intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, I may say unhesitatingly that his exceptional versatility, his nimbleness of

wit, his inexorable logic, and his unsurpassed brilliancy and charm of style, as a controversial writer, were at least fully matched by his unswerving fidelity to 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'

His estimate of this first great newspaper on whose staff he served, and of its editors, is pertinently to be recalled, for both its subjective and its objective revelation. He said:

The elder Samuel Bowles, the real creator of 'The Springfield Republican,' was a really great journalist — the greatest in many respects of the remarkable group which in his generation individualized the profession in America as never before nor since. And yet when he died the newspaper, though unique in influence throughout the country, was not, in earning capacity, a valuable property. It might easily have slipped into decadence and virtual oblivion, but for the sagacity and industry of his son and successor, who realized that only commercial success can ensure enduring power for service, and who contributed his talents and energy almost exclusively to that end. Without the genius of the elder Bowles, the most extraordinary example of potent provincial journalism ever produced in America could not have arisen; but none the less surely, without the unremitting business application of the younger Bowles, it could not have maintained the high position which it won and still holds. This second illustration, needless to add, is no more, but also no less, than exemplification of the fact that not character and fidelity to ideals alone, nor exceptional organizing and directive abilities alone, can produce the best in journalism. There must be a blending of both attributes in such fashion that each will supplement, not quarrel with, the other.

It is to be doubted whether the age-long problem of putative conflict between the editorial sanctum and the business office of the paper has ever, in so brief compass, been so convincingly solved as in these comments of Harvey's upon 'The Springfield Republican.'

After a little more than a year at Springfield, Harvey realized that his savings from a salary of six dollars a week, while they had enabled him to repay the money borrowed from his sister, would never bring him within marrying distance of Alma Parker, waiting for him back there in Peacham. Moreover, he was not willing to concede any personal likeness to the hero of that favorite story of his which I have already cited. He believed that he was not getting nearly as much as he was worth, and he told Mr. Bowles so; suggesting that eight dollars a

week would be acceptable for his second year. With this Bowles did not agree, being intent upon that commercial or financial success of the paper and that 'unremitting business application' which Harvey afterward eulogized — little as he may have felt like doing so at the time when it bore hardly upon himself. This time, Harvey was adamant, and they finally compromised in much the same one-sided fashion as before. Harvey got out. But the two parted on most amicable terms, and Harvey carried away with him two letters of credence, no less authentic than those which he had carried thither. The managing editor wrote:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 14, 1883

This will introduce Mr. G. B. M. Harvey, who has been connected with our local department for a year and a half. He is a man of first class promise, willing, ready, industrious, and of unusual capacity for journalism. He is one of our best men, and we part with him with regret.

I cheerfully recommend him as a gentleman and a thoroughly reliable writer.

S. B. GRIFFIN
Managing Editor

The local editor also wrote, under date of two days later:

During his connection with 'The Republican,' Mr. Harvey has proved himself a faithful worker, a careful writer, and a successful news gatherer.

He is also a gentleman in the best sense of the term, and it is a pleasure to say a good word for him.

JAMES F. HERRICK
Local Editor

On leaving Springfield, in the midsummer of 1883, Harvey chose very literally the line of least resistance, by going down the Connecticut River to Hartford, Connecticut. There he promptly found employment on the staff of 'The Journal' of that city; with duties almost as multifarious as they had been in that joyous summer at St. Johnsbury. He was a reporter, a copy editor, sometimes a writer of editorial articles, and also occasionally an emergency assistant in the pressroom, where he helped to make up bundles of papers for the newsboys and news agents, and even to carry them to the railroad station. This was not altogether satisfactory to him, although the

salary was a little larger than it had been at Springfield. The occupation of a man-of-all-work was not as engaging as it had been at St. Johnsbury; in part, no doubt, because it was not invested with practical independence of all other authorities. Indeed, it was the lack of such independence that displeased him most. It was therefore little grief to him to be told that the opinions which he was expressing in his writings did not accord with those of his employer, and that he would have to modify them or quit his job. He chose to quit.

By this time he was emerging from his teens into the mature age of twenty years. He reckoned himself no longer a boy, but a young man, and therefore entitled to accept as addressed to himself the advice which had been given nearly a dozen years before he was born, by John L. B. Soulé — though generally but incorrectly attributed to Horace Greeley — ‘Go West, young man! Go West!’ He went, as far as Chicago, which at that time was still considered to be in the West, and there obtained a place as railroad editor of ‘The Daily News.’ This paper had been started by Melville E. Stone less than ten years before, on a capital of only five hundred dollars, and had been immensely successful. On its staff were Eugene Field and other writers then or later of popular distinction, whom Harvey found congenial and inspiring colleagues. He also came into touch with two striking characteristics of that paper. One was its recognition — before most other American dailies — of the importance of women readers, and its consequent policy of always printing some articles of special interest to them. The other was its strict rules for assuring the honesty and decency of advertisements; a code which was adopted after it by many other papers. Harvey annexed these two principles to that of assured accuracy which he had received from ‘The Springfield Republican.’

In point of size, circulation, and influence, ‘The News’ was the most important paper with which Harvey had thus far been connected. His work there was not uncongenial, and his salary was a great advance upon anything that New England had given him. He did not, however, feel altogether at home in Chicago. Its contrast to a New England community was too striking, and George was always an impregnable New-Englander. He was therefore in a receptive mood for any good

offer which would involve a return to the East, and in the course of a year after his going to Chicago such an offer came to him — the first considerable opportunity that had ever been presented to him without his seeking or soliciting it.

He had been with 'The News' for about a year when some family interests required his return to Peacham for a brief visit. Naturally, he traveled by way of New York, and stopped in that city long enough to call upon Joseph Pulitzer, at the office of 'The New York World.' Mr. Pulitzer had become the sole proprietor and editor of that paper — then apparently moribund — in the spring of 1883, shortly before George Harvey left Springfield for Hartford, and by his extraordinary revitalizing of it had already opened a new era in metropolitan journalism. Harvey's call upon the man whom he had never yet seen was therefore for the purpose of offering him the congratulations of various Western newspaper men upon the practical lessons in journalism which he, also a Western man, from St. Louis, had given to New York. Pulitzer was then himself still a young man, though years older than Harvey, and he had, as always through his entire life, a keen sympathy with and love of youth. He welcomed his caller cordially, remarked upon his youthfulness — still under twenty-one — and thus in discussing ages disclosed by sheer accident a circumstance which had a lasting and determining influence upon the subsequent relations of the two men. This was the fact that George Harvey was born on the identical day on which Joseph Pulitzer, then a youth of seventeen, arrived in America from Hungary, here to make his home. This strongly appealed to Pulitzer's romantic fancy. He insisted that in the capacity of Americans, they were twins; in after years he as frequently as possible held with Harvey a joint celebration of their mutual anniversary, and it seems not at all improbable that it was at least partly for this same reason that he on the moment invited Harvey to become a member of his reportorial staff. On the moment, too, Harvey accepted the offer. He sent his resignation to Chicago, made his visit to Peacham, and began his work in metropolitan journalism.

The work of a New York reporter was then somewhat different from what it has since become. There were no 'by-lines' to exploit his personality; but neither was there so much

syndicated work by news agencies to restrict his field of activities. On the whole, it is probable that the training which a reporter then received was more valuable, for his development into an 'all-round newspaper man,' than that of today, even including the preparatory instruction of a School of Journalism. Certainly George Harvey profited much from his early career on 'The World.' His marked aptitude for the work, and his exceptional ability in executing it, quickly made him one of the 'star reporters,' not only of 'The World,' but also of the entire metropolitan press, and secured for him many highly important assignments. Among these was that of 'covering' the last illness and death of Ulysses S. Grant. Early in 1885 that illustrious man was discovered to be suffering from incurable and agonizing cancer, while at the same time, with a heroism as great as was ever displayed in the most desperate campaigns of the Civil War, he struggled on to complete his book of memoirs and thus provide — as he hoped and as happily resulted — a competence for his family. At first at his home in New York and later at a cottage in the Adirondacks he was constantly surrounded by a company of reporters from all the New York papers and from some important ones in other cities. These men established headquarters in a house as near as possible to Grant's, and through their daily and nightly association and coöperation came to regard themselves as forming an organization, which was presently named the Fifty Million Club, in this wise:

One day, early in their service, one of the reporters approached one of the attending physicians who was leaving the house, and asked him about Grant's condition. The physician had resented some newspaper comments upon the case, and answered the reporter curtly: 'General Grant is my patient, and I never discuss my patients' affairs with strangers. What concern is it of yours whether General Grant is better or worse?' 'Possibly my concern is of no account,' replied the reporter; 'but I am speaking for all the newspaper men here, and they represent fifty million people who are deeply concerned in the news of General Grant's condition.' The physician seemed for a moment stupefied; then his face softened, he grasped the reporter's hand, and said: 'I understand. Forgive me. I will tell you all that can be told.' Thus arose the name

of the Fifty Million Club, a body of fine journalists who for years held annual dinners in memory of their service. George Harvey was one of them, with his close friend — of whom we shall hear much more in these pages — William O. Inglis, also of 'The World'; James Creelman and Stephen Bonsal for 'The Herald'; Julian Ralph and Charles W. Tyler — of whom, also, more — of 'The Sun'; Henry L. Stoddard, of 'The Philadelphia Press'; and others whose names are a part of the history of American journalism.

Grant died on July 23, 1885, and soon thereafter Harvey was assigned to other work, and in October of that year he was put in complete charge of the gathering of all news from New Jersey, with an office in Jersey City. This assignment marked an important epoch in his career, which led to results of national and international moment. In journalism, it led to the creation of a special 'New Jersey Edition' of 'The World,' the success of which was so marked that it was quickly followed by similar editions for Brooklyn and Long Island and Westchester County, and neighboring New England, and these not only of 'The World,' but also of other New York papers. Still more, personally and politically it led to Harvey's intimate identification with New Jersey, the State which was thereafter for most of his life his home, and to friendship with leading New Jersey politicians, which enabled him to make Woodrow Wilson first Governor of New Jersey and later President of the United States.

CHAPTER IV

BECOMING A JERSEYMAN

GEORGE HARVEY began his identification with the State of New Jersey in the fall of 1885, when he was just old enough to cast his first vote. Politically he doubtless felt much at home; more than in his native Vermont. For New Jersey was then in the midst of a considerable period of Democratic control, at least of the State Executive. Leon Abbett, a forceful and formidable 'war horse' of that party, was Governor; to be succeeded two years later by Robert S. Green, also a Democrat, and then in three years himself to return to the office for a second term. The Legislature had a small Republican majority, which soon was exchanged for a Democratic one. John B. McPherson, Democrat, was the senior United States Senator; the junior was William J. Sewell, Republican, who two years later gave place to another Democrat, Rufus Blodgett. William McAdoo, in later years the distinguished Chief City Magistrate of New York, was Representative in Congress from Hudson County — of course, a Democrat. The ambitious young Democrat from Vermont thus found himself in congenial circumstances when, on October 6, 1885, he began work as the managing editor of the newly conceived New Jersey edition of 'The New York World.'

Suitable offices had been engaged in Jersey City for him and his staff, but they were not yet furnished for occupancy, and his first day's work was done at a rough plank table on the sidewalk of Montgomery Street. But that work was well done, and the resultant first issue of the paper, the next morning, was a revelation to thousands of readers. He demonstrated not only that he had the 'nose for news' with which Oliver Johnson had credited him three years before, but also that he had the precious knack of presenting the news in an engaging and convincing form. The paper was from the beginning a brilliant success.

But he had more than the 'nose for news' and the news editor's skill. He still had his boyhood's zeal as a reformer. He

was a Democrat; 'The World' was a Democratic paper; and New Jersey was chiefly a Democratic State. But those circumstances did not blind his eyes to the political corruption that prevailed there, nor restrain him from exposing and denouncing it. Both parties were boss-ridden, the Legislature was the happy hunting ground of a peculiarly unscrupulous and sordid lobby, and business monopolies had the whole State by the throat. Against these things he waged unceasing and unrelenting war, developing in the campaign that almost uncanny skill of detecting the weak spots in an opponent's armor which was characteristic of his controversies in later years. He went personally to Trenton, where he was unknown, and studied the lobbyists and the frail officials who were their game, at close range. Here, too, he began to manifest his intuitive genius for 'sizing up' men and analyzing their conduct and the motives which controlled it. Thus he was enabled to write article after article which caused politicians throughout the State literally to 'sit up and take notice.' Burns's epigram on Captain Grose might well have been repeated and applied to him:

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!

Gilbert and Sullivan's inimitable 'Mikado' was then in the first flush of its perennial popularity, and Harvey wrote a scathing satirical parody upon its libretto, with notorious lobbyists pilloried in it so truly as to be instantly recognized, from Sussex to Cape May. He made a searching investigation into the history of the franchises and other grants of the various railroad companies which largely dominated the State and which in former years had caused it to be ironically called the Province of Camden and Amboy, and thus opened the way for the sweeping revolution in railroad control and taxation which followed a few years later. He studied the State tax system, at that time one of the most faulty in America; and system, or lack of system, of local government. Nor was he merely critical; but he suggested and advocated much constructive legislation and the promotion of greatly needed public works.

In this way he acquired a thorough knowledge of all the ins

and outs of New Jersey politics, and a close and confidential acquaintance with the chief political leaders of both parties. Naturally, however, his closest affiliation was with the Democrats. Young as he was, he was recognized by them as a force with which they must seriously reckon. They took him into their most important councils, and often were guided by his advice. So he laid the sure foundation for his subsequent achievements as the maker of a Governor and of a President. We shall hereafter see how his early campaign against monopolies was effectively and profitably revived in his coaching of the Governor whom he made and who a little later turned against him on the factitious ground of his too great friendliness for monopolies!

His efficient prominence in public affairs caused Governor Robert S. Green in 1888 to appoint him an aide-de-camp on his staff, with the rank of Colonel, a position which was in 1890 renewed and continued by Governor Leon Abbett, who made him his Chief of Staff. It may be added that years afterward, in 1903, in recognition of an address which Harvey delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, Governor Heyward of that State appointed him to the honorary rank of Colonel on his staff, and that appointment was renewed by the next Chief Executive, Governor Ansel. This distinction had not been conferred upon any other alien to South Carolina since it was bestowed upon Lafayette, on the occasion of his last visit to America and to that State.

Governor Abbett so highly esteemed the abilities of his young Chief of Staff that he appointed him to be the State Commissioner of Banking and Insurance, a much-needed office which had then just been created by the Legislature. That was the only public office that Harvey ever held, save the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's, thirty years later, and in it he distinguished himself by two achievements. One was the organization of the new department in a most efficient manner. The other was the drafting of a statute, which was promptly enacted by the Legislature, for the organization and supervision of building and loan associations. New Jersey was thus the pioneer in the development of those exceedingly useful aids to thrift and progress. His law was widely adopted as a model for enactments in other States, and those associations

grew into nation-wide scope. Yet largely because of his initiative, they are still peculiarly a New Jersey institution. In proportion to its size, New Jersey has many more such associations, with many more members and with far greater assets, than any other State; and indeed regardless of proportion it exceeds in these respects all other States save only Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Amid these multifarious activities, Harvey never neglected the prime duty of his service for 'The World,' which was, of course, to produce the best possible newspaper. Besides taking an easy lead in special investigations and expositions, he often beat all his rivals in the presentation of general news. He organized a notably competent staff of reporters and correspondents, including several men who afterward attained high rank in other offices.

Incidentally, though most importantly, his increasing prosperity and his apparently secure establishment of himself, enabled him to fulfill the supreme desire which he had years before conceived. In the fall of 1887 he made another visit to Peacham to be the 'leading man' in a beautiful performance to which many guests were summoned by this invitation:

Mr. and Mrs. Luther F. Parker request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter, Alma Arabella, to Mr. George B. M. Harvey, Thursday afternoon, October thirteenth, at half-past one o'clock. Peacham, Vermont.

And that was that!

Identified with New Jersey as he was, the duties of 'The World' recalled Harvey to New York for a time; at least for his working hours. His great success in developing the New Jersey edition led that paper to try him for similar work elsewhere; even in the upper part of New York City itself; and he was accordingly put in charge of a branch office uptown. It was there that he was engaged at the time of his marriage. Later in that same year occurred, late one Sunday night, the sensational burning of the winter quarters of P. T. Barnum's circus and menagerie, at Bridgeport, Connecticut. At that time the only telegraph office in Bridgeport was closed on Sunday nights, and it seemed impossible to send out the news of the fire. But one enterprising newspaper man contrived to get down to New

York by railroad, writing his story on the train, in time to send it out to a number of papers in other cities. Also, and most to the present point, he gave his friend George Harvey exclusive information of it for use in New York, thus enabling him to give 'The World' a beat on its rivals. In addition, Harvey hurried down to the hotel in New York in which Barnum was living, gave him his first information of the catastrophe, and got an interesting interview with him for 'The World.'

The young man's heart, however, was in New Jersey; at this time in a decidedly practical and literal sense; and accordingly at the end of December, 1887, he took a leave of absence from 'The World' and accepted the invitation of his friend James Smith, Jr., to go to Newark and fill an important place on the staff of 'The Journal,' of which Smith was the proprietor. He was to receive a larger salary than 'The World' was paying him, and was in addition to receive as a bonus a block of stock in the paper. He made a contract, however, for only one year, doubting greatly whether 'The Journal' could be made at all comparable with the big New York paper in the opportunity which it afforded to him for the working out of his ambition.

The year 1888 was a stirring one in politics, being marked with the presidential election which sent Harrison to the White House in place of Cleveland, and it was of intense interest and much educational value to Harvey to hold a responsible newspaper position during such a campaign. But apart from that, Newark did not prove to be an inspiring or a satisfactory place for an ambitious young journalist. It had not yet sufficiently emerged from the parochial era in which the venerable 'Sentinel of Freedom' was its best-known paper. So at the end of the year, when his contract expired, he was glad to return to 'The World' carrying with him a handsomely penned letter from Smith, setting forth that 'We desire to express our appreciation of your uniform courtesy and ability, displayed during your connection with the paper. We hope the friendship established between us may be long continued.' It was.

Promptly he was assigned to the not uncongenial task of duplicating in Connecticut his achievement in New Jersey. After a few months of preparation, in which his enterprising friend at Bridgeport was of great assistance to him, the first issue of the Connecticut edition of 'The New York Sunday

World' made its appearance in May, 1889. The Bridgeport journalist, Julian H. Sterling, was one of its chief contributors, and was the cause of one of the most striking episodes in its career. He sent in portraits of half a dozen or more pretty girls and the names of many more, all employed in Bridgeport factories; and when these were published, there was a great increase in 'The World's' circulation in Bridgeport. There was also something very much more.

Harvey sent for Sterling to come to his office and told him, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had got the paper into trouble, and must get it out of it. The office was deluged with thousands of photographs of 'factory belles' from all over Connecticut and most of New England, with demands for their publication, too. It was manifestly impossible to print even a tithe of them. So a diamond necklace was procured, and Sterling was directed to display it publicly in each important factory city of New England, a week in each, with the conspicuous announcement that it was to be given as a prize to that factory girl who should receive the most votes, written upon coupons clipped from 'The Sunday World.'

That was a characteristic 'promotion stunt' of those days in newspaperdom, and it was highly successful. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the paper were sold before the contest was ended. A girl named Katherine Rooney, of Danbury, Connecticut, was the winner, with more than twenty thousand votes. Then came the function of formally presenting the necklace. Harvey, with several members of the staff of 'The World,' went up to Danbury by special train, provided free of cost by the railroad, and was met by the Mayor and a committee of prominent citizens, and taken on a tour of inspection of the hat factories, then the principal industry of Danbury. After this, the presentation of the necklace was made before an overflowing throng of spectators at the City Hall. Harvey himself made the presentation, and James M. Bailey, editor of a local paper and known throughout the country as 'The Danbury News man' because of his humorous writings, made the speech of acceptance in behalf of Miss Rooney.

Then occurred an incident highly characteristic of George Harvey, illustrating that marvelous gift of memory to which I have already referred. He was loudly called upon for a speech,

and of course had to respond. But he did not do as nine men out of ten would have done — enter into a eulogy of Danbury, its fame, its greatness, and what not. Instead, he began simply: 'To-day I have learned how to make a hat. I have visited your factories.' Then, to show the completeness of his lesson, he proceeded to tell what he had seen, and to describe every detail in the manufacture of a felt hat, through all the intricacies of washing and bleaching and steaming and blocking and what not else; all in language so simple as to be perfectly understood by everybody, and so accurate as to command the approval and admiration of an expert at the trade. As a feat of memory, it was astounding. As a piece of diplomacy, it was triumphant. It was, of course, the highest compliment that could have been paid to Danbury, and the audience was almost delirious in its enthusiastic approval.

The Connecticut edition of 'The World' proved to be as successful as the New Jersey edition, though in a somewhat different way, and these achievements marked Harvey for further promotion. So presently Mr. Pulitzer sent for him and an agreement was entered into of a most favorable kind. Harvey was to enter the service of 'The World' in its main office in New York, 'to perform loyally and faithfully the duties of any position equal in dignity to that of managing editor to which he might be assigned by Joseph Pulitzer, with the proviso that he should not be required to do night work regularly, nor to accept or carry out the instructions of or be responsible to any person except Mr. Pulitzer.' The compensation was, for those days, a very handsome one; probably as large as that of any managing editor in New York or elsewhere. Harvey was, of course, to do no journalistic or literary work for any other publication, but was to devote all his thought and energy to 'The World.' The arrangement was 'to be for an indefinite period, and might be annulled at will by either party.'

Thus Harvey became managing editor, with autocratic power — save for Mr. Pulitzer alone — of one of the foremost newspapers of New York and therefore of America; the newspaper, moreover, which was of all making the most rapid progress and was most profoundly and permanently influencing the entire color and course of journalism in America. And he was only twenty-seven years old; probably the youngest man

to fill such a place on a great metropolitan journal in the history of the American newspaper world. The only record surpassing it which I can recall was that of John Thaddeus Delane, who at the age of twenty-four succeeded 'Thunderer' Barnes as editor of the London 'Times.' Whitelaw Reid had been called 'the young man in the tall tower,' but he was thirty-two when he became managing editor of 'The New York Tribune.'

It might be regretted that, in thus engaging exclusively in administrative and executive work, Harvey for a time almost entirely relinquished original writing; for he had already shown, as he did most notably in his subsequent career, that his supreme genius lay in authorship. Nor was he merely an editorial or controversial writer, though in that he greatly excelled. He had a fine gift for narrative and for invention, which might have won for him preëminence in the realm of fiction, and certainly in that of history and biography. Indeed, he had already shown his quality in a noteworthy magazine article written while he was yet in his teens, and published in that favorite periodical of youth, 'St. Nicholas.' Forty years afterward he referred to it; on the occasion of his being invited by the proprietor of 'The Washington Post' to write something for that paper about the opening game of the series for the world baseball championship, in which the Washington team was the successful contender. Harvey had recently returned from the American ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's, but with that spirit of perennial youth which he always possessed he entered with enthusiasm into the proposed assignment.

'I shall be delighted,' he said, 'to write an account of the opening game in the world series. Professionally, I am somewhat out of practice. The last game I reported was played for the championship of Eastern Vermont on the village green of Danville, between the home team and the Peacham nine, on the Fourth of July, 1883. I pitched; Peacham won. My account of that historic contest appeared in "The St. Nicholas Magazine" forty years ago this month. I have finished reading it, and my judgment pronounces it good. I cannot write as well now as I could then; but if there have been no changes in the rules meanwhile, I shall have no difficulty in keeping the score!'

His story in 'St. Nicholas' was entitled 'How Science Won the Game,' and was probably the first account ever published of a game won by 'curving' the ball; a method of pitching then newly invented and little known, though now, of course, of universal practice. It told in delightfully vivacious style of the efforts of two boys, Jack Hunt and Winfield Scott Hancock Bliss, to win the game for the Stafford team against the Danville nine. Fortunately, the baseball editor of 'The Boston Trumpet' happened to be in the village, and Jack secretly got from him instruction in the mystic art of 'curving' the ball. The outcome was that the Staffords won, the winning run being scored by Winfield Scott Hancock Bliss by dint of a flying leap clear over the head of the Danville catcher to the home plate. The article was graphically illustrated and doubtless did much to promote boyish interest in the scientific practice of the national game.

It will be pertinent and profitable to recall, for background to this narrative, some salient conditions and circumstances of New York journalism at the time of George Harvey's accession to the managing editorship of 'The World' in 1890, a year which has well been said to have marked a turning-point in the evolution of the American newspaper. Nearly all the important papers were still published at Printing-House Square, at the junction of Nassau Street and Park Row. 'The World' in that year completed and occupied the gigantic building of which the cornerstone had been laid in October, 1889, on the site of the historic French's Hotel — a site said to have been chosen by Pulitzer for the reason that in his early and impecunious years, because of his unprosperous appearance, he had once been refused a night's lodging at that house; and had installed presses capable of printing 312,000 eight-page papers an hour. 'The Herald,' under the younger Bennett, had not yet moved uptown. 'The Tribune' was still in the 'tall tower' on its ancient site, and was preparing the next year to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Its owner and editor, Whitelaw Reid, was serving as Minister to France. 'The Times' had just erected a fine new building on its old site; but though under the able editorship of Charles R. Miller, seemed little better than moribund, awaiting rejuvenation under a new owner some years later. 'The Sun,' under the brilliant di-

rection of Charles A. Dana, was still in its historic building where Martling's Long Room and Tammany Hall formerly flourished. 'The Star' still shone, but was hastening toward its setting. 'The Press,' scarcely four years old, was prospering; and the short-lived 'Recorder' was about to be born through a schism from 'The World.' E. L. Godkin was in his splendid prime as editor of 'The Evening Post.' 'The Graphic,' which had brilliantly introduced illustrations into daily journalism, was permitted by an unappreciative public to die in 1889. 'The Evening World' and 'The Evening Sun,' owned by the morning papers of the same name, had been started in 1887 and were prospering. And, of personal interest to Harvey, George William Curtis was still editing 'Harper's Weekly.'

The numerous amalgamations, which ultimately reduced the number of leading papers in New York by fifty per cent or more, had not seriously begun; though 'The World' itself had long before absorbed the remains of 'The Courier' and 'The Enquirer,' and 'The Mail and Express' represented the merging of two fine old evening papers. Great improvements were being perfected in the mechanical and other means of producing newspapers. The linotype and similar machines had supplanted typesetting by hand; photographic engraving processes devised by Stephen A. Horgan and others were greatly facilitating and improving the illustration of daily papers, as well as of magazines and books; the color press was being perfected, for colored supplements for the Sunday editions; the telephone had become a universal commonplace in the transmission of news. It was a time of great journalists and great journals, accomplishing great things, into which George Harvey entered, less than eight years from the bucolic sanctums of Caledonia County.

CHAPTER V

SOME LETTERS FROM 'J. P.'

THE story of the managing editor of a great newspaper is essentially the story of the paper itself, and that in turn involves the history of the constituency which the paper serves; community, State, Nation. That is true of George Harvey's engagement in that capacity on 'The New York World.' All his thoughts, attention, activities, were inseparably interwoven with the doings of that paper, at a time when to an unusual degree the paper was a motive power in the social, commercial, and political life of the metropolis and exerted a widespread influence throughout the Republic. It was a time, too, when public life was exceptionally sensitive, alert, and mobile. In that aspect, his career during that period is scarcely susceptible of adequate representation within the limits of a mere biography.

Most apt to the present purpose will be some transcriptions from the copious correspondence which passed between himself and Joseph Pulitzer; or, rather, from 'J. P.'s' letters to him. The proprietor of 'The World' was then spending most of his time in Europe, in quest of better health. He was insistent and persistent, however, in keeping in the closest and most constant touch possible with his paper, and consequently, in addition to frequent cable dispatches, he sent by almost every mail a long letter to his young managing editor. Because of the grave impairment of his eyes, these letters were written by a secretary, from his dictation. They were Protean in tone and purport, containing orders, suggestions, criticisms, commendations, and what not else; all 'in the day's work.'

Many of these letters related to the intimate details of office administration, such as it would not be fitting or profitable to publish in this place. Others gave a vivid exposition of the relations which existed between the writer and the recipient, and also of salient features of the policy according to which the paper was conducted, and these form an essential and legitimate part of this narrative. Those which I have selected from

the whole mass pertain to the latter portion of Harvey's managing editorship, beginning in the spring of 1892 — a momentous year — and running to the severance of his relations with the paper — though not with its proprietor.

One, dated at Paris, May 20, 1892, related to the prospective change of Harvey's status from that of managing editor to that of an editorial director — I had almost said dictator — with authority over all departments of the establishment:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

One single suggestion, hastily dictated to catch the mail.

A year ago you made a most excellent report, based upon the past. I now wish you to make an equally excellent report based upon the future — (a little Hibernicism) — and a hypothetical case.

Suppose Mr. — should take his favored trip around the world, or for any other reason should make both you and me unhappy by retiring from the paper; and suppose all his functions were to fall upon your young, delicate and inexperienced shoulders, and you had entire responsibility —

What difference would such change make in your work, your hours, and the general progress of the paper? What changes, reforms, improvements, would you propose? What lines, ideas and faults would you alter? In short, would the paper be run differently if you had the chance? And how? What methods and men would you change?

Please be as specific, suggestive and fearless as possible; and please remember that this is only a hypothetical case; that I do not wish to promise anything; and that I remain with kindest wishes, always your friend,

J. P.

Considerations of so vital and momentous a character could not be conducted entirely through correspondence. Face to face conferences were necessary. Accordingly, Mr. Pulitzer presently bade Harvey to come over to Europe. On July 22 he wrote him from Wiesbaden, *en route* for Baden Baden, a letter far more devoted to petty personalia and to the presidential campaign than to the specific purpose of the visit:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

... Please bring about 200 cigars, the very lightest that exist and, of course, the best, regardless of price. Have every box opened separately and examine them so as to make sure that each is the lightest shade existible.

Please bring the best possible information about the chances of fusion in the West. I am much interested in that vital question.

Also, a few issues of all the latest New York Sunday papers; also, the most carefully selected dozen names cabled about.

I want another man in London, one in Paris, Berlin, Washington. Have other campaign plans which could easily employ a dozen separate men.

Remember, the success of the campaign fund will depend upon the man who is put in charge of it.

Of course I assume that you will sail, but this is based upon the assumption that you would not sail if, by so doing, any great opportunity were neglected, or anything in the office was wrong just about that time, needing your attention. I want to see you very much, but I must say frankly that it is not about 'The Paper' half so much as because I think the trip will be a pleasure to you and its loss a disappointment. You are personally sympathetic to me, and I would enjoy your visit, you must know by this time. But I always sacrificed my pleasure for the paper, and I would like you to feel the same way. . . .

Yours sincerely

JOSEPH PULITZER

The trip had, after all, to be abandoned, for the time; and on July 30, intent upon the political campaign, Mr. Pulitzer wrote again:

There seems to be a misunderstanding about the Campaign Text Book which I suggested. Of course I never meant that Wilson's articles alone should be the text book, though they might form part of it. The idea of using the best figures in the Almanac is very good. But there ought to be a lot of entirely new matter reviewing Harrison's Administration from Alpha to Omega — or A to Z. I supposed the mere words Campaign Text Book when I cabled it would carry its own story; but the law of misunderstanding seems eternal.

I am sorry you lost your trip; but perhaps you have not lost it after all.

The Wilson referred to in this letter was Professor William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, who had led the fight in Congress for a revenue tariff during the first Cleveland administration. On August 6, the very date on which Harvey was to have reached his chief, the latter's deep and affectionate personal interest in him was shown in the postscript to a note on office affairs which Mr. Pulitzer's secretary wrote to him:

Mr. P. particularly begs you to take care of your health and not to regard his twelve hour telegram strictly. He is not worrying as much as you seem to think, though he is very anxious that you should

make a success in your present trial — as anxious, he says, as if his own boy Ralph were in your place.

Several letters thereafter were occupied with office details; one of them, on August 22, being especially concerned with the city editor's department, which was not being conducted in a satisfactory manner. After saying that that was the weak point of the paper, Mr. Pulitzer continued:

After all, perhaps of the fifty different essentials for improving the paper, none might be more immediately felt than if you were to be your own City Editor for a month — going into that department and through it and into every detail and minutia with the utmost vigor. If you could for a month or so arrange your work so as to have two or three hours every night to teach the different copy-readers, both at the City and the Telegraph desks, how to condense, how not to pad, how to eject all water, padding, rot, rubbish, etc., you would do the most necessary work.

Every night you ought to go to bed feeling that you have cut down and condensed at least one page, if not two.

Every night you ought to go to bed feeling that you have taught the other fellows something that will save you trouble in the future.

Every night you ought to go to bed feeling that you are yourself developing as a great condenser.

Every night you ought to go to bed feeling that the great work of an editor after all is not what he does himself, but what he teaches and trains others to do for him.

From all this it will be evident to the reader that Harvey's original idea, that a managing editor should not be required to spend his night at the office, as a rule, had 'gone a-glimmering.' In fact, he was now practically living at the office; with a bedroom fitted up in the building, to which he could retire after the paper had gone to press, after midnight or perhaps some hours later. This was an arrangement like that which White-law Reid had in the 'tall tower' of 'The Tribune,' in the years when he was restoring that paper to prosperity after the catastrophe of 1872. It was obviously calculated greatly to serve the interest of the paper, as well as the convenience of the managing editor. Yet, as we shall see, it ultimately became a cause of offense.

Mrs. Harvey had gone to Europe with her aunt, intending to meet her husband there, on his expected visit, and to return home with him; and when that visit was abandoned, or in-

definitely postponed, her disappointment was great. Mr. Pulitzer realized this, and, at Harvey's wish, wrote to her on August 27, from Baden Baden:

MY DEAR MRS. HARVEY:

Only one line, to appease compunctions of conscience.

If you have not seen your husband this summer, it was not his but my fault solely. If you are disappointed, so am I. If you would like to see him at this moment, so would I. But you may console yourself with the thought that only public duties demanded this sacrifice of personal desire, and that the Fates which seemed to be against you in keeping away your husband this summer were after all kind Fates in promoting him and giving him opportunities and possibilities for future prosperity.

My regard for you is so high that I cannot for a moment believe you would allow your private wishes to interfere with your husband's public duties; but I have written this lest you might ascribe some blame to him, when it entirely belongs to

Yours faithfully and sincerely

JOSEPH PULITZER

A few days later he wrote to Harvey, telling him of this note to Mrs. Harvey, and adding:

I wish you to feel always that our relations are not, and cannot be, only official. The more you get into the habit of speaking to me without reserve, both as your Chief and as your chief friend, the more you will please me.

And right now, in the honeymoon, so to speak, of your wonderful opportunity, I make a request of you. Don't be sensitive if I should in the future seem brusque, harsh, or even unjust in my criticism. I sincerely hope I never shall be; but if I should, remember that fault-finding is perhaps both my privilege and my weakness, that correction is the only road to improvement, and that my quick temper and illness are entitled to some consideration.

As long as I find fault with you, I hope and believe in the use of trying to train, teach, and perpetuate you. When I find it hopeless to improve a man, I always quit the job and never criticize.

The promotion of Harvey to a sort of editorial directorship, which had been suggested in the 'hypothetical case,' was effected, even in the absence of the personal conference concerning it which had been so much desired; and Mr. Pulitzer was prompt in making it known. At the beginning of August, 1892, William Walter Phelps, then American Minister to Berlin, visited Baden Baden, and there met Mr. Pulitzer; and

he reported to Harvey in a cordial letter some of the gist of their intercourse. 'I'll take pen,' he wrote, 'to tell you how pleased I was to hear all the good and appreciative things your Chief said of his young lieutenant. And it was pleasant to notice the warm personal interest with which he followed all my narratives of the different times our lines had crossed; my first interview; your baby crowd on the Jersey Edition; your happiness with your own "Journal," etc. He was, too, much interested when he heard how I had seen Mrs. Harvey and her aunt start on their European trip, and only annoyed that I could tell him nothing of her since she left Berlin.

'Pulitzer said,' continued Mr. Phelps, 'that he has just jumped you two or three pegs by cable; so I tender my congratulations, and go to bed; glad that good young fellows are coming up to take our places.'

It was characteristic of Mr. Pulitzer at that time and thereafter to speak highly of Harvey and his achievements—I might almost say, to boast of him. Even after Harvey had finally and forever resigned from all connection with 'The World,' his former chief never hesitated to express his appreciation of his work as managing editor, and even sought occasions so to do.

In a very long letter from Paris on September 6, chiefly discussing personal staff matters, Mr. Pulitzer gave many epigrammatic suggestions and admonitions concerning the general conduct of the paper:

You ought to do nothing whatever that you can get any one else to do. You ought to realize that the originating, initiating, critical and suggestive functions make the real editor, far overshadowing the executive functions. Now the great problem which confronts you is the former, not the latter. You ought to dispose of every bit of executive work to give yourself the best chance for the former. You ought to have six hours a day, if possible, to read the papers. These six hours' reading or skipping should give birth to suggestions, ideas and criticism, requiring again several hours of talk with the executive men of the staff, giving out ideas, instruction, criticisms, suggestions. Later you ought to have two or three hours a day for book reading to cultivate and equip your mind. . . .

One way of improving the staff is to take a big club and make the lazy fellows earn their pay by doing more work and some thinking. . . .

Above all, don't make any mistake, and beware of overzeal.

I don't like an unprincipled man on the staff for any reason, even if talented.

Harvey could not be spared from the office of 'The World' during the political campaign, but Mr. Pulitzer was intent upon seeing him personally, either in Europe or America, soon after its close. He wrote him on October 12:

If I have not sailed when this reaches you, assume that you will come over (this time without fail, by the Eternal!) immediately after election; and begin at once therefore to fill yourself up with whatever information you can obtain from anybody about the business department; also begin to wind up the machine to the best of your ability for an absence of at least one month.

The sweeping Democratic victory and reëlection of Cleveland to the Presidency followed, and gave additional zest to Harvey's long-delayed visit to his Chief. After his return, the correspondence was resumed, and Harvey took a more effective share in it, eliciting from Mr. Pulitzer in January, 1893, a whimsical and bantering letter, from Monte Carlo:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

Damn you! Why don't you write oftener as you did to-day? Then I would put up with your faults and be patient. I really liked your Epistle to the Corinthians exceedingly, and it will put me in a good humor for the rest of the day. Is not this some little satisfaction to you, you awful phlegmatic-cuss?

Seriously, I think some of your suggestions very good. . . .

Now I'll scold you again. You must learn to obey strictly. You wrote too much — though I enjoyed it all, I am sure it was wrong. You must not do it again. I insist upon your giving me two hours' writing out of the twenty-four, but I also insist that you shall give no more!

Now obey; and I close as I began with — Damn you! take a drive! The carriage will call at three for Mrs. Harvey, who is not to suffer for your sins.

Sincerely yours
J. P.

In the same vein he wrote the next day:

That's right! Your second epistle is even an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it contained personal flattery, which as you know is always agreeable. Keep on and you will be a good boy yet!

There followed many suggestions and instructions concerning news and special features, showing Mr. Pulitzer's ideals of journalism in that day:

What is going on in the churches should have fixed, regular atten-

tion in the Sunday and Monday papers. The church is certainly one of the largest factors in the life of the people.

Every form of sporting and yachting should receive particular attention this summer.

Sunday feature. — What is the total amount of whiskey drunk per day, week, month, year, in New York? Review in every form the quantity, quality, cost; also arrests, drunkenness, crime. Ditto beer.

Establish a poker column as a regular feature of the Sunday paper. Let us have good poker stories of the famous players. Who are the best poker players among the Senators, Supreme Court Judges, Cabinet Ministers, and Diplomats?

Before the promotion of Harvey to the editorial directorship, he with two others constituted a so-called Consulate, for the control and conduct of the paper; and at this time on one occasion Mr. Pulitzer sent certain instructions to Harvey through another member of the staff. He wrote:

Tell Harvey I want him to be more attentive to my suggestions and suggestions generally. He has sent me a number of good ones which he received from the office, but he does not carry them out. . . . He is not over-suggestive himself, which is all the more reason why he should carry out the good suggestions of others.

I want Harvey to have fixed office hours as a rule. I desire him to be in the office at one o'clock. I don't fix the time for his departure. That can be elastic. He must be present at the daily lunches, as one o'clock shall be the daily hour for the sitting of the Consulate.

Tell Harvey he must take a day off. While I want him to work full hours for six days, and would find fault for laxity, I will find just as much fault if he works on the seventh day.

Harvey shows decided talent for make-up effects. It is being overdone. I suggest that he use this talent on the inside pages. Everybody sees the outside pages, so the inside is where it would be most valuable.

Have Harvey make ten of his brightest young men each give him suggestions for art supplement pictures. Try to get striking ideas. Harvey shall have charge of the pictures. There must be new ideas. Offer a Christmas prize for the best suggestion.

Train men for Assistant City Editor. Tell Harvey to pick out half a dozen promising young fellows and try them each as Assistant City Editor. Give them a chance to show what they can do.

This was the most extended series of directions that he ever sent to Harvey through the medium of another, and indeed the last. Thereafter his suggestions and commands were given directly to Harvey. We shall see a little later how the question

of Harvey's office hours caused trouble, in which Harvey was not only entirely blameless, but also actually entitled to especial commendation. The order, 'Harvey shall have charge of the pictures,' may be regarded as prophetic of the really phenomenal work that he did many years afterward in suggesting for his own 'War Weekly' a series of cartoons never surpassed in aptness and effectiveness, and rivaled by only those of Thomas Nast in 'Harper's Weekly,' and of Tenniel in 'Punch.'

It was one of the prime secrets of his success, that he never forgot a lesson, and that he profited from every experience. Peacham and St. Johnsbury aided him at Springfield, Springfield at Chicago, and all these, cumulatively, in New Jersey and New York. He exemplified, too, the truth that to learn to obey is the essential preparation for the exercising of command. The singular fidelity and efficiency with which he executed the plans of Mr. Pulitzer on 'The World' enabled him to secure the same qualities of service from his subordinates when he was at the head of great publications of his own.

CHAPTER VI

ON AND OFF 'THE WORLD'

THE most important feature of George Harvey's managing editorship of 'The New York World' was his conduct of the presidential campaign of 1892, which resulted in the renomination and reelection of Grover Cleveland. I speak of the renomination as well as the reelection, because of Harvey's intimate, adroit, and determining participation in it. Indeed, his relationship to that achievement was such as to entitle him almost to be known as having made Mr. Cleveland President for his second term.

Mr. Cleveland was first elected to the Presidency in 1884; before Harvey was old enough to vote or so situated as to exercise any important influence in political affairs, although he was deeply interested in them. He ran for reelection in 1888, but was defeated by Harrison, at the time when Harvey was serving on 'The Newark Journal,' under James Smith, Jr. At the beginning of 1892 it was evident that he was again to be a candidate, for the third time.

But he was met with formidable opposition in the very quarter where opposition was most dangerous. David B. Hill, as Lieutenant-Governor, had become Acting Governor of New York when Cleveland resigned the Governorship to enter upon the Presidency, and had subsequently been twice elected Governor, and finally United States Senator. He had constructed for himself a powerful and unscrupulous State political machine, through the workings of which he aspired to secure the Presidency in 1892. In the pursuit of that ambition he was ingenious, resourceful, and resolute. He had as his chief lieutenants William F. Sheehan, then Lieutenant-Governor, and Edward Murphy, United States Senator. Also, he enjoyed the favor of Tammany Hall, an organization unfriendly to Cleveland.

It does not appear that Joseph Pulitzer was strongly inclined to the support of either Cleveland or Hill. His policy was probably to wait until the Democratic National Conven-

tion had made the nomination. Neither was Harvey committed to either side. But an incident of Hill's own making led Harvey, on his own initiative, to balk Hill's plans and greatly to facilitate if not to assure Cleveland's nomination.

Early in the year Hill, Sheehan, and Murphy conceived the plan of conducting a secret canvass or 'still hunt' for delegates to the State Convention; to call that convention two or three months before the usual and expected time and before Cleveland's friends had made any preparation for it; and then have that convention instruct the delegates to the National Convention to vote as a unit for Hill. Obviously, it would be a serious blow to Cleveland, who was also a New York man, to enter the nominating convention without the support of a single delegate from his own State, but instead with their actual hostility.

Harvey learned of this plot as soon as it was formed, and before the 'snap' convention assembled, and instantly disapproved it. That was not because of any special interest in either Cleveland or Hill, but rather because he realized that such a performance would be bad for the whole Democratic Party. The party would be rent asunder, into hostile factions, as badly as the Republicans had been a dozen years before; and it would incur the reproach of underhanded and tricky tactics. So he went post-haste to Washington, to remonstrate with Hill against such a course. He spent two days there, laboring with him, but without effect. It seemed to be the proverbial case of a deadlock between an irresistible force and an immovable mass. Finally, however, Hill consented to go to New York with Harvey, and have him discuss the matter with Sheehan and Murphy.

In that Harvey could anticipate no advantage. It would merely mean three against him instead of one. Sheehan and Murphy were as much the authors of the plot as was Hill; and they were less amenable to reason than he, and probably less moved by ethical considerations. So during the few hours at Washington before they took the train for New York the intrepid young man suddenly determined to follow the suggestion of Shakespeare:

... 'Tis the sport, to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

He would meet the menace of a 'snap' convention with a 'snap' editorial. So he wrote one, for 'The World.' Its caption was, 'Don't!' With inexorable logic it pointed out that the holding of a 'snap' convention would defeat its own purpose. It would provoke the friends of Cleveland to hold an 'anti-snap' convention. It would divide the party in the State. And it would offend the best sentiments of the party throughout the Nation and cause the delegates from other States at the National Convention to sympathize with the 'anti-snappers' and to give their support to Cleveland. And it ended as it began, with 'Don't!'

So when Hill and Sheehan and Murphy met for their conference, they were confronted with that editorial, in the foremost Democratic paper of New York. Hill took it philosophically, but Sheehan and Murphy raged furiously and denounced Harvey in bitter terms. But the thing was done, and could not be undone. And everything occurred precisely as Harvey had foreseen and foretold. The 'snap' convention was held, on February 22, and it instructed the New York delegates to the National Convention to vote as a unit for Hill. Many of the foremost Democrats of the State held an 'anti-snap' convention at the usual time, on May 31, and it adopted resolutions declaring Cleveland to be the choice of the great majority of New York Democrats, and directing the delegates which it appointed to vote for him.

When the National Convention met, on June 21, the 'anti-snap' delegates made no attempt to take their seats, but relinquished them to the Hill contingent; so that the solid vote of New York was cast for Hill. But his tactics had alienated most of the support which Hill would otherwise have had from other States, and on the first ballot Cleveland was nominated. His election followed in due course, in November, by virtue of a literal landslide of votes.

There can be no question that Harvey's 'Don't!' editorial contributed powerfully to the result at the convention. It is possible that Cleveland would have been nominated without it. It is morally certain that he would not have been nominated on the first ballot by a majority so decisive as to leave no excuse for any further factional division in New York, but would have won, if at all, only after a protracted contest which would

have caused much bitterness if not actual schism. Mr. Cleveland himself, and his astute manager, William C. Whitney, fully realized this, and thereafter showed marked friendship and gratitude toward Harvey.

Of course, too, the incident practically committed 'The World' to the support of Cleveland, for nomination as well as for election. It is not certain that this was altogether pleasing to Mr. Pulitzer. Certain it is that he did not like the verbal form of the editorial; for he presently wrote, in a series of suggestions and orders for the staff: 'The word "Don't" was used as headline of editorial on Strike. Do not use this word at all, as a heading or catchword.' This was written concerning another editorial, months after Harvey's; but obviously was intended to have an *ex post facto* suggestion.

Following Cleveland's inauguration, Harvey went to Washington for a long and much-needed vacation. His health had been seriously impaired by his excessive labors during the campaign, and he needed rest and change of scene and occupation. In addition, he thought it desirable for the sake of the paper that he should get into the closest possible touch with the Administration; and this he did. The President welcomed him, and so did Secretary Lamont, of the Navy Department, Senator Gorman, and other influential party leaders. He was taken into their councils, and his advice was earnestly sought, not only on political matters, but also in diplomacy and general affairs of state. Walter Q. Gresham, the Secretary of State, particularly relied upon his counsel, until Harvey was practically his chief assistant.

Not unnaturally, the President was inclined to show his appreciation of Harvey's services in the campaign by appointing him to some suitable office. He did, indeed, offer him the place of Consul-General at Berlin. This Harvey declined, partly because he was advised that the climate of Berlin would be most unfavorable for his health, partly because his lack of familiarity with the German language would make the place uncongenial to him, and partly, no doubt, because he was not fully decided in his own mind whether to enter political life or to remain in journalism.

Mr. Pulitzer was made aware of all this, and was much concerned. He had his secretary write to Harvey from Bar Harbor, Maine, where he was spending the summer:

Mr. Pulitzer says:

1. You ought to regard the complete restoration of your health (at present) as a paramount object, and subordinate to it most other things.

2. If doing this should lead you to the conclusion that you must abandon journalism as a necessary condition to that end; and if you have made up your mind to that effect, Mr. Pulitzer will, if you desire it, write to Mr. Cleveland and recommend you for a position.

3. But as a friend, he would counsel you not to take Berlin; because the climate is very severe, and indeed almost deadly for pulmonary troubles.

4. If, on the other hand, you have determined to endeavor to go on with journalism, he will give you an easy and dignified place, with chance for highest growth, with only day work, and without diminution of salary.

5. He would be extremely glad, if your health permits, to have you in Washington upon the assembling of Congress; but you must be the judge of this.

On general principles, he thinks it better that you should continue your vacation until the heated term is over, say till October 1.

This expressed willingness to recommend Harvey to the President for appointment to office must be interpreted as a unique manifestation of Mr. Pulitzer's regard for his young friend; for it was quite contrary to his usual practice. Not long before, he had proclaimed to the entire staff of 'The World' his aversion to office-seeking:

No man in The World office can ever run for public office, or be a candidate. The World must retain its independence. I do not want The World at any time ever to ask the appointment of any human being. I never want a letter or document of any kind asking public appointment in The World's name. The character and integrity of the paper must be above suspicion.

To the secretarial letter which I have quoted Harvey made a brief but appreciative reply, which was not altogether definite as to his intentions for the future; and in return Mr. Pulitzer wrote him, on July 2, in a most friendly and affectionate tone, concluding as follows:

My advice to you is to stick to journalism and never more think of office.

If you go to Washington to attend the session of Congress, you must do so entirely of your own desire, and not at my suggestion.

The situation continued during the 'silly season' with no-

thing more than marking time. Harvey was enjoying a rest which was not only desirable but imperatively needed. His lifelong enemy, asthma, had assailed him, and he was both physically and mentally demoralized. But Mr. Pulitzer was becoming impatient. It was necessary that plans for the activities of the paper in the fall should be completed, and that very soon; and the character of those plans depended largely upon what Harvey intended to do, or would be able to do. Mr. Pulitzer's health, too, had become less satisfactory, and his nerves were in an irritable state. On August 20 he had his secretary write to Harvey:

The Chief has a weak spot for you, but he also has a 'strong weakness' against uncertain arrangements. He does not understand what your disposition is — whether you intend to stay in Washington; or resume your vacation; or assume the position of importance and prospect which the Dome holds for you; or whether you have still a hankering for office. He is recasting the machine at the office; and it is in your interest, as well as his, that he should know exactly what your preference and wishes are. He is anxious to consider them, and to have you in one of the best places. It may interest you to know that Mr. — applied for the Washington Bureau before Mr. P. asked you to go.

(The Dome meant, of course, the offices of 'The World,' the reference being to the crowning architectural feature of the building.) Obviously, matters were approaching a point at which some positive and radical decision must be made concerning the future relations of Harvey with 'The World.' Meantime other things were happening to complicate the situation.

The Pulitzers had as neighbors and friends at Bar Harbor Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, of Philadelphia. Mr. Townsend was ambitious to enter the diplomatic service as a Secretary of Legation at Vienna, and despite his prohibition of office-seeking or soliciting to his staff, Mr. Pulitzer seems to have been desirous of aiding him in his quest, even to the extent of letting it be known to the President that such an appointment would be gratifying to the proprietor of 'The World.' An intimation to that effect was conveyed to the President through Harvey; the President readily assented; and the appointment, an entirely proper one, was made.

At the same time there arose another candidacy for a more important diplomatic place. James J. Van Alen, a wealthy and prominent social leader of New York and Newport, aspired to become Minister to Italy. His desire for that appointment was none the less earnest because he had made the largest single contribution to the campaign fund of the year before for Mr. Cleveland's election. He was said to have given the then unprecedented sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Pulitzer regarded that contribution with somewhat the same sentiments which a majority of the United States Senate a generation later affected to have for the much larger sums which had been spent in the primary nomination campaigns of two gentlemen who had been elected to that body, and whom for that cause that majority arbitrarily and unconstitutionally debarred from their seats. This aversion of Mr. Pulitzer toward Mr. Van Alen's candidacy, moreover, was not ameliorated by the existence of any such social amenities and intimacies between the Pulitzer and Van Alen households as those between the Pulitzers and the Townsends.

It was therefore not unnaturally feared at Washington that 'The World' might comment unfavorably upon the appointment of Mr. Van Alen and oppose its confirmation by the Senate; and Secretary Lamont, the real diplomat of the Cabinet, and a warm friend of Harvey's, suggested to Harvey that in return for the appointment of Mr. Townsend it would be a graceful thing for 'The World' not to oppose the appointment of Mr. Van Alen. To this, Harvey was most sympathetic, but he was unable to do more than to promise to convey the intimation to Mr. Pulitzer. This he did, but in vain. 'The World' waged so bitter and persistent a campaign against Mr. Van Alen that he was eventually glad to withdraw his candidacy for the place. At this President Cleveland and Secretary Lamont were aggrieved, though not against Harvey.

Another complication arose from what is known in the newspaper world as 'office politics.' These were the circumstances:

Mr. Pulitzer had, as already related, shown a pronounced personal liking for Harvey, and had promoted him over the heads of many older men to a place of unique elevation and power for so young a man; and this had engendered in the hearts of some feelings of resentment.

Mr. Pulitzer had also, as we have seen, insisted that Harvey should devote all his working time, amounting to perhaps ten hours a day, to 'The World'; which was reasonable and just. In order to facilitate compliance with this rule, Harvey had established sleeping-quarters in the building, so as to waste no time in going to and from a distant home.

Thus it was Harvey's habit to go to his room as soon as the paper was ready for the press, late at night. Then he would have all the morning papers sent up to him at an early hour, and he spent the whole forenoon carefully reading and analyzing them in his room, before he went across to the old Astor House for his noon luncheon. (At this time the staff luncheon, hitherto mentioned, had been discontinued.)

But — and here was where trouble arose — other members of the staff, seeing him enter the office from the street at one o'clock in the afternoon, supposed — let us charitably assume — that that was his first appearance there that day, and that he had spent the night out at some fashionable social gathering and consequently had slept until noon.

Finally, these not altogether altruistic and disinterested observers took no especial pains to prevent their assumptions concerning Harvey's habits and hours of attendance at the office from reaching Mr. Pulitzer's ears.

To all this we must add the unfortunate and pathetic circumstance that Mr. Pulitzer was in an infirm state of health, with hypersensitive nerves, and with eyes so impaired as to make him entirely dependent upon the eyes and words of others for information. Perhaps I may also recall the words of Kipling: 'East is East, and West is West.' For Mr. Pulitzer had, as his letters suggest, the sensitive, emotional, romantic mind and temperament of the Old World, while Harvey had, if not the less sensitive, at least the less demonstrative and more self-contained New England disposition. The two were thus, in the ultimate analysis, unsympathetic, if not incompatible; which does not at all imply that they were not capable of being personally very fond of each other, and highly appreciative each of the other's virtues and genius.

The problem thus presented could have but one solution, reached in but one way. Accordingly, Mr. Pulitzer invited Harvey to visit him, at Bar Harbor. Harvey, suffering the

torments of a severe attack of asthma, went thither, alone; Mrs. Harvey being in Vermont. A week passed, and then another, in friendly intercourse, without a word being said about the prime object of the visit, or any attempt being made by Mr. Pulitzer—who alone could take the initiative—to seek readjustment of their relations.

Then Mrs. Harvey came down from Vermont, to rejoin her husband and to accompany him home; and as she was entirely unprepared for a prolonged stay at Bar Harbor, it was obvious that a speedy transaction of the business in hand must be had. So there was a decisive though entirely amicable interview. It would not be profitable, nor indeed proper, here to enter into the intimate details of that memorable meeting. Mr. Pulitzer was intensely interested in his prescriptions for the future conduct of affairs, and for the reorganization of the office for the coming winter, apparently on the assumption that Harvey gave full acquiescence to everything. But presently, in the very midst of it, Harvey interrupted him, courteously but most conclusively, with—

‘But, Mr. Pulitzer, I have resigned!’

Next day the Harveys departed from Bar Harbor, leaving for Mr. Pulitzer a formal letter of resignation, and returned to New York. On reaching that city, they audited their accounts, and ascertained that their total available assets amounted to about five hundred dollars. And George was out of a job!

It was, if I remember aright, Théophile Gautier who told that delicious little story—a mere vignette—about the impoverished cavalier who found himself one morning without enough money to procure a breakfast. But, praises be! he had enough to buy a bunch of violets for his buttonhole! It was with that same irrepressible and invincible buoyancy of youth that George Harvey said to his wife, at that crisis of their affairs:

‘Well, my dear, let’s go to Chicago and see the World’s Fair!’

And they went.

Meantime Mr. Pulitzer, having completed his rearrangement of the staff of his paper, went to Europe for the winter, and on December 12 wrote to Harvey from Nice:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

Pardon my not answering yours of November 7 ere this. But the remarks about what you say you said at Bar Harbor, which I certainly never heard, and what I regarded as a singular obtuseness to the good fortune I tried to thrust upon you, made answering delicate.

What I had on my mind was, either your own minute proposition about Washington, which you seemed more anxious for when I last saw you; or a stay with me for some time to write from my dictation a book on journalism with incidental talk; or a third idea which I thought attractive. But your letter, and apparently pangless severance of our relations, seemed to make any further suggestion unwise.

Now, however, that I hear you are writing syndicate letters, I am not afraid to say that my personal friendship for and interest in you, are as warm as ever; perhaps a little warmer than when I had the right to scold you and no doubt very much abused that right (for which I now apologize and beg absolution).

If you happen to have any use for money, I shall be glad to send you some. If there is anything else I can do for you, you ought to know my disposition.

It seems to me strange, indeed, considering all that I have tried to do, that you should not be on the paper; and most strange that you should have no feeling of regret at the termination of relations which to me at least were extremely sympathetic and interesting.

With kind regards to your wife, believe me as ever

Faithfully yours

JOSEPH PULITZER

I have copied this very intimate letter in full, partly as a revelation of the heart of Joseph Pulitzer and of his exceptional attachment for George Harvey, and partly as another illustration of what I have already said about East and West. We must credit the Oriental mind with being as sincere as it was emotional, and as constant as it was demonstrative, in these expressions. At the same time we must recognize and deplore its incapacity for understanding that the seemingly taciturn and stoical New England mind was, equally with itself, capable of the deepest and most poignant feelings, whether of pleasure or of pain. It would be unjust to reckon the one the less sincere or the other the less sympathetic.

Harvey, of course, answered that letter in kind, and in return received another from Mr. Pulitzer, dated January 24, 1894, of which a portion may be quoted:

That was an awfully nice letter you wrote me on Christmas, and yet, while it gave me much pleasure, I hardly knew how to answer it.

Indeed, I felt like giving you a friendly, fatherly spanking, as I might give one to Ralph, if he had done his father injustice and made a general goose of himself. You never made a greater mistake in your life than when you supposed I wanted you to leave the paper. I never liked you more, personally, than after that fortnight's visit at Bar Harbor; never felt more warmly toward you, never tried harder to treat you as one of my particularly bright and promising boys. . . .

Now, for the future, if you have nothing definite on hand, no bonanza to sacrifice, I repeat my advice, given at Bar Harbor. I am not afraid to go even a step further and to say that while the lamp still holds out to burn, my favorite Prodigal may return. . . .

I hope you are well, and wish you would write me in any event as often as you possibly can. . . .

At that time Arthur Brisbane, then a prominent member of the staff of 'The World' and later and now editor of 'The Evening Journal,' was Mr. Pulitzer's confidential companion in Europe, and he wrote to Harvey a number of letters reflecting the impressions received from his Chief, and breathing a strong desire for Harvey's return to 'The World.' Thus, on January 15, 1894:

I am mighty glad to hear that you are turning your thoughts into gold at the rate of a thousand a month. It is none too much — not enough — but it is hard to get. I wish you were on The World, if I am to stay there, and I often tell Mr. P. that he ought to have you back.

And again on January 24; enclosed with Mr. Pulitzer's letter of the same date, which I have quoted:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

I need not say that I know the contents of this letter. I add this line to insert in it, because I am most anxious to have you where you belong. I feel most strongly that you need to take the opportunity which now presents itself to you. I do not know what you are doing, or what your prospects are, but I know it can't hurt you to make up for a stroke of ill-fortune. Mr. P.'s cable address is 'Pulitzer, Beau-lieu, France.' If you send him the right sort of cable, you can have your old job back, if you want it. I may be mistaken, but I think I am not. If you were here now, I am sure that you would be sent to take charge of the shop at once. . . .

On hearing from you, Mr. P. may ask you at once to take the old job. . . . I know that it is the Managing Editorship that he has in mind for you.

Harvey deeply appreciated the desire of Mr. Pulitzer to get him back on the staff, and in the highest place, as he did also

his friend Brisbane's good offices in the matter. He maintained most cordial relations with his former chief, and many times joined him at their mutual 'birthday dinner.' But he never once, after that interview at Bar Harbor, seriously thought of returning to 'The World' in any capacity or on any terms. That was, of course, not because of any resentment or ill-feeling of any kind. It was not because of any distrust of Mr. Pulitzer. It was not because of the slightest lack of confidence in his own ability to 'make good.'

It was because he had awakened to the American passion for independence. He wanted to be himself the chief, responsible to nobody but himself. Only thus could he serve the interests of his 'beloved country' in the most satisfactory way. And he thought — believed — knew — that he saw before him an opportunity of attaining such an end. It might involve, as indeed it did, his temporary withdrawal from the editorial work which had been the ruling passion of his life since childhood. But that interregnum would enable him to return to his chosen calling with an independence and an authority far surpassing all that could be hoped for in any other way.

CHAPTER VII

A BUSINESS INTERLUDE

THE work of writing syndicate articles for the press was profitable, and by no means uncongenial. The demand for his work rapidly increased, and he might doubtless have continued such engagements indefinitely, with pecuniary results surpassing the income he had received from 'The World.' There was also a certain joy in thus being a free lance, writing about whatever topics he pleased, and writing whatever he pleased about them.

From the beginning, however, he regarded this as nothing more than a stop-gap, the shorter the better. For there were to it, as a lasting occupation, two insuperable objections. One was that while his pen was under his own control, theoretically, the press was not. He still depended upon others for the publication of his articles and, of course, the payment for them. He could write what he pleased; but if he wanted to be paid for it, he must write what would please his patrons. Otherwise, there would be danger of a repetition of his Hartford experience. His articles might not be in accord with the publishing syndicate's policy, or taste, or interest.

The other objection was, that even if he was well paid for his work, he 'got no forrarder.' He was making no progress toward the desired goal of independence, in the proprietorship of a periodical of his own. He therefore sought diligently some occupation which, even if not so congenial, would be very much more lucrative.

Here his experience in the political campaign of 1892 proved to be of determining value. He had in it made the acquaintance of William C. Whitney, one of the chief supporters of President Cleveland, and had won his confidence to an exceptional degree. And this was confidence, not only in his journalistic genius, but also in his business integrity and ability. Years before, as we have seen, his old preceptor at Peacham had predicted that he would prove to be a young man of honesty and integrity in business affairs. That forecast was

now to be verified. So Whitney employed Harvey in a confidential capacity of much importance, and Harvey 'made good.' He not only performed his duties with efficiency and discretion, but also he greatly magnified his work, until he became little less than his employer's indispensable *alter ego*.

Mr. Whitney was at that time engaged in exploitation of the street transportation system of New York on a gigantic scale, and had for his associates Thomas Fortune Ryan and other important capitalists; and with them Harvey became well acquainted. Between him and Mr. Ryan there was developed an intimate friendship, which was to be lifelong and was to have important bearings upon some features of Harvey's later career.

Naturally, Harvey was enabled through such associations to make highly profitable speculations and investments; and to command the use of capital in whatever enterprises he might undertake. Those enterprises took a direction suggested by Mr. Whitney's operations, namely, the development of electric traction transportation lines. For that was the time when that form of transportation, of both passengers and merchandise, was being perfected and was coming more and more into use, in city and country.

Harvey chose for a part of his field of operations Staten Island, which was just being incorporated into New York City as the Borough of Richmond, and was enjoying a marked accession of population with a consequent demand for increased transportation facilities. A more extended field was the upper coast region of New Jersey, from Sandy Hook to Point Pleasant, where there was an unbroken chain of popular summer resorts, several of which were growing into permanent urban communities of considerable importance. A third field was found in Havana and other cities of Cuba.

These enterprises involved arduous work, of a character to which he had been little accustomed, and which presented a strong contrast to his labors in Journalism. Nevertheless, he found them of much interest, and the change of occupation afforded him relief and a measure of rest. Best of all, he was now making assured and perceptible progress toward the goal which he had in view. Incidentally, he was enabled to establish himself upon an attractive and extensive estate at Deal, in

one of the most beautiful parts of the New Jersey coast — a place to which, with ingenious invention, he gave the unique name of Jorjalma. Of this name some, wonderingly and unwittingly, inquired the origin and meaning, supposing it to be foreign; though most readily recognized it as a felicitous combination of his own and his wife's first names.

In these enterprises, Harvey in a few years secured a comfortable competence, though by no means the large fortune with which some imaginative gossips credited him. Had he persisted in them, he might have become a 'magnate' or a 'Napoleon of finance,' as the phrases ran. But such a career had no temptations for him sufficient to lure him away from the aim which he had set before himself in the days when 'Ariel' had issued — or essayed to issue — from his two-dollar printing plant. The call of the press and of the sanctum was all-pervasive and all-persuasive. His railroad building was merely a stop-gap, just as his syndicate writing had been.¶

'Finance, work in Wall Street, and business promotion,' he afterward said, 'never appealed to me as real rivals of my real profession. I was associated with Mr. Whitney, and I knew Mr. Ryan, Mr. Morgan, and other successful financiers, pretty well. I made some money, too, and the creative work I did in building traction lines rested me from the strain of newspaper work. But when I had a chance to buy "The North American Review," I bought it; and then I was happy again. I can see nothing in finance to tempt me from my present congenial field.'

But it was a bit of the proverbial 'irony of fate' that certain Radicals should, in after years, charge him with too great intimacy with 'high finance' and even with subservience to 'the interests'; when in fact he had merely made financial corporations his tools in the establishment of an independent press of his own, which should be a tribune and a forum of singular catholicity and freedom from dictation.

The associations and friendships which he formed during this period, however, were lasting, and were of essential value to him in after years; at times in the promotion of the public welfare against the injurious practices of some of 'the interests' themselves.

When at last the time seemed opportune for his retirement

from these business operations, and for his return to editorial life, he was eager to accept it, and he made the change completely. Years afterward an eminent gentleman, with whom Harvey had had a brisk passage of words, censured himself for having what he aptly described as a 'single-track mind.' In a measure, that description might have been applied, though in a slightly different way, to George Harvey himself, or at least to the energies to which his mind was directed. I do not mean that his view of life was narrow, or that the scope of his interests was restricted. On the contrary, he was a man of almost infinite range. When I came to examine the contents of his files, I was bewildered with their copiousness and Protean variety. They made Southey's famous and formidable 'Commonplace Book' seem scant, indeed. Their opulence in assorted newspaper clippings, on every topic of human interest and from every quarter of the globe, challenged the ineffectual rivalry of a well-kept newspaper 'morgue.'

And yet it was characteristic of him to do only one thing at a time; probably in compliance with the injunction — from his favorite source of inspiration and authority — 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' When he was building railroads, he was a railroad builder, above all else. When he again became an editor, he was every inch an editor, and his railroad building was a closed chapter in the book of his acts.

CHAPTER VIII

'THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'

It was in the penultimate year of the nineteenth century that George Harvey returned to his chosen profession. He did so, not as a wasted and repentant prodigal, but as a potential conqueror. He was not to begin at the beginning and work his way up again; nor even to resume work where he had left off five years before, as if there had been no interruption nor interregnum. Instead, he was to fill a place much more exalted and important than he could have hoped to attain through promotion, if he had remained constantly in newspaper work instead of making an incursion into the realm of industry and finance.

His reëntry was effected, however, at the opposite extreme from that of his original advent, and indeed at a point remote from his exit. He had been engaged exclusively upon newspapers, and he had run the complete gamut, from being literally a penny-a-liner, with five-line items of local news at five cents apiece in a rural weekly, to being the editorial director of a great metropolitan and indeed national daily journal. But next, after his brief business interlude, he became identified with a periodical not of news but of opinion, as the proprietor and editor of the dean of American literary and critical reviews and one of the three or four most distinguished periodicals of the kind in the world.

This was 'The North American Review,' which he purchased in 1899. It had been founded in 1815, as an outgrowth of the famous Anthology Club of Boston, at a time when there were, in at least the English-reading world, only three magazines of comparable character; one in America and two in Great Britain. The first of these was Washington Irving's 'Analectic Magazine,' which existed only from 1813 to 1820. The others were 'The Edinburgh Review,' founded in 1802, and 'The Quarterly Review,' in 1809. The great French 'Revue des Deux Mondes' was not begun until 1829.

Striking and extreme as was the contrast between the con-

duct of this venerable and dignified periodical and the hot-i'-the-mouth newspaper work to which he had been accustomed and in which he had so notably excelled, nothing could have been more appropriate, in both retrospect and prospect, than Harvey's entry upon this task. 'The North American Review' throughout its career of then more than fourscore years had been conspicuously identified with a robust American spirit and with the activities of distinguished American statesmen and diplomats. It had had, before Harvey, eighteen editors. Of them one had been Secretary of State of the United States. Two had been Ministers to the Court of St. James's. Two had been Ministers to Spain. One had been Minister to Russia. One had been Minister to the Netherlands. One, the founder and first editor, had been *Chargé d'Affaires* in Brazil. One had been *Chargé d'Affaires* in the Netherlands. One had been Consul at Venice. One had been private secretary to the Minister to the Court of St. James's.

Even more noteworthy, in the annals of American statesmanship, were the contributors to 'The Review.' These comprised no fewer than ten Presidents of the United States, or precisely one half of the number of those who had been elected to that office down to the time of Harvey's purchase, not counting the Vice-Presidents who had become Acting Presidents. Of these ten, one appeared in its pages during his term of office, four before they had been elected, and five after they had retired.

And George Harvey, who was to be probably the most voluminous contributor of all, and certainly editor for by far the longest time of all, was also to be the maker of two Presidents of the United States, and had already given decisive aid to the election of a third, and was to become a particularly distinguished Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Surely, there could have been no more appropriate nineteenth editor of 'The Review' than he.

On acquiring possession of this periodical, he was content to continue it for some years in substantially the same form in which he found it; the form in which it had been put by Allen Thorndike Rice when he removed it from Boston to New York and made it again a monthly instead of the bi-monthly which it had been for a few years. Rice had also injected into it a

somewhat larger proportion of articles on political, economic, and other public topics than it had thitherto contained, and had enriched its list of contributors with a great number of the most distinguished names in the world. Both of these processes Harvey continued, and carried considerably beyond the achievements of his predecessor.

In thus conducting 'The Review,' however, he was not fulfilling his aim. He was not ministering to the public and patriotic service of his country as he wished and intended to do. He was merely providing a channel through which others could render such ministry. True, it was a broad and deep channel, and it gave passage to Trojan and Tyrian alike; and that was all very well. But he wanted and meant to have something much more than that. The spirit of his teens was upon him, when he discussed Civil Service Reform with George William Curtis. He wanted to have his own say to his countrymen on the great issues of the day, and not be content with conveying to them the thoughts of others.

The result was the most radical transformation that the famous periodical had had in all its history. He made it for the first time a personal organ, instinct with his own personality. That was not merely in putting his name upon the cover, as its editor. Allen Thorndike Rice had done that; and Lloyd Bryce, and David L. Munroe. It was not, of course, in requiring all articles to accord with his own principles and policies. He never dreamed of that, but kept the pages open to those with whom he disagreed as freely as to those with whom he most heartily agreed.

It was in the establishment, on the first pages of the magazine, of an editorial department, consisting of a number of articles 'By the Editor.' These were, of course, on the foremost current topics, largely political — or, rather, civic and patriotic, for they were never merely partisan. In them he exhibited a brilliant, trenchant, convincing style, probably never surpassed in American journalism; combining the spontaneity and timeliness of the leaders of a daily newspaper with the thoughtful maturity and ripe scholarship of a monthly review. They marked, in fact, something like an epoch in periodical literature.

Then and thereafter 'The North American Review' was

George Harvey, just as 'The New York Tribune' had been Horace Greeley, and 'The Springfield Republican' had been Samuel Bowles. It continued, as I have said, to contain the contributions of America's and the world's most noteworthy writers, publicists, scholars, statesmen; and to be what Allibone had called it long before, 'that priceless repository of so many of the best minds of the most highly educated portion of the American Republic.' In that character it reached its resplendent perihelion under the direction of George Harvey. Yet Harvey himself outranked them all. His editorials were the supreme feature. People noticed with respect and admiration what the Right Honorable This or the Right Reverend That had to say in their signed articles. But it was what George Harvey said in his editorials that they quoted, discussed, praised, or damned.

It was in these articles of varying length — sometimes a dozen lines, sometimes a dozen pages — that some of his most famous utterances were delivered, in the few years immediately preceding the World War and during that conflict. It was in them — not too greatly to anticipate the narrative — that he discussed the homecoming of 'Our Colonel' from his African ventures, in all the aspects of its political potentialities. It was there that he fixed upon a Secretary of the Navy the imperishable soubriquet of Sir Josephus Daniels, N.C.B., meaning North Carolina Boy. It was there, too, that he gave to the administration of the President whom he had made at times the sturdiest of support and at other times the most scathing of criticism, according to whether, to his impartial mind, that administration rendered service or disservice to America — the one invariable rule by which he judged all public men and all public doings.

He was able to do these things, without let or hindrance, because he had at last achieved his ambition, of being his own master. I emphasize this point, because it seems necessary to do so, in correction of a very foolish misstatement which has been repeatedly made concerning him, even in places of supposedly respectable authority. Thus, in a recently published 'Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson' I found some account of Harvey's business relations with Whitney, Ryan, and others, and then this astounding statement:

Presently he was chosen editor of 'The North American Review,' then the foremost conservative journal of America, and of 'Harper's Weekly,' both of them financed by J. Pierpont Morgan, the mogul of the financial world. . . . He symbolized that combination of boss politics, big business, and journalism so hateful to the rising West under the titles of 'Wall Street government,' 'the interests,' 'privilege,' and the like.

It would not be easy to concoct a more wantonly misleading paragraph. With the circumstances of Harvey's editorship of 'Harper's Weekly' I shall deal in the proper place, merely remarking here, in passing, that Mr. Morgan had little or nothing to do with it. As for 'The North American Review,' it was never, in all its history under George Harvey — or any one else, I believe — 'financed by Mr. Morgan' to the extent of a single cent. That dean of American magazines was purchased from its former owner, General Lloyd Bryce, by George Harvey, alone, without the participation or even the knowledge of Mr. Morgan, and for the twenty-seven years of his proprietorship was financed and controlled by him, alone. Mr. Morgan had no more to do with it than the proverbial Man in the Moon. And Harvey was 'chosen' to be its editor by nobody in the world but George Harvey himself.

In the editorship of this periodical alone the ambition of George Harvey, or of any man, might have found gratifying fulfillment. Yet very soon after he entered upon it he was invited to undertake other concurrent tasks of colossal magnitude, which for a time overshadowed and seemed almost to obscure it. That editorship, however, outlasted them all. I have said that he was editor of 'The North American Review' for a longer time than any other man in the history of that publication. He was also editor of it for a longer time than he was ever engaged in any other specific undertaking.

CHAPTER IX

HARPER AND BROTHERS

UPON the door of the business office of one of the foremost publishing houses in New York — and in the world — there was posted on the morning of November 28, 1899, this notice:

All persons will please take notice that the State Trust Company, as trustee under the first mortgage made by Harper and Brothers to the State Trust Company as trustee, dated November 16, 1896, and a chattel mortgage made in pursuance of said mortgage, has entered into every part of the property conveyed by said mortgage, including the publication of the periodicals known as 'Harper's Magazine,' 'Harper's Weekly,' 'Harper's Bazar,' and 'Harper's Round Table'; and that from this date, and until further notice, neither the corporation of Harper and Brothers nor its agents will exercise any power to use, operate, manage, or control said mortgaged property.

The State Trust Company has appointed Mr. G. B. M. Harvey to be its agent in the possession, operation, management, and control of the property, and until further notice he will be respected accordingly.

It was an interesting and by no means unfitting coincidence that, only a few months after he had become proprietor and editor of one of the oldest and most famous of American periodicals, and before he was fully settled in that status, George Harvey should thus be called to the head of one of the oldest and most famous of American publishing houses. In order properly to understand this noteworthy incident, it is desirable to review briefly some antecedent occurrences.

There lies before me at this writing a copy of the first book ever printed by the little concern which was destined to grow into the great house of Harper and Brothers. It is the fifth American edition of 'Seneca's Morals,' a 16mo, of 359 pages, measuring three and a half by five and a half inches, and bound in buff-colored sheepskin. The title-page proclaims that it was published in New York in 1817 by Evert Duyckinck, and was printed by J. and J. Harper. This firm, whose name thus for the first time appeared in a book, had begun business only a short while before, and consisted of James Harper and his

younger brother, John. Two of the typesetters in their employ were two other still younger brothers, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher. The four eventually, in 1832, formed the copartnership of Harper and Brothers, James being the Harper and John, Wesley, and Fletcher the Brothers. By 1850 the firm had grown to be the largest publishing house in America, with a reputation extending throughout the civilized world, and in that year it began the publication of 'Harper's New Monthly Magazine.' This was from the outset a miscellaneous illustrated magazine of high merit, and it in time became the dean of publications of that class, outliving the brilliant 'Knickerbocker,' 'Putnam's,' 'Sartain's,' 'Graham's,' and other periodicals of importance in their day. In 1857 was begun 'Harper's Weekly,' the sub-title of which was 'A Journal of Civilization,' and which probably deserved that proud appellation as much as any contemporary paper, under the masterly editorship of George William Curtis. In 1867 appeared 'Harper's Bazar,' and in 1881 'Harper's Young People,' afterward called 'Harper's Round Table,' which was discontinued in 1899.

It would not be pertinent in this place to enter into a detailed account of the processes and circumstances which, eighty-two years after the printing of that first book, plunged that once prosperous and opulent establishment into what seemed almost hopeless distress, and caused it to pass out of the hands of the family of its founders. In October, 1898, the copartnership was converted into a corporation, and a considerable expansion of activities was undertaken. This, and the meeting of various obligations already incurred, made it necessary to borrow large sums of money, the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company being the principal lender. That was not, however, a favorable time for the publishing trade, and the immediate prosperity and prompt profits which had been expected at the incorporation were not realized. In two years the condition of the concern had become so much worse as to seem desperate.

In these unhappy circumstances the Harpers themselves took the initiative in a course which led to the saving of their house and the restoration of its prosperity, though at the cost of their own retirement from the direction of its affairs. Since

there are only twenty-four hours in a day, and the days of our years are only threescore years and ten, it would be vain for me in this place to attempt to correct all the misstatements that have been made about George Harvey; but justice to others as well as to him requires a final disposal of the always stupid and often malicious story that he was made the president of the corporation of Harper and Brothers by J. Pierpont Morgan, against the wish of the Harpers themselves. That story is absolutely untrue. The truth is that he was chosen for that place, and invited to fill it, by the Harpers, without so much as the knowledge of Mr. Morgan. This is how it happened:

One day in the fall of 1899 one of the senior members of the Harper family and corporation asked a friend, one of the leaders of the New York Bar, what he knew and thought of George Harvey; explaining as his reason for asking that he and his colleagues had observed with interest Harvey's work as editor of 'The North American Review,' and had conceived the notion that he was just the man to be elected president of Harper and Brothers, to extricate that corporation from its very serious embarrassment. He had not yet spoken to Harvey about it, but thought of doing so that very day. His friend replied with a most favorable estimate of Harvey, though with no assurance that he would succeed in the arduous undertaking with which the Harpers proposed to saddle him. He added the suggestions that Mr. Morgan, as the principal creditor of the almost insolvent concern, ought to be consulted in the matter, and that Harvey ought to be warned that his acceptance of the presidency might soon be followed, in spite of his best efforts, by the appointment of a receivership.

Mr. Harper accepted these suggestions, and on that basis went to see Harvey, at his winter home in the Dakota apartment house, in New York. Harvey was taken completely by surprise, and hesitated to reply to the offer. Finally, however, he consented to accept a proposal that was at once flattering and terrifying, provided that Mr. Morgan's approval could be had. This approval was readily and ungrudgingly given, and Harvey was immediately elected by the Harpers to be their president; all the other officers of the corporation, six in number, being members of the Harper family. It was new

work for the young editor, but he entered upon it energetically, with his native New England shrewdness and thrift. In a few days important economies and reforms were effected and there was a perceptible change for the better in the outlook, confirming the Harpers in the wisdom of their choice of a new head. But it was evident that further capital would be needed to carry the business on to a point at which it would again be solvent and self-sustaining. Mr. Morgan was willing to make such provision, but the Messrs. Harper, with the fine sense of integrity and honor that had always been characteristic of them and their fathers, were not willing to assume the responsibility of accepting it, excepting in circumstances which would give him and the other creditors complete control — in brief, a receivership. Accordingly the six officers of the corporation who bore the name of Harper wrote to Morgan and Company:

It is due to you, as the principal creditors of Harper and Brothers, to know that, owing to the financial stringency and the fact that the bulk of our assets is not available for quick realization or collateral purposes, the company may and probably will be unable to meet its maturing obligations. Moreover, our new President, Mr. Harvey, insists that the finances of the company must be readjusted in such a way as to enable him to give his undivided attention to the business and editorial work, and we ourselves feel that in the present situation we have not the moral right to incur further obligations, which we might not be able to meet. We consider it our duty, therefore, in justice to both yourself and ourselves, to decline to avail ourselves of your generous offer to increase the amount of your loan, and to seek your coöperation in any other way, better adapted in our judgment to conserve the interests of all our creditors. . . .

A reorganization of the company upon a permanent and substantial basis would, we believe, accomplish these purposes, and would conserve the interests of all the creditors, providing the property could continue under the sole direction of Mr. Harvey, who has already effected reforms which result in the saving of more than \$100,000 a year.

We therefore recognize that you should proceed to take all necessary steps to protect your claim . . . and that the State Trust Company, as trustee under the mortgage, upon your request, would be entitled to enter upon and take possession of the mortgaged property. In that case we shall initiate proceedings for the appointment of the trustee as receiver of the corporation, and of Mr. Harvey as agent for the receiver. . . .

To this the firm of Morgan and Company promptly responded:

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your communication, and to express our commendation of the spirit which animates it. The downfall of the house of Harper and Brothers would be a national calamity. Everything that can be done lawfully to prevent it should be done. Under the circumstances we think your plan will prove in the end to have been the best for all your creditors, and it will receive our hearty coöperation.

The sequel to this correspondence was the notice of November 28, already quoted. The views and purposes of the new head of the ancient house were at the same time expressed fully and clearly by Harvey himself:

The letters [he said] which have passed between Messrs. Harper and Brothers and Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company offer a sufficient indication of the causes of the action taken by the trustee. It is only just and right, however, that I should assume my full share of responsibility for such action, and I do not hesitate to say that it was taken primarily at my instance, with the full consent and approval of the members of the Harper family and of the principal creditors.

The simple fact is that myself or anybody else who ventured to undertake the personal responsibility of the management of the company without first effecting a thorough readjustment of its finances would have been confronted by an herculean if not an impossible task. After a thorough investigation of the condition of affairs and the surrounding circumstances, I became satisfied that in order to maintain the proud position Harper and Brothers have always occupied in the publishing world, and to carry on and enlarge its business in conformity with modern ideas, it was absolutely essential to begin at the bottom, and first of all to establish its finances upon a sound and durable basis.

An attempt to accomplish this task while staggering under so heavy a burden of indebtedness would have been, from a business standpoint, little short of insane. After full discussion and deliberation, each member of the Harper family concerned and all of the larger creditors whom I was enabled to consult, indorsed this judgment and recognized the fact that the only possible solution lay in the course which has been followed.

The net result of the action which has been taken is to make it possible for me and all who are, or become, associated with me, to devote our entire energies to the actual work before us instead of giving half our time at least to financial problems with a practical certainty that the very best endeavors could only result in ultimate failure. Every publication issued from the Harper presses will now be strengthened in every possible way, without hindrance, and I trust

with the hearty coöperation of the thousands of friends of the great house, whose honor, dignity and prosperity it has become our duty to maintain.

Harvey's elevation to this supreme rank in the publishing world, of course, greatly strengthened the acquaintance with Mr. Morgan which he had formed during his few years as a railroad builder and financier, and also the high opinion of his literary and business ability and of his integrity of character which the great banker had formed. It is pleasant to record that the friendship between the two men, despite their disparity of years, continued increasingly close and intimate throughout the life of the elder, and was marked with many impressive incidents. It will be observed, too, that Harvey's advent to the dictatorial control of what for more than four-score years had been exclusively their family possession was welcomed and approved as it had been invited by the Harpers; one of whom, J. Henry Harper, especially, was thereafter a close, affectionate, and lifelong friend of Harvey's, and took pleasure in being associated with him in connection with 'The North American Review,' although that periodical never had any relationship with the house of Harper and Brothers.

The emotions of George Harvey on becoming, at the age of only thirty-five years, the head of this great establishment were almost irrepressible. Some of the Harper publications had been among his earliest readings in childhood. He had been entranced with the charm of the famous 'Blue Books,' as the ten volumes of 'Harper's Story Books' were popularly called. He had pored over the attractive pages of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and perhaps had read therein Uncle Remus's inimitable story of Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox, and the Tar Baby. Most of all, he had been inspired by the marvelous cartoons of Thomas Nast, then unrivaled in the world save by those of John Tenniel, and — as we have already seen — by the editorials of George William Curtis, which, for ethical elevation, political or other force, and literary charm, marked an epoch in American journalism. And now, by something more than a 'set of curious chances,' he was to direct the publication of Harper books; he was to control the editing of the 'Magazine'; above all, he was — in a little while — to be the editor of the 'Weekly' and to sit in the chair in which Curtis

sat. And all this in less than a score of years since he had left his father's farm at Peacham!

It was inevitable that he should make some changes in the personnel of the establishment, and he judiciously brought in, to fill places of importance, some of his former most trusted and most competent colleagues on the staff of 'The World.' William D. Howells had already retired from 'Harper's Magazine,' and his place was filled by Henry Mills Alden, as editor and also as general literary adviser of the publication house. He conducted the department in the 'Magazine' known as 'The Editor's Study,' in which, to use his own words, he strove to cultivate and maintain an intimate *rapproch* between the 'Magazine' (and incidentally the general work of the house) and its readers. 'The old *Maga*,' said Mr. Alden to Harvey, 'will become itself articulate and take the readers into its confidence, reinforcing their interest in current literary work and quickening expectation of work ahead . . . by implication and by way of illustration in the lines of thought taken on chosen themes — these lines never running into a formal essay, but easily taken and as easily released.'

Alden seemed to conceive and to cherish a genuine affection for his young chief, which he frequently manifested in his letters. 'The unfathomable depths of your generous heart,' he wrote in 1906, 'I shall never sound.' This was on the occasion of being invited by Harvey to a social gathering in honor of Alden's seventieth birthday. Of that gathering, Harvey made record in a dainty booklet, which Alden described as 'probably the most exquisite piece of this kind of book-making ever executed,' and he declared that it 'brought freshly to mind every happy detail of the most beautiful tribute, I think, ever paid to a man of letters. As I shall look over its pages filled with the praises of sincere friends, they will always seem to me bound up with the love and esteem which in the heart of our "Bounteous Harvey" prompted the tribute. Last Friday, Dr. Henry Loomis Nelson said to me: "I love your Colonel Harvey." So say we, all of us.' And when, after more than a dozen years, Harvey retired from the House of Harper, Alden wrote to him: 'God bless you for your kind appreciation of my work here! The brightest part of it is associated with your presidency.'

Howells also was brought back to Harper's by Harvey. In the spring of 1900 Harvey wrote to him, sending him a check in payment of royalties on his books which Harper's had published, and assuring him that the house would like to publish such further works as he should write. To this Howells replied, on April 28:

" No one could be more gratified than myself by the assurance you give me of the solid reestablishment of the House of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. My relation to that House has always been one of pride and personal regard as well as interest, and it is not altogether from a selfish feeling that I rejoice in the prospect of its renewed prosperity under your guidance. Your wish that I should continue with it as an author is also my own. . . . At some time convenient to you I should like to visit you personally.

This wish for a personal meeting was quickly gratified, at Harvey's instance; for he sent for Howells and made an arrangement with him under which he was to conduct in the 'Magazine' the department of 'The Editor's Easy Chair' — devoted to social gossip and comment — serve as a literary counsellor, write short stories for the 'Magazine' and also articles for 'The North American Review,' and visit the office in Franklin Square three times a week. Thus there was developed between the two men another of those warm and confident friendships which Harvey seemed so peculiarly competent to inspire in others and to feel within himself.

The juvenile 'Round Table' had been discontinued at the time of Harvey's entry into the establishment, and 'Harper's Bazar' was some years later sold to another publisher, who, however, retained its same name. Of 'Harper's Weekly' Harvey in the summer of 1901 assumed the editorship and pretty completely remodeled it. Thus he gratified his desire for a medium of more frequent appearance than the monthly 'North American Review,' in which he could comment on current events, express his opinions with the most perfect freedom and independence, and exert a widespread political influence. Of the first number in its new style Howells, who was one of his contributors to it, wrote:

I have read the new 'Weekly' from end to end; my own things I have read twice or thrice; and I think it is to be congratulated. I

have seldom seen, in the years that I have bleared my glasses, a first number that was so little second rate.

Harvey was notably active and successful in cultivating the acquaintance of eminent authors and securing their manuscripts for publication, and also in 'discovering' young and new authors of real promise. This he did not only in America but equally in England, where he usually spent a part of every summer, so that he richly maintained the international reputation and patronage of the House of Harper.

CHAPTER X

SOME LETTERS AND DINNERS

APART from its commanding political significance, of which we shall see much hereafter, George Harvey's career as the head of the House of Harper was marked with the writing of many interesting letters and the giving of several noteworthy public or semi-public dinners. The former were chiefly the work of his friends; the latter were of his own devising and conduct.

He was not, it must be confessed with regret, a great letter-writer, at least in respect of the profusion of his epistles. And that seems a pity; because as a correspondent he exhibited on occasion a directness, a lucidity, and a charm of expression which, if more frequently practiced, might have given him rank among the foremost masters of that now neglected and dying art. The notebook of the stenographer and the typewriting-machine have supplanted the gray goose quill. I remember that a forecast to that effect was made one day by Samuel J. Tilden, as he, Governor of New York, and I, a verdant college freshman, together investigated the workings of a primitive Sholes and Glidden machine. Yielding to the facile achievement of ingenious invention, Harvey commonly contented himself with brief notes, dictated to a secretary. At times, however, he did literally take pen in hand, and in an exceptionally legible and graceful chirography wrote page after page of epistles which caused the recipients to wish for many more. Often his first and only draft was dispatched to his correspondent. At other times he wrote with pencil, with lines far apart on big sheets of paper, revised the draft with as much painstaking care, even of the niceties of punctuation, as though he were editing an important contribution to 'The North American Review,' and then had it copied on the typewriting-machine and pressed in the letter-book, for mailing.

Few or many, short or long, however, his letters contained the alluring quality of inspiring replies; so that his correspondents wrote to him far more frequently and voluminously than he to them, and among his papers the letters received immeasur-

ably exceed the letters sent. He had, too, the even more precious faculty of attracting the confidence and affection of his correspondents, so that they wrote to him from the heart, in strains of utmost intimacy. His letter files were thus the opulent repository of the frank outpourings of many minds, largely minds of the finest quality and most distinguished standing in literature and art, in society, and in public and official life. This is, I need scarcely say, an embarrassing and at times an almost exasperating circumstance to his biographer. For a majority of those letters, including many of intensest interest, were never intended for other readers than George Harvey, certainly not for a promiscuous public; wherefore they must be withheld. But happily a selected few may properly be drafted from the mass, for the enrichment of these pages.

One of the choicest of his correspondents, and one of those between whom and himself the closest sympathy existed, was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, whom the world best knew and knows as Mark Twain, but who to Harvey came to be 'Uncle Mark,' while Harvey was to him 'Uncle George.' Most of his letters were intensely personal, but some were written to Harvey in the latter's capacity as editor of 'Harper's Weekly.' Thus one day in 1904, when Theodore Roosevelt was running for the Presidency and was serving as Acting President, Mark Twain wrote what he called 'A Brief Biography of the Government':

The Government of the United States was born in the State of New York forty-six years ago, of an old and eminent Dutch family. In the common school, the academy and the university he acquired his civil education; he acquired his military education in the Rocky Mountains in conflicts with the bear; among the cowboys he got his training in the cautious arts of statesmanship and in the delicate etiquette of diplomacy.

In time he became Police Commissioner of New York City, and was a good one. Later he was Governor of his State, under Mr. Platt. After a while he was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy and chief promoter of a war with Spain. Then he resigned and went to his war, and took San Juan Hill, without concealment, but in the most public manner. Nothing in history resembles this engagement, except the recent tragedy of Lone Tree Hill, where the Russians and the Japanese ravished the summit from each other by storm sixteen times in two days with a loss of 30,000 men. These two hills will go down in history together.

Next he accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Republican Party, which is the United States. Presently he became President and Government. . . . By and by he took fourteen million dollars out of the public till and gave it away, dividing it among all elderly voters who had had relatives in the Civil War. The gratuity is to be continued annually until those elderly people die. It is an impressive thought that no mere man has ever been able to confer immortality upon a company of human beings before.

. . . What he wants, he takes. It will be best for us again to elect him Government of the United States on the eighth of November next. Otherwise he will take it anyhow.

From this it will be rightly concluded that at that time Mark Twain was not an enthusiastic and adoring follower of 'Teddy.' Neither, politically, was Harvey, though he had voted for him for the Vice-Presidency in 1900. But when such 'excellent fooling' as this came to Roosevelt's attention, he hugely enjoyed it, and at this very time he accounted both Mark Twain and George Harvey among his dear friends. In August, 1905, Mark wrote:

DEAR COLONEL:

I am publishing anonymously an article in an outside paper, in the hope that the authorship will not be detected. I think it is sufficiently disguised. Don't you speak of this to any one, but if you should detect it, I should like to know.

Apparently Harvey did not see the article, or did not detect the authorship. At any rate, he did not inform Mark Twain that 'all is discovered,' but merely asked him what he was driving at, and ten days later Mark wrote to him again at greater length:

DEAR COLONEL:

Wait a while, and see! It is a good sign — your not detecting me in that article. If it really passes through undiscovered, it will show that I *can* disguise myself. In which case — good! For I have a book which I want to publish anonymously, if I can work it off without getting discovered.

Also, I can then contribute malicious things to your page of the 'Weekly,' and get you the obloquy and the abuse.

A Milwaukee sculptor has sent me a plaster cast from a *bas-relief* of me which he made from a portrait in 'Harper's,' and I think it is very good, indeed — plenty good enough to print, some time, in the 'Monthly' or the 'Weekly.'

But he wants to make a new one, from new photos, and that's the idea I like, if he can pull it off before the end of November and repre-

sent me at the grand age of seventy, which is a birthday to be really proud of, for it puts me distinctly ahead of Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie, Rogers, Rockefeller, Howells, Burroughs, Wayne MacVeagh, Grover Cleveland, and every other celebrated old person in the whole country except the Brontosaur and Chauncey Depew.

Oh, I've been having it! — the gout. Two solid weeks of it. But I'm limping around now, and progressing.

Yours ever

MARK

This reference to his approaching attainment of the age of threescore years and ten was not what first suggested to Harvey's mind the thought of commemorating that anniversary with a great dinner, but it did move him to broach that project to Mark, and he did so a few days later. Mark was in a receptive mood, and replied — from Dublin, New Hampshire, a fateful place! — on September 21:

DEAR COLONEL:

All right, bang away: go ahead! Yes, it will be a 'red letter day,' and a red-headed day, too; for Old Age will take the scalp of Belated Youth that day — mine, to wit.

Yours ever

MARK

Harvey thereupon began plans for a dinner that should be epochal, even in the annals of perpetually dining New York. As he disclosed them in part to Mark they were cordially approved. On October 12, Mark wrote:

DEAR UNCLE GEORGE:

Yes, I see the situation now, and recognize that it is unassailably right. The dinner scheme is unique and just a jewel; and if you don't *say* anything about King-Pin they'll come, and maybe forget to talk King-Pin themselves; but they used to be mighty human, and maybe they are yet. When Howells was on 'The Atlantic,' I mapped out a blamed good thing: A *skeleton* for a short story; twelve men to invent the story and fill up the skeleton, each in his own way. He got only three recruits — himself, one other, and myself. Howells said that if he had suppressed my name, he could have secured the list; but that the boys frankly said they could do music of their own and they should have to decline to dance to mine.

But never mind: whatever way you put up the scheme, it is a safe gamble it will go gaily and surely to a success.

I've got a subject for a speech. I wish Tom Reed was here to abuse it and scoff at it and carry on!

Sincerely yours

MARK

Mark's mention of 'King-Pin' had reference to Harvey's application of that title to him as the guest of honor at the dinner, and to a fleeting idea, which of course was not practicable, of keeping the purpose and occasion of the gathering a secret. The regretful wish for Tom Reed's presence had a pathetic significance. Three years before, in 1902, Harvey had entertained Mark at a birthday dinner, not nearly as large as this was intended to be, but comprising a distinguished company; at which the speakers had been John Hay, Wayne MacVeagh, William D. Howells, and Thomas B. Reed. In his speech Reed did, in his inimitable manner, 'abuse and scoff and carry on.' And just a week later, he died.

There were few things that Harvey enjoyed more than the getting up and direction of a great dinner, and on this occasion he fairly outdid himself. It was found impracticable to have it on the precise anniversary of Mark Twain's birth, November 30, and it was accordingly held on December 5. The place was Delmonico's, which for several generations had been the most fashionable and most famous restaurant in New York, and the name of which the world around had become significant of all that was richest and best in the fine art of gastronomy. The company numbered more than two hundred, and comprised, I am confident, every man and woman in America of literary distinction; save perhaps three. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States — having been elected, as Mark advised, lest he take it, anyway! — would have been there but for the fact that the new Congress had begun its first session the day before, and it was necessary for him to remain in Washington to look after it. But he sent a most appreciative and discriminatingly eulogistic letter, to be read in place of the speech which he would have been delighted to make. Joel Chandler Harris, some of whose 'Uncle Remus' stories Harvey had read in boyhood, and Silas Weir Mitchell also sent letters, being detained at home by illness. Of the entire company, all were persons whose chief attainments and distinction had been won in authorship, with the exception of seven. These were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. Orme Wilson, Henry H. Rogers, Perry Belmont, and Creighton Webb. All the others were what a once eminent statesman had characterized as 'them damn literary fellers.'

Harvey presided; and at his bidding William D. Howells, who himself in after years was to be the guest of honor at another such dinner, proposed the health of Mark Twain, doing so with a couple of witty sonnets and a brief speech, concluding: 'We ask not, Oh, King, live forever! but Oh, King, live as long as you please!'

After Howells and Mark Twain, the scheduled speakers were Andrew Carnegie, Brander Matthews, George W. Cable, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Richard Watson Gilder. But it was impossible to restrict the flow of oratory to the programme. Among those who 'also spoke' were Henry van Dyke, John Kendrick Bangs, Amelia E. Barr, Hamilton W. Mabie, Carolyn Wells, Irving Bacheller, Louise Morgan Sill, Rex Beach, F. Hopkinson Smith, Agnes Repplier, and Virginia Frazier Boyd. Nor were the tributes confined to the *literati* of America. Mark Twain had spent much time abroad and was almost as well known in Europe as at home. Harvey also had acquired an extensive acquaintance among the writers of England, and at his invitation a numerous and distinguished company of them joined in a cable letter of felicitation to the septuagenarian guest of the evening. Their roll ran literally from A to Izzard, from Alfred Austin, then Poet Laureate, to Israel Zangwill, comprising between them F. Anstey, Arthur J. Balfour, J. M. Barrie, Augustine Birrell, James Bryce, Francis Cowley Burnand, Gilbert Chesterton, Churton Collins, Austin Dobson, Arthur Conan Doyle (who, Mark Twain insisted, had plagiarized his 'Sherlock Holmes' from Gaboriau), William S. Gilbert, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, W. H. Mallock, George Meredith, Gilbert Parker, John Tenniel, George Otto Trevelyan, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and William Watson. To honor such a guest did Harvey summon such a company, near and afar.

It was no cause for wonder that Mark Twain greatly appreciated a tribute which, taken all in all, surpassed any of the kind ever before given to any other American writer. Indeed, it was greater in what we may call mass distinction than the honors paid years before to illustrious visitors such as Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, and Thomas Moore. No wonder, either, that he had to wait a while, to catch his breath,

before he could express his feelings. At last, however, he burst out in a characteristic note:

XMAS EVE, 1905

O Harvey the Magnificent! Little by little I am recovering from its emotions and its splendors — the most satisfying and spirit-exalting honor ever done me in all my seventy years, oh, by seventy times seventy! By George, nobody but you could have imagined and carried out that wonderful thing. I can't thank you adequately, dear Uncle George, it is just impossible.

Yours now and always

MARK

A few weeks later came the anniversary of Harvey's own birthday, the forty-second; upon which Mark wrote him:

DEAR UNCLE GEORGE:

I greet your seventieth birthday with gratitude and enthusiasm, and with cordial wishes that there may be many happy returns of it.

And next time, don't swindle me out of my share in it, but invite me in time. I think it's a cruelty and a shame that I can't be there.

With love to all the Trinity

MARK

By 'the Trinity' he meant, of course, the Harveys — George, Alma, and their daughter Dorothy. In the last named he took especial interest, writing her many delightful letters, and frequently referring to her in his letters to Harvey. One of his last letters to Harvey, and the last that is to be quoted, was written only a few months before his death:

August 12, 1909

DEAR COLONEL:

It was lovely of Mrs. Harvey and Dorothy and Jessica to come and see me, and it would be lovely if you and Duneka or the Major would do the same. I can shelter two of you *any* week-end, or week-middle.

And you would better come very soon, because I am preparing for another world, and yesterday afternoon and last night the prospects were good. I am practicing for all emergencies — both directions, up and down, with wings in the morning, parachute in the afternoon.

Yours ever

MARK

Duneka and Major Leigh were members of Harvey's staff at Harper's.

One secret of the delightful quality of Mark Twain's cor-

respondence doubtless was that he never adopted the type-writing-machine, but wrote with pen and ink, and always in a hand of exquisite legibility and grace. Almost any of his notes to Harvey might be used as a lesson model in a school of polite correspondence — if such an institution now existed. Another even more frequent and voluminous correspondent at first similarly clung to pen and ink, though with perhaps a slightly less degree of legibility to those unfamiliar with his script. Once accustomed to it, however, one could read it as readily as print; and it was always, like Mark Twain's, so carefully set down, in capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, and what not, that if one edited it for publication he would have to do no more than mark it 'Follow copy.' Later, however, he adopted a typewriter which printed semi-script.

This was William Dean Howells, of whose recall by Harvey to a most delightful connection with Harper and Brothers I have already spoken. With his fondness for the quiet of rural life, Howells had found a pleasant retreat at Kittery Point, Maine, whither he took his family every summer, and from that place he wrote to Harvey, in the early autumn of 1902:

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I have bought the place here which I have been living in this summer, and I have the fancy of paying for it out of 'Letters Home,' which I finished on the premises, and have made a full-sized novel with, I think, elements of uncommon freshness and popularity. I have tried it on two girls, one from Massachusetts and the other from Missouri, and they reported themselves impatient for the end and eager for more. My brother, who is electrotyping the story for me, tells me that the compositor who is putting it in type, and is an 'average woman,' can scarcely wait for the copy. . . .

Faithfully yours

W. D. HOWELLS

The next year Harvey accepted one of Howells's novels for 'The North American Review,' and a letter of the author's, on July 28, 1903, discloses the meticulous care which he exercised in the selection of a title:

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

How soon will you want the first copy of my novel for 'The North American'? I have been trying for a name, and I enclose a list. As it is the story of an evil so long concealed that it is best for all the injured it should never be known, you will see the pertinence of most

of the titles. I incline to 'Reconciliation,' as the shortest and best. After that, I like 'The Law of Limitation.'

Yours sincerely

W. D. HOWELLS

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|---|---|
| i. — <i>The Sins of the Father.</i> | xi. — <i>His Father's Memory.</i> |
| ii. — <i>The Law of Limitation.</i> | xii. — <i>Sometime a Paradox.</i> |
| iii. — <i>Reparation.</i> | xiii. — <i>The Name of the Wicked.</i> |
| iv. — <i>James Langbrith.</i> | xiv. — <i>Compensation.</i> |
| v. — <i>The Langbriths.</i> | xv. — <i>The Day of Reckoning.</i> |
| vi. — <i>The Legacy of Royal Langbrith.</i> | xvi. — <i>Outlawed.</i> |
| vii. — <i>After This the Judgment.</i> | xvii. — <i>Reconciliation.</i> |
| viii. — <i>The Law's Delay.</i> | xviii. — <i>The Word of Reconciliation.</i> |
| ix. — <i>God Does not Pay Saturdays.</i> | xix. — <i>Resignation.</i> |
| x. — <i>The Memory of His Father.</i> | xx. — <i>Acquiescence.</i> |

Here, indeed, was a varied and ingenious collocation of captions, all of which were good, and some of them so superbly good that I shall not be surprised if some enterprising novelist of these later days does not take — 'convey, the wise call it' — some of them from these pages for his own work. But, oddly enough, not one of the twenty was finally chosen, the novel being published under the caption of 'The Son of Royal Langbrith.'

There was never in Howells's correspondence with Harvey the informal and affectionate intimacy of address that was so marked a feature of Mark Twain's, yet the relationship between the two families was at least equally close. There was much visiting between them, and, like Mark Twain, Howells was much interested in little Dorothy Harvey, and wrote her some charming letters. Some of his letters in 1906, to Mrs. Harvey, disclose his strange aversion to the opera, and there is delightful mention of an occasion when he took Dorothy to see Maude Adams in the play of 'Peter Pan':

January 10, 1906

DEAR MRS. HARVEY:

My daughter sailed for Bermuda an hour ago, otherwise she would be gladly and gratefully accepting your most kind invitation for us both. Left to myself, I take the desperate courage to own that opera is terrible to me. I will dine with you whenever you like; I will come and board with you, even; but it is perhaps because of the light gos-

samer which now alone protects my scalp that music seems to get in its merciless work, and makes an evening at the Metropolitan like a sojourn in a boiler factory.

I suppose it is awful for me to be writing so frankly; but I have noticed that you and the Colonel, not to mention Dorothy, are both human beings, and you will not mind my being so, too. . . .

Yours sincerely

W. D. HOWELLS

January 24, 1906

DEAR MRS. HARVEY:

My wife and I are going to Atlantic City on Monday, but we hope to be back before the fifteenth of July, and in any case I am glad to accept your kindest of invitations to dinner on that date; always with the understanding that there is no telephonic connection with the opera house.

I hope Dorothy was none the worse for her Peter Pan-ning. Her blazing cheeks and shining eyes made me a little anxious for her over-excitement. I felt that every time I laughed at the action I seemed to her intense earnestness a profane and ribald old man. With love to her

Yours sincerely

W. D. HOWELLS

At midsummer of that year, after he had got back to his favorite home at Kittery Point, he wrote to Dorothy herself:

DEAR DOROTHY:

I have just had a delightful little visit from your father, who has told me where you are.

If there is a pond near your camp, there will be pirates on it; but I hope a tribe of trusty Redskins will have their wigwams near. I suppose you fish for mechanical porpoises, and shoot mechanical bears with your bows and arrows, and have all the pleasures of Never-Never Land. You must remember me to Peter Pan and John Napoleon.

Yesterday your father and I went on a voyage up the Piscataqua in a launch, and at one place we saw a cave in the bank, with an iron door to it. I knew at once that it belonged to the Never-Never Land Boys. But I suppose you have caves that open out of mountains at your camp.

You must be careful not to learn anything while you are in camp. It would spoil all the fun, and make the other girls hate you. But you can be pretty good, if you like, and think often of

Your old friend

W. D. HOWELLS

At the date of these letters, Howells was approaching the

completion of his seventieth year, though in the sweet spirit of perennial youth. His seventieth anniversary was not, however, to be celebrated, as Mark Twain's had been. Instead, he was to wait five years longer, and then be honored with a dinner considerably surpassing in size and distinction that given to his famous colleague. Harvey arranged for the Howells dinner on March 2, 1906. It was held at Sherry's, a place which had become the rival of Delmonico's, and nearly four hundred guests were present. They were as comprehensive of the literary and artistic world as those at the Mark Twain dinner had been, but in addition they equally represented the realms of science, of education, of business, of politics and diplomacy.

At the chief table sat George Harvey, as Master of the Revels and as host, with Howells at his left hand and at his right William Howard Taft, President of the United States. When he arose to introduce Taft, as the first speaker, he said, addressing Howells:

The first realization that springs from a glance at your birthday party is that of your own amazing versatility. One needs only to recall the titles of your books to paint the picture. The unique gathering itself, for example, might be designated with exactitude as 'A Modern Instance.' You find yourself primarily among 'Literary Friends and Acquaintances.' Behold, sir, with gratification and delight, the 'Heroines of Fiction,' and rest assured that not one is 'A Counterfeit Presentment.'

Then, reminding Howells that he had begun his life as a native of Ohio, he announced that another Ohioan, a distinguished statesman, craved the delight of sympathetic comradeship on this occasion. Finally, he presented Taft as a Chief Magistrate who was 'the embodiment of truth, of sagacity, of moral courage, of benignity, of leniency, and of justice.'

The President made one of his most felicitous speeches, beginning it with the declaration that he had traveled thence from Washington 'to do honor to the greatest living American writer and novelist.' Howells in response delivered what was practically a critical review and forecast of the entire range of American literature, in his most graceful and polished style.

A long letter from Henry James was read, and there were letters and poems from a dozen American men and women of letters who were not able to be present, while from overseas

came messages of greeting, congratulation, and good wishes from Thomas Hardy, Lord Curzon, Andrew Lang, Israel Zangwill, Anthony Hope Hawkins, W. J. Locke, H. G. Wells, Anne Thackeray Ritchie, Arnold Bennett, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Arthur Conan Doyle, Alfred Parsons, Eden Phillpotts, Arthur Wing Pinero, James M. Barrie, Sarah Grand, and John St. Loe Strachey.

Harvey was literally overwhelmed with notes and letters from his guests at this dinner, gratefully appreciative of his hospitality and of the unique experience which such a gathering had provided. Other letters came from all parts of the world, from eminent people who had not been at the dinner, but had heard of it and who wanted to pay their tributes both to Howells and to Harvey himself. Among these was a long one from Arnold Bennett, at Cannes, who whimsically complained that Harvey had taken advantage of his (Bennett's) temporary absence from America to arrange the dinner. 'I suppose you were afraid that if Howells and I got together, he might be found not disagreeing with those views on certain Victorian novelists which I have expressed once too often and which have procured my ruin in the esteem of all thoughtful Americans.' Seriously, he would have given much to have been able to attend the dinner, for there was no man of letters in the whole world whom he regarded more highly than he did the guest of that evening. Thirty years and more ago, he continued, 'Harper's' used to penetrate monthly into the Five Towns, and the first literary essays he ever read were those of William Dean Howells and James Russell Lowell; of which he preferred the former's. 'Thus I was at a tender age more American than most Americans.' Since then he had feasted on Howells's writings, 'and stolen innumerable ideas therefrom,' and he purposed thus to continue feasting as long as Howells provided the fare. 'It is rumored that the man is seventy-five years old. Incredible! Pick up almost any number of "Harper's" and you will find evidence that he is not seventy-five, but about forty-four — a nice youthful age — and my own. . . . I cannot raise my glass. But I can raise my pen and I do, to his health and long life and unabated activity.'

It was Harvey's desire and purpose to give a third dinner, comparable with those to Mark Twain and Howells, to their

contemporary and peer, Henry James; but his intended guest demurred. Writing to Harvey in October, 1904, he said:

Your proposal of a dinner in New York next month, with Morley, Bryce & Co., is a very generously, quite nobly, hospitable idea, but I shall tell you the plain, unvarnished truth (superficially ungracious as I may seem) when I say that such an occasion would have for me such unmitigated terror and torment, that I shouldn't be able to goad myself, with whatever heroic effort, into being present at it. I should flee to Arizona or Alaska. I should run till I dropped.

Such, he said, had been always his obedience to a constitutional infirmity, a deep-rooted panic dread of banquets, toasts, speeches, or any sort of personal publicity. He had recently been invited to dinners in his honor at the Tavern Club of Boston and the Lotos Club of New York, but he had positively declined them. Similarly he had always consistently declined such invitations in London, where they abound, during his long life there, even when they were offered by dearest personal friends. 'I always gave my reason, that I never went to Dinners (with a big D.)'

In the same letter James wrote of his 'Impressionistic Papers,' saying that his impulse toward them was gathering force and volume in his mind, every day and every hour; 'so that, verily,' he continued in his most characteristic vein, 'I am moved inwardly to believe that I shall be able not only to write the best book (of social and pictorial and, as it were, human observations) ever devoted to this country, but one of the best — or why drag in "*one of*," why not say frankly *the* best? — ever devoted to any country at all.' He regretted deeply that Thomas Hardy had made it impossible for him to give the work the caption, 'The Return of the Native,' as he would have liked to do; and he suggested instead calling it 'The Return of the Novelist,' 'if that would not seem too light and airy or free and easy.' He did not adopt that title, however, but three years later produced 'The American Scene.'

The venerable Frederic Harrison — he was then well past seventy — was another of Harvey's correspondents, whose letters were always welcome, and of whom Harvey was personally fond. It was in October, 1902, that the eminent jurist and 'High Priest of Positivism,' as we used to call him, wrote of his ambition to enter the field of romance. He pointed to his book

on Ruskin, then just published, and the various dialogues in his essays as proof that he was quite competent to deal with subjects lighter than history or philosophy. For years he had been a student of the wonderfully romantic and little known history of the Byzantine Empire between the sixth and eleventh centuries, the subject had fascinated him, and he purposed to write thereon an historical romance, 'in the vein, say, of "Salamambo."' In this ambition he persisted, and the outcome was twofold. In 1904 he published his 'romantic monograph,' 'Theophano,' and in 1906 a tragedy in verse, 'Nicephorus.'

Nineteen years later, on the ninetieth anniversary of Harrison's birth, Harvey, then American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, took peculiar pleasure in conveying to his old friend a message from the President of the United States, in this wise:

MY VERY DEAR FREDERIC HARRISON:

I have the honor and the pleasure to tender to you on this notable day the cordial congratulations of the President of the United States, along with his earnest hope that, in the words of our mutual friend, Rip van Winkle, you may 'live long and prosper.'

Permit me also to proffer my own most sincere felicitations.

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

To this Harrison responded, that 'this very rare and signal honor' would ever be treasured by himself and by his children above any other which he had received.

CHAPTER XI

AMONG THE COLLEGES

HARVEY's youthful regret at the lack of a college training was materially mitigated by various circumstances before the meridian of his career. One of these, in which he modestly but justly felt a pride which he did not display, was his demonstrated ability to hold his place, as a thinker and writer, the peer of the best of those who had enjoyed the privilege which had been denied to him. Many of his colleagues in the journalistic profession were college-bred. Yet few, indeed, were those who rivaled the mere alumnus of Peacham Academy in the eloquent and graceful form or the scholarly substance of their writings. His editorials, in 'Harper's Weekly' and 'The North American Review,' were instinct with the convincing logic of a well-disciplined mind, and were 'rich with the spoils of time' in allusions to and citations from the world's classic masterpieces of erudition. Particularly copious was his mental and verbal equipment derived from diligent study of that unique work which for three hundred years has been the textbook and the inspiration of many of the greatest masters of English speech.

An unconscious illustration of this taste and trait of his was witnessed by a favored few during one of his trans-Atlantic voyages. He was seated on the deck, with his wife and several friends; but instead of joining in their vivacious conversation he spent an hour or more in poring intently upon the pages of a book. His absorption in the volume was noticed by several who were sitting near, outside of his immediate circle; and when at last he rose and strolled away, with thoughtful mien, leaving the book lying in his steamer chair, one of the observers sought to gratify his curiosity as to the identity of the 'best-seller' which he had been reading so studiously. So he stepped over to Harvey's chair, gazed down at the book, and turned away with the fervent ejaculation, 'Well, I'll be damned!' It was a copy of the English Bible.

Another source of consolation was the fact that he was by no

means alone. Some of his friends and associates, of eminent attainment in letters and art, were in the same non-collegiate status with himself. Conspicuous among them, of course, were the two to whom, at his generous initiative, unprecedented honors had been paid as the deans of American literature, Mark Twain and William Dean Howells. And there were many others of worthy standing in the same category.

Finally, and not least gratifying, was the recognition of various kinds that was given to him by colleges and universities in all parts of the land. Some bestowed upon him their highest honorary degrees; some sought him to deliver commencement day addresses to their graduating classes; some would have him on their lecture staffs. Three in his own State honored him, historic Dartmouth with Litt.D. and Middlebury and the University of Vermont each with LL.D. At Middlebury he was presented as 'George Harvey: publicist and journalist; broad in vision, independent in thought, fearless in utterance, worthy son of Vermont and firm believer in her glorious future which he is helping to create; whose doctrine that "an American newspaper should be an American gentleman" is exemplified in the great "Review" of which he is the head.' He received the degree of LL.D. also from Erskine College in South Carolina, and from the University of Nevada.

Among the institutions of higher learning which sought his services as commencement orator, lecturer, or speaker on some special occasion, were the University of Maryland; West Virginia University; Syracuse, New York, University; and Norwich University, at Northfield, Vermont. The President of the last-named wrote to him: 'You know Norwich's idea and ideal is the training of citizens, citizen-soldiers, but citizens, first, last, and all the time. . . . You can start a good many young men in the right way by making a speech at Commencement time, because you not only have the theory, but you have had also the experience, and they will listen to you where they will not listen to a Professor of Political Economy whose theories are not backed up by his own experience.' At Syracuse University he created a profound nation-wide sensation by taking for his theme 'America and Humanity,' and making his entire address an earnest and even impassioned argument and protest against American entanglement in the League of Na-

tions, the Covenant of which was then before the Senate of the United States for action. This, he insisted, was not a question of party politics, which should have no place in such an address, but one of highest patriotism, transcending all lesser lines. A brief passage from it shows the spirit of the whole, and of the whole campaign against entry into the League, of which he was the chief protagonist. Referring to President Wilson's declaration that we stand 'ready to make the supreme sacrifice and throw in our fortunes with the fortunes of men everywhere,' he said:

What is the 'supreme sacrifice'? It is a term well understood. We know what it means. Upon the battle-field it is death — death of the individual. And here it is the same — death, death of the Nation. I care not what specious pleas may be put forth in the name of pacifism or humanity. The moment — which, pray God, may never come — the moment we enter into this infamous compact, craftily constructed by those who have not always been our friends, that moment we sound the knell, not only of our own independence, but also of the hopes of shackled millions throughout the world whose eyes still search the skies for the Star of Freedom, and whose hearts are sick with longing for the right pronounced by us from God which is as much theirs as ours.

That was his response to the President's plea that for us to refuse to enter the League would blight the hopes of humanity and break the heart of the world.

At the University of Nevada he spoke in a far different yet not in the least discordant tone; for he held that the League meant not peace but war:

History is chiefly a record of battle. Must it forever be? Can it be that God means that His children shall continue to tear at each other's throats to the end of time? Is peace really unattainable? Is it not worth even striving for? And to what Nation, if not to ours, falls the opportunity by precept and example of pointing the way? The strength of a country is not measured by armies and navies. Intelligence, character, conscience, constitute the true and impregnable bulwarks of national welfare. The schoolhouse at the corners is more potent ultimately than a *Dreadnought* of the seas. The little church on the hill is worth a score of regiments. . . . Such, the Fathers of the Republic and our fathers believed, was the true and holy mission of this new people under the protection of the Pilgrims' God. Let us not now be led astray in worship of idols which demand for their sacrifice the life-blood of the Nation. Rather let us continue steadfast in the

purposes, the ideals, the faith, of our ancestors, and to ourselves at least be true!

The peroration of his address at Middlebury College must also be cited, as a fine revelation of the spiritual phases of his complex character:

Do you know that there is only one quality that distinguishes Christianity from a score of other religions? Other religions require Faith of one kind or another; other religions inspire Hope; but Christianity puts the seal of its supreme approval upon Charity, greater than either — not the charity of giving, but of forbearance, of tolerance, of the brotherhood of man! Here is the foundation, the very cornerstone, of all our ideals. Ignore it, and you drown in the sea of confusion. Despise it, and you adopt distrust of all things, human and divine. Forsake it, and you bury conscience and love and all the sweetness of life. Refuse to see it, and a cloud sweeps across your vision and hides in darkness the sun of inspiration to do for others what you would have them do for you and for those you love.

There was also conferred upon him, in addition to the honorary degrees, the unusual distinction of honorary membership in the honorary fraternity or Society of Phi Beta Kappa. This was done at the venerable Virginian College of William and Mary, where that famous organization for the recognition of scholarship had been founded a century and a third before, in the 'times that tried men's souls,' in December, 1776.

Another academic achievement of special significance was the selection of him by Yale University as its Bromley Lecturer in March, 1908. That annual lectureship had been provided for in memory of Isaac Hill Bromley, one of the most famous editorial writers of 'The New York Tribune,' by his wife and son, and had been filled by a succession of editors of national prominence — Whitelaw Reid, of 'The Tribune,' Bromley's colleague and chief; St. Clair McKelway, of 'The Brooklyn Eagle'; and Charles Hopkins Clark, of the venerable 'Hartford Courant.' Harvey took for his theme 'Journalism, Politics, and the University,' and in the first lecture considered the proper relation of journalism to politics, and of the university to journalism. A passage in this is deserving of quotation because of its intimate relation with his own journalistic career. His own first important engagement had been on 'The Springfield Republican,' under the immediate direction of the younger Bowles, but also under the scarcely less direct though in-

herited influence of the older of that name. He had never got away — had never tried nor wished to get away — from the principles which had guided that remarkable man and which had been impressed upon all members of 'The Republican's' staff, even for years after his death. Said the lecturer at Yale:

Bowles embodied a combination in greater or less degree of the finest qualities possessed by his famous contemporaries. Though in the view of the people he was less appealing than Greeley, in fact he was quite as earnest, quite as enthusiastic, quite as resolute in determination to supplant wrong with right at whatever hazard. His expression, except upon rare occasions, when excitement burned through his veins, was less vivid, less brilliant, than Raymond's, but he was always forceful, always rang true, and his discernment never wavered from the line of accurate diagnosis and the logical remedy. . . . He was not, and could not have been, under the same conditions, a peer of Bennett in the gathering and purveying of news. . . . His editorials lacked the finish that stamped those of Dana and Godkin, because his intellectual training was derived from association with men, while theirs came from intimacy with books. But take him all in all as a journalist, and few essentials will be found wanting. . . . Despite the restrictions imposed upon him, it will not be surprising if the history of his generation shall accord first place in American journalism — as journalism pure and simple — to Samuel Bowles.

Herein we find a lesson. If it be true that Bowles outranked his gifted contemporaries, retaining to the end a truer perspective and sounder judgment, his preëminence cannot be attributed to either mental or moral superiority; it must have sprung necessarily from another underlying cause. Such is the fact. Bowles was free. Almost all of the others at some stage in their careers wore the shackles of personal political ambition. . . . From the day when the first note of independence was sounded to the very present, the bane of journalism has been the political ambitions of the journalists themselves. . . .

What, then, shall we conclude? That an editor shall bar acceptance of public position under any circumstances? Yes, absolutely; and any thought or hope of such preferment; else his avowed purpose is not his true one; his policy is one of deceit in pursuance of an unannounced end; his guidance is untrustworthy, his calling that of a teacher false to his disciples for personal advantage, his conduct not only a gross betrayal of public confidence but also of the faith of every true journalist jealous of a profession which should be of the noblest and the farthest removed from base uses in the interest of selfish men.

Such, in the lecturer's view, was the most salient relationship — or lack of relationship — between journalism and politics. In considering the relationship of the university to

journalism, he discussed at length the question whether the best editors came from the classroom and lecture hall or from the compositor's case; whether journalism was a profession capable of being taught in college, as are those of medicine and engineering, or whether it must be developed through empiricism *plus* a natural bent. His conclusion was that whichever of these theories might be the true one, the university, through its diffusion of general culture, had a vast and indispensable service to render in the preparation of men for the duties of editorship:

Journalism can never be history; its unceasing activities deprive it of the advantages of scientific inquiry. It cannot even be the rounded truth, since the necessity of prompt presentation of what seems to be fact renders impossible the gathering and weighing of all evidence which bears upon the event which must be chronicled. As a purveyor of what we call news, the newspaper cannot present daily a photograph of happenings; it can only give a picture, imperfect because painted by fallible beings. As a guide, it must form opinions and pronounce judgments instantly; the delay of a day or even an hour at times would be fatal to full effectiveness. Hence the necessity for the most complete and finished mental training; and where, pray, can we look for the building of thoroughbred minds, if not to the university?

It is interesting to remember that at the time of the delivery of this lecture Schools of Journalism were as yet non-existent. Joseph Pulitzer had, indeed, a few years before, conceived and made tentative plans for the great institution which now bears his name at Columbia University; but it was not until some years later that it was actually built and opened. Since then, colleges and schools and departments and courses of journalism have sprung up as if by magic in colleges and universities all over the land, until a diploma from one of them seems to be the possession if not the requisite of the average cub reporter.

The second of the two lectures was unique, in having for its visible and tangible and readable text a 'sample' newspaper, printed for the occasion. One day, a short time before the lecture, Harvey had taken the leading New York papers and rearranged the news which they presented to their readers — not all of it, as we shall see — into a form which seemed to him desirable. He added some editorials and some columns of advertisements, and had the whole set up and printed in the form of a four-paged newspaper, with six broad columns on

each page, in good, bold type. In recognition of the journalist for whom the lectures were named, he called it 'The Bromley Morning News.'

This he would not venture to call a model, still less an ideal, public journal. It was a sample of a paper designed for general circulation. It was not a financial newspaper, a commercial newspaper, a literary newspaper, an agricultural newspaper, or one of any other specialized kind. It was simply such a paper as Harvey supposed the average man might like to have, and, having it, would feel that he had obtained all the news it was really requisite for him to know, in a general way. For additional special information, he would look to some other specialized journal.

Of this unique paper Harvey had an edition printed sufficient to provide each of his hearers with a copy. Then, holding one in his own hand, in an informal and extemporaneous way, he went through it, item by item, column by column, page by page; explaining the why and wherefore of each and all. He spoke, too, of omissions from his sample paper, as well as of all the inclusions in it. Thus, he quoted a leading New York paper as saying that while readers of such a paper as 'The Bromley Morning News' would get much information about public affairs, they would learn little about human nature. 'Of the behavior of men in large groups they would learn something, of the doings of men as individual units practically nothing. Yet man by himself is an interesting being.' And to this he replied:

That fetches me to an item of the news of the day which does not appear in 'The Bromley Morning News.' In the New York newspapers there was a column and a half about a professional criminal who, drunk, went into a saloon and tried to kill the saloonkeeper; he did not succeed; he was himself killed by the saloonkeeper, dying in agony in the saloon. That took a column and a half. It was a matter of the utmost importance to the saloonkeeper, who would be tried for murder or something of the sort, and to others immediately concerned; also to the police. But I was unable to see that it concerned anybody else. . . . There is nothing unusual about professional criminals attacking saloonkeepers or saloonkeepers killing professional criminals; that has been going on for hundreds of years and will continue to go on; and why, except for the purpose of apprehending criminals, should a newspaper give its columns to the reporting of all the incidents in connection with such a sordid spectacle?

Another piece of news which took up a great amount of space was a cablegram from France — that a prominent New York society man was contemplating bringing a suit for divorce against his wife, and naming various New York men as possible corespondents in the case. You find nothing of that in 'The Bromley Morning News,' the reason being that obviously it was an effort on the part of the attorney of the man making the accusation to compel another man to make a settlement. In other words, it was a threat; there was no cause in court, there was no action, nothing official. It might easily have been simple blackmail. It may have been based on facts — that we know nothing about — but it was making the newspaper a conspirator, accessory to a crime, and the journal that published an article of that sort, if it was conducted with intelligence, knew that it was selling its soul for a sensation.

The conclusion of the whole matter was, first, that political aspirations must be definitely renounced by the journalist who would make the most and best of his opportunities as a journalist; second, that the university, through rigorous mental training and by strengthening indirectly though no less surely the moral sense, builds the fundamentals of ideal journalism and renders superb service to mankind; and finally, that the ability to practice journalism successfully can be acquired in a college as well as in a newspaper office.

Seldom have two university lectures commanded more attention from the press than did these, all over the land; most of the comments being laudatory, though there were some dissenters. It was possible for papers to agree with some of the lecturer's opinions which agreed with their practices, and to avoid disagreeing with others which did not agree with their practices, by simply not mentioning them. One of the most piquant comments came in a letter from Harvey's friend, Richard Watson Gilder, editor of 'The Century Magazine.' He did not approve the suppression of the news of a low-down murder, because he thought that even people of reposeful minds ought to be reminded that perhaps just around the corner from them there are persons engaged in the old, old practice of cutting throats. He suggested to Harvey the getting up of another sample paper, in which there would be two accounts of one incident — perhaps of an important scientific lecture. One would give a useful report of the lecture, while the other, 'yellowed,' would be devoted to some trivial incident, such as that of a mouse running across the stage, to the neglect of

the gist of the lecture itself. And he concluded with a wish that he might live to see, one in 'The Bromley Morning News' and one in a 'yellow' journal, two accounts of the Day of Judgment. He would want, however, in addition, a second sitting of the Court of Judgment for the special purpose of committing the yellow journalist to the flames of a yellow hell. Which was a fancy quite worthy of George Harvey himself in his most fanciful, not to say fantastic, mood.

For many years Harvey was a useful and deeply interested member of the Board of Trustees of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey, that connection ending only with the ending of his life. To many other institutions of learning he was a helpful friend, and his understanding of the needs and services of college life and his sympathy with its best spirit were as intimate and thorough as though he had himself pursued its most profitable courses.

CHAPTER XII

THE 'DISCOVERY' OF WOODROW WILSON

'I DID not "discover" Woodrow Wilson,' Harvey once declared; 'he discovered himself.' The words were more generous than just, and must be interpreted in the light of one of the most remarkable records in American political history. At least it must be conceded that it was Harvey who made the 'discovery' of Wilson known to the world and available for the bringing about of a new era in American government.

'How shall a man escape that which is written? How shall he flee from his destiny?' The questionings of Firdusi might well have been applied by George Harvey to himself, at the moment when he became the head of the House of Harper. True, there was as yet no visible adumbration of that impending destiny which was far to transcend the visions of his boyhood; nor had he consciously striven to avoid it. But we should go far afield before we found a record comparable with his in its long-drawn-out train of cause and effect, often devious and hidden, but inevitably leading to the event.

Let us begin with his two-dollar printing outfit. Because of that, he was curious to visit the little village newspaper office at Danville. Because of that visit and his observations there he was inspired to seek the calling of a journalist. Because of that inspiration, and of that disappointment at not being sent to college which for a time seemed to frustrate and blight his whole career, he went down to Springfield and in a short time received an expert and invaluable training in his chosen profession which was potent and profitable to him through life. Because of that training he proceeded, with a couple of détours, to New York and 'The New York World.' Because of this connection, he became familiar with New Jersey politics and acquired a confident acquaintance and friendship with some of the chief political leaders of that State, and also with a number of important capitalists of the metropolis. His resignation from 'The World' seemed for the moment to break the chain of incidents and to divert his activities to far differ-

ent fields; but in fact it enabled him to resume his original course to more puissant purpose. For it was because of that business interlude that he himself became in a modest way a capitalist, so that he could buy 'The North American Review' and be its editor, thus achieving entire independence in his journalistic work for the first time since the unique 'Ariel.' Because of his editorship and management of that 'Review,' he attracted the attention of the Harpers and they were moved to make him the head of their house. Because of this engagement he was brought into contact with Woodrow Wilson; and because of it, too, he became editor of famous old 'Harper's Weekly,' in the columns of which he was able to present Wilson to the American people as a candidate for the Presidency. And finally because of the acquaintance with New Jersey politics and politicians which he had acquired years before, he was able to make Wilson the Governor of that State and to use that office as a stepping-stone for Wilson's accession to the White House.

Let us here, incidentally, make final disposition of the incredibly foolish story, once extant and still occasionally heard, that Wilson entered or was brought into politics only because his position at Princeton was becoming impossible. The fact is that he was marked for political preferment, and was informally but most effectively made a sort of *designado* for the Presidency of the United States, in almost the very moment and act of his installation as head of the university and in the very first flush of his popularity and power.

It was in June, 1902, that Francis Landay Patton retired from the presidency of Princeton, and it was in the following August that Woodrow Wilson was installed as his successor. Among the invited guests on the latter occasion was J. Henry Harper, one of the senior members of the Harper family and of the corporation of which Harvey was the head, and one of Harvey's warmest friends. At his invitation, Harvey accompanied him to Princeton, and not only to the inauguration of Wilson, but also to a dinner given by Laurence Hutton the evening before, at which Grover Cleveland, Mark Twain, Thomas B. Reed, Richard Watson Gilder, and other guests were present. It was, indeed, largely for the sake of that dinner that Harper and Harvey went to Princeton.

After the inaugural exercises there was much discussion of Wilson's address, and all were agreed that it was a noteworthy performance. Robert Todd Lincoln, who had joined their company, declared it to have been the best of the kind that he had ever heard; to which Harvey added, thoughtfully:

'Yes. That man could win the people. I want to know more about him.'

'Well, George,' said Mr. Harper, 'that ought to be easy. You know our house is publishing his "History of the American People," to come out this fall. Perhaps you had better look it up.'

It occurred to Harvey that among the books in his library in The Tower at Jorjalma, Deal, there might be an advance set of Wilson's work; so that evening, after he had returned to Deal with Mr. Harper as his guest, he went straight to The Tower.

'What are you going out there for, George?' inquired Harper.

'I want to study Woodrow Wilson.'

And my friend W. O. Inglis, who has told the story, says that Harvey remained in The Tower until midnight. And early the next morning his secretary at the office of Harper and Brothers received this message from him:

'Get me everything that Woodrow Wilson has written, or that has been written about him.'

Obviously, he was intent upon studying Wilson in earnest. And he found it worth while. Thitherto he had known of Wilson only as a Professor of History and of Politics in various institutions, who had just become President of Princeton. He had never heard him or seen him before his inauguration, and had perhaps not read a line that he had written. But that night in The Tower he became acquainted with him, and discerned in him what Spencer called 'the promise and potency' of a great achievement. Here was a man of ideas, and of parts. Here was a scholar who knew something about government and practical politics, and who had a gift of phrase-making calculated to catch the public ear. Here was a man who might become a leader of men — who, to come to the point, might lead the Democratic Party out of the Slough of Despond in which it had been wallowing for half a

dozen years, and restore it to power in the Nation; or, at any rate, make it an effective Opposition capable of putting and keeping the Republicans on their good behavior and thus of saving America from the evils and decadence that were sure to result from the too protracted dominance of a single unrestrained political party. Yes, here was a man worth considering.

And the next week-end a guest at Jorjalma asked him:

'Well, Uncle George, what do you think of the new President of Princeton?'

'I think,' he replied, 'that he will make a good President of the United States.'

That was ten years before the actual nomination and election of Wilson as Chief Magistrate. It was more than three years before Harvey's famous speech at the Lotos Club in New York, in which he proposed Wilson as a candidate for the Presidency. It was the discovery of Wilson as an available candidate, and it was the beginning of Wilson's political history.

But it was not yet time for public proclamation. There would be no possible chance of the election of a Democrat in 1904. The country was possessed with enthusiasm for Theodore Roosevelt, and was bound to elect him over any conceivable rival. It was not too early, however, to prepare the way for a later victory; and to such work of preparation Harvey set himself with diligence and discretion. He did missionary work here, and educational work there, in private conversation and in public addresses. He wrote editorials in 'Harper's Weekly,' not indeed proposing Wilson as a candidate, nor so much as mentioning his name, but urging the desirability of selecting precisely such a candidate as he would be. He printed contributed articles in 'The North American Review' to the same end. Much of his work was done in the South, with the object of moving that part of the country to resume its historic and appropriate place as a great factor in national affairs and especially in the direction of the Democratic Party.

The one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary dinner of the Saint Andrew's Society at Charleston, South Carolina, was not a political occasion. Yet as the principal speaker of the

evening Harvey made it such, to great purpose. It was at the end of November, 1904, a few weeks after the demoralized Democracy had been again badly defeated under the leadership of Alton B. Parker. Harvey frankly declared that the party had been beaten because the American people had no faith in its capacity to govern wisely and well. 'Personally,' he said, 'I do not think the Democratic Party has been properly equipped to govern the Nation since the Civil War. It became and still continues to be an aggregation of odds and ends, of shreds of theories and patches of practicability.' True, Cleveland had won two victories, but they were his victories, not the party's. The West and the East had provided candidates, for forty years, and had failed:

Now, what of the South? Here the Democratic Party had its birth; here it produced a line of statesmen such as no other nation has ever known. Of the fifteen administrations ending in 1861, all but two were Democratic, and of these thirteen terms nine were served by Southern men and six by the founders of the party — Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. While the South, as represented by these great men, was 'in the saddle,' there was no suggestion of unfitness to govern. Adherence to principle, sagacity in statesmanship, conservatism in action, faithful endeavor in the interests of the entire country, won and held the confidence of the people to such a degree that, through all the vicissitudes of internecine strife and an unparalleled succession of reverses at the polls, that great party survived.

But while the East and West have alternately and with the precision of the setting sun carried the party down to defeat, what has the South been doing? You have taken whatever has been offered to you, with hardly a wry face. If free silver was tendered, you swallowed that; if the gold standard, you took that; protection or free trade, a radical or a conservative candidate, big navies or little navies, big sticks or mellow flutes, whatever grist came to your mill was accepted, so long as it bore the party label. . . .

I am aware of the local conditions which gave rise to and perhaps made necessary this abdication of authority, even in the councils of the party created by your ancestors. But I ask you if the time is not now at hand to come back into your own, to claim the opportunity exercised so long and so disastrously by others, to reassert the broad statesmanship of the past and to blaze the way for a return to the sturdy principles of your fathers.

That was plain talk for a New England Yankee to give to South Carolinians. A less fearless and unconventional man than George Harvey — which means almost any other man

in America — might have hesitated to deliver it. But Harvey never hesitated at anything that he believed to be right to do. And in the event he was abundantly justified. His hearers gasped, but listened and applauded. And the papers the next day were full of it, with commendation of the most cordial and even enthusiastic kind. Said 'The Charleston News and Courier': 'The language in which it is couched is charming, the temper which pervades it is entirely admirable, the courage of conviction and purpose which characterize it command attention and respect.' To this 'The Charleston Evening Post' added: 'That it will attract wide attention is certain. That it will aid in a rational rehabilitation of the Democratic Party and a restoration of the South to the political position in the national councils to the benefit of the South and the Nation, should be certain.' And 'The Messenger,' of Wilmington, North Carolina, exclaimed in rapture: 'Mr. Harvey's is a trumpet call to the Democrats of the South to arouse from their past political lethargy.' Nobody blamed him for 'talking politics' at a non-political gathering, though he had frankly declared that to be his purpose. 'Had he said "talking patriotism,"' observed one friendly critic, 'the phrase would have been more truly descriptive.'

In other parts of the country equal attention was given to the speech; indeed, it was a matter of nation-wide comment. Some wondered, quite needlessly, if it 'meant trouble for Bryan.' Others, particularly in New York, evidently felt a degree of trepidation at the prospect of the South's acting upon Harvey's suggestion, and reasserting itself. The latter was precisely what happened. From the date of that address, the South began to regard the nomination and election of a Southern man to the Presidency as entirely within the bounds of reasonable and practical expectation, and the rest of the country realized that Southern candidates could no longer be debarred from consideration. From that moment arose the growing candidacy of various Southern men, notably of Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, and of Champ Clark, of Missouri — that 'Border State' being commonly reckoned a part of the South. Harvey's address must be historically regarded as the reintroduction of the South into political equality with all other parts of the Union.

'No doubt,' said one Southern journal, commenting upon Harvey's utterance, 'we shall see some arise to ask Colonel Harvey's authority to offer the South the leadership of the Democratic Party; but that will be mere carping.' It was mere carping, but there was little of it. More conspicuous and more significant was the speculation which began to arise as to the presidential candidates whom the South might present, and the candidate whom Harvey may have had in mind. Thitherto there had been no important Southern candidate since before the Civil War, unless we so reckon 'Silver Dick' Bland, of the Border State of Missouri, in 1896; but he was not regarded as in any respect a representative Southern Democrat. Carlisle and Blackburn, of Kentucky, also a Border State, respectively in 1892 and 1896, each received a few votes in the convention, and so did Cockrell, of Missouri, in 1904; but their candidacies were never formidable nor taken seriously by the party at large. As for the seventeen votes cast for Tillman, of South Carolina, in 1896, and for John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, in 1904, they were universally looked upon as mere gestures, made in a spirit of something like bravado; though the last-named candidate was well worthy of nomination and election. The complete domination of the party by William J. Bryan in 1908 barred all other candidates; and, indeed, judicious Democrats from any section would have been reluctant to run; so certain was it that William H. Taft would be overwhelmingly elected. It was not until 1912 that Harvey saw the occasion opportune for any Democratic candidate, and it was in that year that the first really important effort was made to nominate a representative Southern candidate. That was Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, a most worthy statesman, who came much nearer getting the nomination — in that year equivalent to election — than any one realized save a few who were behind the scenes at the nominating convention.

Harvey did not, of course, in 1904, suggest any candidate. Yet the whole tenor of his speech was calculated — doubtless with studious and diplomatic deliberation — to create in the South a state of mind responsive to and receptive of the nomination of a man who had been born in Virginia and raised in Georgia, and who in his intellectual accomplishments was not

unworthy to rank with the Presidents whom the South had given to the Nation in the early part of the nineteenth century. From exordium to peroration, his address was intended to prepare the way for the coming of Woodrow Wilson. For two years the work of preparation went on, with a careful watching of the progress of political affairs, especially of the incipient but inevitable schism in the Republican Party. It required no intelligence above the moron class to see that Taft would be elected President in 1908. But it required the almost uncanny gift of political seership, which George Harvey possessed in an unrivaled degree, to forecast the great rupture of 1912 which would make the presidential race a walkover for almost any Democratic candidate that might be named, and the prospect of which made it necessary to begin an open campaign — for Wilson — as early as 1906. Other candidates might wait before 'throwing their hats into the ring' — Clark, Harmon, Underwood, or who not — because they were already well known to the Nation as experienced office-holders. But Wilson was not thus known to the Nation. He had never held any political office. It was necessary that the Nation should be made acquainted with him, and also that he should acquire some practical experience as an office-holder; not so much for the sake of the experience as for that of showing to the people his ability as a practical administrator of public affairs.

Thus Harvey reasoned within the privacy of his own mind, and he awaited, both patiently and eagerly, an opportunity of announcing to the public his 'discovery' of Woodrow Wilson. By curious coincidence that opportunity came to him in almost precisely the manner in which the original 'discovery' had been effected.

CHAPTER XIII

AT THE LOTOS CLUB

THE Lotos Club was not one of the oldest, richest, or most fashionable social organizations of New York, but it was one of the most distinguished. It had for years enjoyed a unique reputation for the dinners which it had given in honor of eminent men, whether Americans or visitors from abroad, and for the addresses which were made on such occasions. To be the guest of honor at a Lotos Club dinner was one of the most coveted of privileges; and in a speech at such a dinner was one of the most appreciated of opportunities for making some striking utterance. The announcement that early in 1906 that club would give a dinner in honor of Woodrow Wilson was therefore of more than ordinary interest, and to nobody more than to George Harvey, 'for the promise that it closed.'

Wilson was then entering upon his fourth year as President of Princeton, and was at the height of his popularity and prestige there. His introduction of the English preceptorial system, and his success in effecting various radical reforms and achieving important works of progress, had made him perhaps the most observed of all heads of great institutions of learning; a truly national figure. The inexorable opposition to him, which was to thwart some of his most cherished plans and involve his later years there in storm and stress, had not yet been organized or manifested sufficiently to attract attention. It was the very time of times in which to pay him the tribute of 'a night with the Lotos-Eaters.'

To the intrepid purpose and vision of a man who had recently utilized a Saint Andrew's Day dinner for the delivery of a political speech, this was also the time of times in which to announce the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency of the United States. Harvey was a member of the Lotos Club, and therefore could attend the dinner and might have a chance to make some remarks among those who 'also spoke.' But that was not to his liking or to his purpose. A

speech as important as that which he wished to make must have a dignified place on the programme. Accordingly he took the unusual course of asking to be put among the speakers. To two of his colleagues at Harper's he said, frankly, on receipt of the notice of the dinner:

'I think I should like to speak at that dinner. Won't one of you see if you can arrange it?'

They, being also members of the club, had no difficulty in arranging it, and Harvey's name accordingly appeared on the list of speakers. He gave no intimation to anybody as to what he was going to say, or as to why he wanted to speak. But he prepared his speech, brief as it was, with scrupulous care, realizing that it would be an historic utterance. And this was the concluding and significant portion of it, the part which Harvey wished above all to deliver:

For nearly a century before Woodrow Wilson was born, the atmosphere of the Old Dominion was surcharged with true statesmanship. The fates directed his steps along other paths, but the effect of growth among the traditions of the Fathers remained. That he is preëminent as a lucid interpreter of history, we all know. But he is more than that. No one who reads, understandingly, the record of his country that flowed with such apparent ease from his pen can fail to be impressed by the belief that he is by instinct a statesman. The grasp of fundamentals, the seemingly unconscious application of primary truth to changing conditions, the breadth in thought and reason manifested on those pages, are as clear evidence of sagacity worthy of the best and noblest of Virginia's traditions as was that truly eloquent appeal which last year he addressed to his brethren of the South, that they rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and come back into their own.

Harvey did not, of course, suggest, what was obvious without any suggestion, that that memorable speech of Wilson's was in effect a sequel to his own at the Saint Andrew's dinner, the year before. He continued:

It is that type of man we shall, if, indeed, we do not already, need in our public life. No one would think for a moment of criticizing the general reformation of the human race in all of its multifarious phases, now going on by Executive decree, but it is becoming increasingly evident that that great work will soon be accomplished. When that time shall have been reached, the country will need at least a short breathing spell for what the physicians term perfect rest. That day,

now not far distant, will call for a man combining the activities of the present with the sobering influences of the past.

If one could be found who, in addition to those qualities, should unite in his personality the finest instinct of true statesmanship as the effect of his early environment, and the no less valuable capacity for practical application, achieved through subsequent endeavors in another field, the ideal would be attained. Such a man, I believe, is Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia and New Jersey.

As one of a considerable number of Democrats who have grown tired of voting Republican tickets, it is with a feeling almost of rapture that I occasionally contemplate even a remote possibility of casting a ballot for the President of Princeton University to become President of the United States.

In any case, since opportunities in National Conventions are rare and usually preempted, to the enlightened and enlightening Lotos Club I make the nomination.

The reference to his having grown tired of voting Republican tickets recalls the record of this supposedly 'rock-ribbed' Vermont Democrat, a record which abundantly confirms his own characterization of himself at one time as 'an independent Independent.' He had first voted for Cleveland in 1888 and again in 1892, for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, and for Parker in 1904. Following his Lotos Club speech he voted for Taft in 1908, for Wilson in 1912, for Hughes in 1916, for Harding in 1920, and for Coolidge in 1924. Thus, at the time of this speech he had voted only once for a successful Democratic candidate and twice for unsuccessful ones, and three times for successful Republicans. Unlike Woodrow Wilson, he never voted for William J. Bryan.

It has been said, and not without some truth, that Harvey in his Lotos Club speech was by no means the first to nominate Wilson for the Presidency, or at least to suggest him as a man 'capable of the greatest national leadership.' Thus an anonymous writer in 'The Indianapolis News' is quoted as expressing discontent with a number of the foremost Democrats, and then saying that it was a good time to break away entirely from those older men and select a new man, wholly free from any share in the past quarrels of the party; and adding: 'The type of man I have in mind is represented by Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University.' This mention of him was prompted by the fact that Wilson had a few days before lectured in the Indiana city. Upon this suggestion, several

papers elsewhere commented, chiefly regarding it as 'a pleasant diversion of thought' to turn away from the professional politicians to a university president.

The question of the primacy in the nomination of Wilson is, however, very much like that of the primacy in the discovery of America. It is possible that Brendan reached these shores, centuries before Columbus was born. It is practically certain that Leif Ericsson did so. It is not improbable that French fishermen frequented the Banks and even the coast of Newfoundland many years before Cabot came thither, and took vast quantities of what they called 'the sacred cod' centuries before Boston was founded. But none of those earlier adventurers left any permanent marks upon the continent, nor were their exploits followed by any permanent results. It was Columbus and no other who led the way to the conquest and colonization and civilization of the New World. Precisely so these early suggestions concerning Wilson produced no lasting impression. They led to nothing tangible and practical. They did not bring him the fraction of a degree nearer to the White House. Merely by virtue of them, he would never have reached the Presidency or even been a serious candidate for it.

But Harvey's nomination of him produced instantaneous and lasting results of the greatest importance, and started a train of talk and also of action that did not cease until Wilson was elected President. That is why, entirely regardless of the mere technicality of dates, Harvey's Lotos Club speech must be regarded as the actual beginning of Wilson's presidential campaign.

Seldom if ever has a brief after-dinner speech at a club produced so profound an effect. It was the feature of the occasion. What the other speakers said, what Wilson himself said, passed almost unnoticed; certainly undiscussed. All attention was centered upon what Harvey had said; all speculation and comment were based upon it. Some regarded it as the expression of a widely organized movement, of which Harvey was merely the mouthpiece; while others pretended to think that it was an unpremeditated outburst of post-prandial emotion, which was not meant and was not to be taken seriously. Both of these estimates were obviously unwarranted and absurd, and were, moreover, at variance with the thought-

ful judgment of the great majority, not only of the guests at the dinner, but also of the press and public throughout the land — not least of all, of Woodrow Wilson himself.

Wilson was much impressed, and at the University Club, where he spent the night, he made haste to write a note of appreciation:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Before I go to bed to-night I must express to you, simply but most warmly, my thanks for the remarks you made at the Lotos dinner. It was most delightful to have such thoughts uttered about me, whether they were deserved or not, and I thank you with all my heart.

With much regard

Sincerely yours

WOODROW WILSON

He did not, it will be observed, deprecate the presidential nomination. He did not refer to it in any way. But his silence regarding it might well be interpreted as tacit acceptance. Certainly he was not one of those who thought that it was not to be taken seriously. On the contrary, he did take it very seriously, and thereafter was never free from the buzzing of the presidential bee in his bonnet. When he got back to Princeton, he found the news of it had got there before him. One of the first questions concerning the dinner that his wife asked him was whether Harvey was in earnest or merely joking. His reply was that he seemed to be very much in earnest.

As for the press of the country, North, South, East, and West, it had a new and rather more than nine days' sensation; which was intensified a little later when, on March 10, Harvey announced in 'Harper's Weekly':

We venture to suggest the nomination of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

The tone of the comments was almost infinitely varied. Of two prominent Southern papers, published in adjoining States, one said confidently that as a nominated candidate Wilson would find the Solid South behind him. The other denounced 'Harper's Weekly' as an organ of Wall Street, and Wilson as un-Democratic and unjust to the South and as acquiescent in corporate corruption. It added, fatuously: 'This is one comment "The Weekly" will not reprint.' Of

course, Harvey did reprint it in his very next batch of quotations from the press, and, like the name of Abou ben Adhem, it 'led all the rest.' A Baltimore paper declared that 'Colonel Harvey has made a wise, a noble selection.' From Michigan came the opinion that 'It is all good journalistic enterprise for Editor Harvey, but it certainly is pretty tough for the scholarly Dr. Woodrow Wilson.' Connecticut contributed this:

The idea of nominating Professor Wilson is beautiful, but if we were to lay a wager on it, we should be willing to place a big red apple against a small, crabby one, that William Randolph Hearst stood the better chance of carrying off the prize in the end, and, what is more, if the nomination were left to Democratic votes, the owner of the 'yellow' journal would beat the professor by a majority so large that it would be Hearst first and no second.

Amid all the tumult and the shouting, the one man who was supremely unsurprised, serene, and confident, was he who had started it all. It was characteristic of Harvey not to be surprised; certainly not at the result of any of his own doings. In this case, his remarks at the Lotos Club were not hastily made or ill-considered, but were the result of careful and forward-looking thought; and he was simply gratified at seeing everything afterward turn out precisely as he had anticipated. Above all, he took profound satisfaction in the fact that the deed was done. Wilson was securely placed among the candidates for the Democratic nomination, just as securely and just as conspicuously as any of the veterans who had been in public life and had been talked about for the Presidency for many years. He had put forward the man. Now it remained to await the hour. The common supposition was that Harvey intended Wilson to be the candidate in 1908, and much of the discussion was based upon that theory. Nor did he disavow that intention; for politic reasons. But it is to be doubted if he ever seriously cherished it; for two reasons. Wilson would scarcely have time for adequate preparation through public service; and 1908 was morally certain to be another Republican year. He therefore looked, at least in secret, to 1912.

CHAPTER XIV

FOLLOWING THROUGH

GEORGE HARVEY was an adept at golf. He knew what it meant to 'follow through,' and how important that practice was to the game. So he applied the principle to his brilliant stroke at the Lotos Club. Scarcely had the applause which followed his remarks subsided, when he was hard at work, to make his nomination effective. On March 10 he printed in a leading editorial in 'Harper's Weekly' some of the reasons which might properly be adduced in support of the proposal. These were, in fine disregard of superstition, thirteen in number:

(1) Mr. Wilson is more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proved himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet notably sane. (3) He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of everyone with whom he has come into contact, and the admiration particularly of all college-bred men. (6) His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is as unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings. (8) He is at the fullness of his powers in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and learning and the courage of fearless expression. (10) He has no enemies — his is a clean slate. (11) He possesses to a degree unequalled since the days of Blaine that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded. (13) He was born in Virginia and lives in New Jersey. His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring.

Three weeks later, on March 31, accepting for argument's sake the idea that Wilson was to seek the nomination and election in 1908, Harvey replied to the criticism, which had been made in some authoritative quarters, that Wilson was too little known to the public, 'and that if he were nominated

the country would not elect him because he would be such a recent acquaintance.' He pointed out that Wilson was in fact very widely and favorably known, through his writings on government and on politics. But apart from that, 'It would be very difficult to defeat a man so endowed as is Mr. Wilson because the country has only recently learned of his fitness to serve it.'

Nor did Harvey rely upon his weekly 'Journal of Civilization' alone. He made use of the venerable 'North American Review,' for which he secured contributed articles discussing the situation at greater length than was possible in 'Harper's Weekly.' One of these, credited to 'A Jeffersonian Democrat,' but in fact written by Mayo W. Hazeltine, one of the foremost members of the staff of 'The New York Sun,' very elaborately analyzed the issues of the coming campaign, the sectional and other factors, and the qualifications of the various candidates, and concluded with a strong argument in favor of ratifying Harvey's nomination of Wilson, as the one man who, above all others, 'meets the exigencies of the situation.'

He drafted outstanding writers in other papers to aid in the campaign. One was Henry Loomis Nelson, who contributed a long letter on the subject to 'The Boston Herald.' Another was St. Clair McKelway, the veteran editor of 'The Brooklyn Eagle,' who took up the case with his habitual impetuosity and zeal, and actually frightened Wilson into trying to call a halt. Wilson was afraid that an open and vigorous campaign for the Presidency might unfavorably affect his standing at Princeton, interfere with his execution of further reforms which he had very much at heart, and stimulate and strengthen the opposition to him which was already beginning to show itself. So when McKelway sent one of his staff down to Princeton to have an interview with him, and to let him know that it was proposed to take up Harvey's suggestion in a formal, systematic, and persistent manner, Wilson demurred. He wrote McKelway a long letter, in which he expressed grateful appreciation of what Harvey had done, and his belief that Harvey had meant it all, very seriously. But he himself preferred to interpret Harvey's words at the Lotos Club as meaning that a man of his principles and qualifications, as Harvey had very kindly described them, should be nominated,

and not necessarily he himself; and the selection of such a man was properly to be made through much further search and deliberation. He hoped that McKelway would take that view of the case and act accordingly. Moreover, there was a special reason for not exploiting his candidacy at that time. He was engaged to make a somewhat elaborate address on Thomas Jefferson on April 16, at a celebration of that statesman's birthday anniversary by the Democratic Club of New York. Any publication such as McKelway was contemplating, in advance of that occasion, would be likely to make his speech appear like a proclamation of the platform upon which he sought to be nominated; and that would mortify him, make him seem ridiculous, and misrepresent his whole character. Therefore he preferred to have nothing said; a wish which McKelway respected and received without offense. It was a curious forerunner of another incident, of a few years later, when Wilson was to ask Harvey himself to quit promoting his candidacy; with much more sensational results than those which attended his letter to McKelway.

Harvey, meanwhile, set out on a missionary journey to the South. Confident of his standing in South Carolina since his Saint Andrew's Day address, he went thither to engage the coöperation of Major James C. Hemphill, the accomplished editor of 'The Charleston News and Courier.' Hemphill had presided and introduced Harvey at the Saint Andrew's dinner, and had made highly complimentary comments upon his speech; and he was now ready to support the Wilson campaign with all his might; as he did. Incidentally, he was doomed a few years later to be involved in an unfortunate way in the Harvey-Wilson episode to which I have just referred.

In that summer of 1906, Harvey went abroad, as it was his custom to do, chiefly on a business errand for Harper's and for his own 'Review.' He retained his intense and active interest in politics, however, and while in England participated in an incident which, while generally unobserved and unknown at the time, was of profound and far-reaching significance, in its bearing upon the Wilson campaign — with which it might have seemed to have no connection whatever — and the future of the Democratic Party. It must be remembered that William J. Bryan was at this time and for ten years had been

little less than the Dictator of the Democratic Party. He had twice been its candidate for the Presidency, and had twice been badly defeated; but he was suspected of an intention to perform the act — quite unprecedented in such circumstances of defeat — of forcing himself upon the party as its candidate for the third time, in 1908. Harvey realized that this constituted perhaps the most serious problem to be dealt with in his campaign for Wilson's nomination, and he therefore determined to have an interview with Bryan, not to discuss Wilson's candidacy nor perhaps so much as to mention his name, but to see what could be done toward establishing relations between Bryan and another prominent Democrat, who was not a candidate for any office, but was one of the foremost financial supporters of the party in its campaigns, and who might be looked to by Harvey thus to assist the Wilson campaign.

This man was Thomas Fortune Ryan, like Wilson a Virginian, a man of immense wealth and generosity, and the dominant factor in various great industrial corporations; a conspicuous representative, in brief, of that 'money power' which Bryan had been violently denouncing and attacking as the chief enemy of the people. Ryan had been an associate of William C. Whitney, and thus Harvey had made his acquaintance, and between these two a personal friendship of an unusually close and confident type had been developed, to remain constant and potent during all the rest of their lives. It was a daring thought of Harvey's to attempt to bring together Bryan and Ryan, protagonists of the extreme opposing wings of the Democratic Party — regarded respectively as the Radical and the Reactionary.

But he tried it. First, before sailing for England, he discussed his plan with Ryan, and ascertained what his attitude toward Bryan would be. Then, when Bryan was in London for the Fourth of July celebration by the American colony, he sought and had a long, frank talk with him; the gist of which he promptly reported to Ryan, with Bryan's approval. He wrote:

LONDON, *July 5, 1906*

DEAR MR. RYAN:

I have been with Mr. Bryan for the last two hours, and have had a very full talk about every subject under the sun. I pressed upon him

the advantage of a possible opportunity of his meeting with you for a general discussion. He obviously had been turning the matter over in his head since yesterday, and said promptly that there was nobody in the United States with whom he would rather have a conversation privately, but he did not see how this was possible without his taking the chance of embarrassing you and maybe himself. He said that both you and himself were so well known that the fact of a meeting between you would almost certainly become public property. Even though, he added, it should not, the mere fact that you and he were in Paris at the same time would undoubtedly give rise to the question from a subsequent interviewer: 'Did you see Mr. Ryan while you were in Paris?' To that, he continued, he would be obliged to say that he had, or decline to answer. Then the newspapers would run riot with conjectures. They would surely talk about a Ryan-Bryan combination, and surmise that Ryan was going to finance a Bryan campaign, and all that sort of thing, or other things of a similar nature which probably would have no basis in fact. In any case, a vast amount of misapprehension and misunderstanding would be let loose. The whole country would teem with the questions 'Has Bryan been Ryanized?' or 'Has Ryan been Bryanized?'

All this, in his judgment, would be not only productive of no good, but distinctly detrimental to the cause of the party. He said he was convinced, from what I had told him, of your disinterestedness. He expressed himself as very glad that you were manifesting or feeling so great an interest in the cause along broad and unselfish lines; but following up the line of argument that I communicated to you yesterday, he declared that it was perfectly clear to him that a man as rich as yourself, and so well known as being largely concerned in so many diverse interests, could not engage effectively in the great fight for popular supremacy unless he was not only absolutely free from entanglements, but in a position to convince the public that he was free. 'I, for example,' he added, 'may be wholly convinced of Mr. Ryan's complete sincerity; but that is not sufficient. The whole public must be convinced of it, and this could be accomplished in only one way.'

'Tell Mr. Ryan,' he continued, 'that he is in a position to do one of the greatest services to his country that any man has ever rendered. He should rid himself of all personal pecuniary interests in, at least, all corporations having to do with public utilities, railroad stocks and bonds, traction stocks and bonds, and all such properties, and invest his money in Government bonds. Then he could stand before the people as having but one interest in the world, that of his country. There his money would be, and there his heart would be. Holding that position, he would immediately become probably the most potent individual factor in national life. I, and everyone who believes in what I believe, would not only be in a position but most glad to act with him. To indicate how fully I am convinced of this fact, I say to you in all sincerity that, under these circumstances, I would much

rather work to make him President of the United States than to become President myself.

'Then there would be no embarrassment to any one in meeting, discussing, and fighting shoulder to shoulder for the common good. The time has come, in my judgment, when others would follow his example, and there would develop in the country almost instantaneously a quality and breadth of intelligent patriotism which would be the Nation's greatest asset and its surest safeguard against threatening perils. We might differ as to policies and methods, but that would make no difference. We would be aiming at the same object, and would be so recognized and believed in by the public. It is not a crime to be rich, and the people do not believe it to be a crime; but they cannot be induced to trust completely any man whose personal interest must lie in a direction contrary to that of the whole number.

'The young man who went to the Saviour and asked what he should do is said to have gone away sorrowing when told that he must divest himself of his property because he had great possessions; but that was the only way, although he did not follow it. In the present instance, it would not be a case of Ryan divesting himself of his property, but reinvesting it in securities of his own country, and thereby making his personal interest unquestionably and irretrievably single. That is the only position that I can conscientiously take. I believe it is correct and there is no getting away from it. I am equally convinced, moreover, that it does not happen in a hundred years that a man has the opportunity that now confronts Ryan. I only wish he could be made to see and to act upon it.'

He was very earnest in this talk, which I have quoted as accurately as I can from memory, and seemed peculiarly eager that I should get his view before your mind. He kept interjecting such phrases as 'Tell Ryan this' and 'Tell Ryan that,' etc. As to the Presidency, he said that if when the time came circumstances should point to him as the right man to lead, he would of course respond. He honestly hoped, however, that the conditions would make some one else more available. He did not believe that he would be remembered fifty years hence for any official position he might have held, but if at all for the things he had advocated steadfastly without regard to consequences. In any case, under no circumstances would he serve more than four years.

In due time he will declare that his position respecting the theory of bimetallism is not changed, and he will announce his belief that under bimetallism prosperity would have been enhanced, and greater even than it has been, but he will recognize that the discoveries of gold in such abundance have done so much to relieve the tension that the situation is no longer acute, and, in view of the predicted continuation of gold production, seems likely to continue satisfactory. He is in favor of ultimate Government ownership of railroads, but does not believe that the time for it has come. His chief thought regarding regulation of Trusts lies along the line of compelling every corpora-

tion doing an interstate business to apply to the Commission now existing, or to another one to be created, for a permit, which should be granted only on certain conditions, the chief of which should be that no monopoly should be created, that no corporation should control more than a certain percentage of a commodity, that there should be no watered stock, that reports of business done should be given publicity and certified to at regular intervals, etc.

This is the whole story, as well as I can relate it in a nutshell. I think it will convey to your mind a fairly accurate comprehension of his general attitude. . . .

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Harvey sought, of course, no further negotiations in this direction. But he had gained in his interview with Bryan much information that was not only of interest to Ryan, but also of immense importance to him, as a guide in his further conduct of Wilson's candidacy. Ryan had greatly aided Wilson in the development of Princeton, and was ready to finance his campaign for the Presidency. But how could that be done without antagonizing and infuriating Bryan, whose control of a large faction of the Democratic Party made him a formidable factor to be dealt with? In fact, against the opposition of Bryan, it might be impossible to nominate Wilson. In this connection, by way of reminder for future reference, it may be recalled that Harvey never voted for Bryan, though he was on friendly personal terms with him; that Wilson, in November, 1904, made a speech at the Society of the Virginians, in New York, which was universally understood as an exhortation to Democrats to depose Bryan from his leadership and throw him out of the party; that in April, 1907, Wilson expressed in a letter to his friend Adrian H. Joline, the passionate desire 'that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan, once for all, into a cocked hat'; that in the spring of 1908 Wilson indignantly scorned and rejected the suggestion that he should accept nomination for Vice-President on the ticket with Bryan, and denounced Bryan as 'foolish and dangerous in his theoretical beliefs'; that in November, 1908, Wilson voted for Bryan for President; and that in 1912 Bryan attempted to have Ryan debarred, by formal resolution, from participation in the convention which nominated Wilson for the Presidency.

These facts suggest the difficult task which Harvey had in hand, in trying to keep those whom we may term the incompatibles of the party from flying at each other's throats. His trials and troubles in bringing Woodrow Wilson to the White House were comparable, at least in complexity and in what is classically known as 'pure cussedness,' with those which the pious Æneas endured while he was trying to found a city and bring his household gods to Latium.

Nevertheless, when he returned from England he went to work again with the same resolution that in boyhood had led him to weed onions — the meanest garden job that ever was invented — to earn money with which to buy ink for his two-dollar printing-press. Whether Wilson was to be nominated in 1908 or 1912, he must have some high official experience in advance; or at least be put forward for one, even if he was defeated. Several men had been elected to the Presidency after having been once defeated for that office; and the same might happen to Wilson, in the form of defeat in 1908 and election in 1912 — if only he could be named for some other worthy place.

Such as that of United States Senator. Why not? That was a big office; so big that some little men who rattled around in it thought themselves greater than the President. And it had this unique merit that it was no discredit to be a defeated candidate. For in those fortunate years Senators were still elected by State Legislatures instead of by popular vote, and if a man permitted the minority party to vote for him, he knew in advance that he would be defeated, but he won the honor of being his party's choice, and the distinction of having been willing to offer himself as a sacrifice in a hopeless contest.

Now the New Jersey Legislature in the first months of 1907 would have to elect a Senator to succeed John F. Dryden; and it was practically certain to be a Republican Legislature. But if Wilson were the Democratic candidate, although he would be sure of being defeated, he would win national attention as the choice of the New Jersey Democrats; and that would help him in getting the presidential nomination. So argued various leaders, and so thought Harvey. There was no other place for which he could be nominated, before 1908.

So Harvey proposed it in 'Harper's Weekly' on November 24, 1906; after the election of the Legislature which was to choose a Senator:

The sole requisites for the reëstablishment of the Democratic Party upon an enduring basis are an Issue and a Man.

The Issue: Extinguishment of tariff taxation now bearing upon the poor, and the substitution, for revenue purposes, of graduated inheritance and income taxes to be paid chiefly by those whose surplus wealth has been acquired through privileges accorded by the State and opportunities afforded by a democracy.

The Man: Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia and New Jersey.

The Democrats of New Jersey possess a rare and glorious opportunity to point the way, and make a striking contrast by naming the Man as their candidate for United States Senator to succeed John F. Dryden.

Can they rise to the occasion?

But in this Harvey for once struck a snag. While in Europe he had not kept in complete touch with New Jersey politics, and was compelled to rely, at his return, upon the reports of others; which may not have been entirely correct. There had in fact been some interesting developments. The spirit of reform, if not of revolt, was active in both parties. Under the lead of Colonel Edwin A. Stevens, Otto H. Wittpenn, and others there was a strong movement to overthrow the so-called bosses of the Democratic Party; a movement which was vigorously promoted by two young men of Jersey City, Mark A. Sullivan and Joseph P. Tumulty, who secured election to the State Assembly. Similarly, in the Republican Party, Everett Colby, George L. Record, and others organized a 'New Idea' movement, against the Republican bosses. Toward all these, Democrats and Republicans alike, Wilson was at first decidedly unsympathetic, if not actually anti-pathetic; and their attitude toward him was untrustful and hostile. Yet in the end, again to anticipate the narrative, it was to the Republican Progressives that he owed his election as Governor, and it was to the Democratic Progressives that he turned for support and service; such was his facile opportunism as a practical politician.

Now the Democratic Progressives had taken a particularly active part in that year's campaign for members of the Legislature, and Colonel Stevens had generously financed

the campaign on the understanding that he was to be the Democratic candidate for the United States Senatorship. The Democrats did not secure a majority in the Legislature, so that the vote for a Democratic candidate would be purely complimentary. Nevertheless, it was a coveted honor to receive that vote, and Colonel Stevens wanted it and was morally entitled to it. But the Democratic bosses, who controlled a majority of the Democratic members of the Legislature, did not want him to have it, and did not intend that he should have it if they could prevent it. It was for that reason that they suggested to Harvey the desirability of putting Wilson forward. To what extent Wilson was conversant with Stevens's claim does not appear. It may be that he, too, like Harvey, knew nothing about it, and supposed that the field was open, free to all comers. At any rate, he does not appear to have protested on that or any other ground against Harvey's nomination of him on November 24. Instead, he tacitly acquiesced in it for several weeks.

The first mention of Stevens's candidacy by either Harvey or Wilson appears to have been made at a conference between them at the Century Association, in New York, early in December, a fortnight after Harvey's publication of his nomination of Wilson. After some discussion Wilson declared his unwillingness to run against his old friend. Apparently Stevens's moral right to the votes of the Legislature was not considered, but only the matter of personal friendship; and Wilson was quite ready to run if Stevens were out of the way. Harvey thereupon went to see Stevens about it, but found him inflexible in his unwillingness to withdraw. That was not because he particularly valued or wanted the empty honor, but because he was unwilling to let the bosses have their way. By the bosses he meant chiefly James Smith, Jr., and his lieutenants, James Nugent, of Newark, and 'Bob' Davis, of Jersey City. Next, Harvey called upon Nugent, one of the most scholarly and courteous of all political bosses, but was unable to effect any adjustment of the matter through which Wilson could be voted for without offense to Stevens. The situation was further complicated by the intransigent attitude of two Progressive Democratic Assemblymen, Sullivan and Tumulty, whom I have already mentioned. They were in-

flexibly opposed to Wilson, because he was a Conservative, and they announced their purpose to oppose him, even though Stevens should withdraw in his favor. It is interesting to recall, in view of the attitude of these men at that time, that they were both won over to Wilson by his inaugural speech as Governor, and that Wilson made Tumulty his private secretary and Sullivan a Justice of the Supreme Court.

After this, Wilson wrote Harvey a letter, saying that his mind had been much troubled ever since the Century conference; that he doubted his own fitness to be President, or to be the leader and candidate of the Democratic Party in its then divided and bewildered condition. A more experienced politician was needed for the latter place. Moreover, he was a Conservative, and therefore representative of the smaller and less popular wing of the party. In these circumstances he did not feel like so much as accepting the complimentary vote for Senator; at least without some further assurance of the desire of representative and important men that he should become a candidate for the Presidency. He did not so much as mention Stevens and his title to recognition.

Two weeks later, however, something happened. The Legislature was about to meet, and one of its earliest duties would be to elect a Senator. And the outlook was that the Democrats, or most of them, would vote for Wilson. Whatever Wilson knew or did not know of Stevens's claim upon the vote, Stevens did know of the scheme to deliver it to Wilson and of Wilson's apparent willingness to accept it; for the hesitancy expressed by Wilson at the Century conference and in his letter to Harvey had not been made public. So on December 29, Stevens wrote to Wilson about it, addressing him affectionately as 'My dear Tommy'; for they had been close friends ever since the days when Wilson was still called by his first name. In the friendliest manner he deprecated Wilson's acceptance of the complimentary vote, not because he himself cared much for it, but because it would throw upon Wilson an imputation of bad faith, and would mean the success of the bosses whom he — Stevens — had been fighting. And he added the interesting information that the very same men who were trying to betray him were also equally ready to betray Wilson, since they had offered to cast the vote for him

— Stevens — after all, and drop Wilson, if it were made pecuniarily worth their while.

Wilson made a non-committal reply, saying that it would be quite gratuitous for him to say that he would not accept a mere complimentary vote, and that he was sure that nobody would question his good faith in the matter. This Stevens regarded as unsatisfactory, and he told Wilson pretty bluntly that unless he did something more he would find himself being used as the tools of tricksters who were trying to defeat the Progressive movement. At that time Wilson was not much interested in the Progressives. He called himself a Conservative. But he was frightened at the peril of falling into disrepute. So he wrote again to Stevens, protesting that he had had nothing to do with the plot for his nomination; that he was a mere outsider who knew nothing about the deceitful ways of politics; and that he would be glad to have Stevens tell him just what he wanted him to do.

At the same time he wrote to Harvey a veritable 'S.O.S.,' imploring him to come to his aid and extricate him from his embarrassment. Harvey, of course, responded. He advised Wilson to write a letter to one of the members of the Legislature who had been prominent in the movement for voting for him, very explicitly requesting that his name be withdrawn from consideration by the Democratic caucus, and that the votes of the Democratic members be cast for some one who by his efforts had fairly won the title to such a tribute of recognition. Wilson promptly sent this letter, almost literally as Harvey had drafted it for him. It concluded with a request that the letter be made public. The result was that Wilson was not made the Democratic candidate; but the request that his letter be made public was ignored, and instead it was carefully suppressed. Had Harvey himself, instead of Wilson, sent the letter, he would have made sure that his wish was respected, by himself giving it to the press as soon as it had been received by the man to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER XV

MAKING A GOVERNOR

AMID all the increasing conflict between Progressives and Conservatives, Harvey pursued the resolute tenor of his way. Like Gallio, he 'cared for none of those things.' He was quite prepared to apply to the contending factions the Virgilian words of Dido, which for many years had been the motto of his 'North American Review': *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*. He made no discrimination between them in his dealings with them. He was not specially concerned with the fortunes of either. What he was aiming at, with singular constancy and fixity of purpose, and with impregnable optimism, was the rehabilitation of the whole Democratic Party through the election of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency of the United States. And the first and essential step toward this was to make him Governor of the State of New Jersey.

In this task he had to labor much with his candidate, to keep him in the course. At times Wilson seemed inclined to abandon the presidential ambition with which Harvey had inspired him, and Harvey had to resort to various expedients to restrain him from doing so. One of these was to tell him of the widespread desire there was among men of light and leading for his election. He had already secured the opinions of many, and mentioned them impersonally to Wilson. It was to these that Wilson referred in his letter to Harvey in December, 1906, asking for fuller assurances of a desire for him to become President. In response, Harvey wrote him the names of ten prominent men, with their expressions of opinion or desire concerning Wilson; adding that among all the men he had approached on the subject, not one had manifested any hostility toward his candidacy.

Of the ten men on Harvey's sample list, two had expressed themselves as merely interested in the matter of Wilson's candidacy, in a tentative way. They wanted to know more about him before committing themselves either for or against

him. These were Thomas Fortune Ryan, the capitalist and corporation magnate, and William M. Laffan, editor of 'The New York Sun,' who was typical of the old-fashioned and somewhat reactionary wing of the Democratic Party. Five of them declared themselves favorably inclined toward Wilson as a type — they thought that he was the kind of man who ought to be nominated and elected. They were August Belmont, capitalist and associate of Ryan; Adolph S. Ochs and Charles R. Miller, respectively owner and editor of 'The New York Times,' both decidedly conservative; Colonel Henry Watterson, the dashing, slashing — albeit conservative — *beau sabreur* of 'The Courier-Journal,' of Louisville, Kentucky; and Dumont Clarke, a conservative bank president. Finally, there were three who were favorable to the candidacy of Wilson, not as a type, but as an individual. They wanted not merely that kind of man, but that very man. They were Major Hemphill, editor of 'The News and Courier' of Charleston, South Carolina, whom Harvey had personally won to Wilson's support; John G. Carlisle, formerly Secretary of the Treasury in Cleveland's Cabinet; and himself once a presidential candidate; and J. H. Eckels, a bank president who had been Cleveland's Controller of the Currency.

This was an eminently respectable and even distinguished list; but it was peculiar. It consisted exclusively of exponents and friends of 'big business,' of capitalists and advocates or apologists of capitalists. All were Conservatives, some even accounted reactionaries. There was not one who by any stretch of the imagination could be classed among the Progressives. There was not one with whom William J. Bryan would have entered into political fellowship. Wilson observed this and commented upon it; and was satisfied, because he declared himself also to be a Conservative. Harvey, of course, noticed it, but was not concerned over it, if, indeed, he was not pleased; because he knew that it was more important to begin with Conservatives than with Progressives. It was easier to win Progressive support for a Conservative than Conservative support for a Progressive.

The systematic and resolute manner in which Harvey entered upon the arduous task before him is suggested by one of his own acts, early in 1907. In the old building of Harper

and Brothers in Franklin Square, New York, he sent for William O. Inglis — to whom I have already referred — to come to his office. Inglis had been one of Harvey's colleagues and friends in his days as a reporter on 'The New York World,' and was greatly esteemed by him for his personal qualities of heart and character, as well as for his energy, industry, accuracy, fidelity, and other qualities as a journalist. He had come to the staff of 'Harper's Weekly,' under Harvey, in 1906. The accounts which he has given of Harvey's campaign for Wilson, for the Governorship and for the Presidency, largely published at the time in 'Collier's Weekly,' must always stand foremost among the 'original sources' of information on those topics. For the purpose of Harvey's summoning him to his office that day in 1907 was to commission him to be his factotum, his right-hand man, his most intimate, confidential, and trusted aid, in the conduct of those campaigns. From that time forward until the event was achieved, he told him, he wanted Inglis to give his best thoughts and the most of his waking time to the promotion of Wilson's candidacy for the Presidency and, incidentally, as a preliminary step, for the Governorship of New Jersey. He had himself for nearly two years been ploughing the ground, and now was the time to sow the seed. Perhaps it would have been more accurate, though less modest, for him to say that he had sown the seed, and it was now time to cultivate the crop.

He explained to Inglis, to whose own narrative I am indebted for the facts, that while his original nomination of Wilson had been received by many with incredulity and even with derision, he was convinced that the movement could be made a real and a successful one. The people were alarmed at Roosevelt's extreme tendencies, and they were sick and tired of Bryan. They wanted not only a new man, but also a man of a new type, quite different from either of those. In Wilson such a man was provided, embodying the high intelligence and the best traditions of the golden past of American statesmanship. What was necessary was to make him known to the country — to advertise and exploit him in every appropriate way. Had Harvey been speaking in the glib jargon of twenty years later, he would have said: 'I want you to sell Wilson to the American people.'

He realized that there was no possibility of securing Wilson's nomination in 1908; for two reasons. One was, that Bryan was too strong; the other, that it would be idle to put forward a man who had never held any public office. So he was looking ahead to 1912 as the feasible time. Meanwhile, there was a Governor of New Jersey to be elected in 1910. If Wilson were chosen for the latter office, the first Democratic Governor for many years in what seemed an impregnable Republican State, it would give him precisely the national prominence as a Democratic leader that was desired, and it would be at just the right distance of time in advance of the presidential campaign. That was the shrewd programme to which Harvey was addressing himself; and he bade Inglis, sententiously, 'Now, go to it!'

This was a very different assignment from that of correspondent in Japan, or in Cuba, in which capacity Inglis had been serving with distinction. At first blush it seemed to him a Quixotic undertaking. Yet Harvey was certainly not a Knight of the Rueful Countenance, nor did Inglis in the least resemble Sancho Panza. The enterprise was certainly fascinating, and it quickly aroused the enthusiasm of the expert and adventurous journalist. On his way from Harvey's office back to his own desk he passed the desk of Major Leigh, the treasurer of Harper and Brothers, and stopped a moment to tell him of his new assignment. It was news to Leigh, but not at all surprising, and he said to Inglis, whimsically:

'Now, Inglis, this is a very important matter. I do not know that it is essential for Wilson to be President of the United States; but it is most desirable for me to be Secretary of War. You know, when Dr. Wilson came here last year, to attend the dinner to Mr. Alden, several of us were chatting in Colonel Harvey's office about his nomination of Wilson for the Presidency, and I said that I wanted to file, then and there, the first claim for a place in the Cabinet, as Secretary of War; and Wilson replied: "I assure you, Major, that if Colonel Harvey succeeds in making me President of the United States, you shall be my Secretary of War." So you see, Inglis, that while you may think you are working for Wilson, you are in fact working for me!'

Not long after this, Harvey went abroad for the summer,

leaving Inglis at work. In the fall there occurred the Senatorship episode already related; in which it is obvious that Harvey took little real interest, beyond that of a gesture. He had already made it clear to Inglis that it was the Governorship, not the complimentary vote for Senator, that he had in view for Wilson; though, of course, the latter would not have interfered with the former; and that he was looking to 1912 and not to 1908 for the great achievement. It was a part of his almost supernaturally ingenious game, however, to play each of the two offices, not against but for the other. Thus he kept suggesting and urging Wilson for the Presidency, as the best means of making him a winning candidate for the Governorship; and he purposed electing him to the Governorship merely as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. In pursuance of this shrewd scheme, he continued to make a show of regarding Wilson as at least a possibility for the Democratic nomination in 1908; and to that end he contrived one supreme and most audacious gesture, through the columns of his old paper, 'The New York World.'

Mr. Pulitzer came home from Europe in January, 1908, and promptly sent for Harvey to come and dine with him; the two having maintained most cordial and confidential relations, despite Harvey's years of absence from the office of 'The World.' Pulitzer was much interested in Harvey's 'professorial candidate,' of whom he had himself spoken favorably nearly two years before, following the Lotos Club nomination; and he asked him much about the progress of his campaign. Harvey, who never hesitated to improve an opportunity, plumply suggested that 'The World' ought to come out for Wilson, for that year's nomination. At least, it ought to give him conspicuous attention, as one of the most promising candidates. It had already printed an article suggesting Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, as a desirable candidate; and it ought to do as much for Wilson. Certainly it could lose nothing by speaking a good word for a Democrat of the highest standing, who had become in more than one respect a national figure.

Harvey's earnestness and ingenuity of argument finally prevailed, and, interrupting him with a roar of laughter, Pulitzer exclaimed:

'All right, George! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll print an editorial, coming out straight for Wilson; on one condition.'

'And that is ——?'

'That you'll write it!'

And so, after many years, Harvey returned, for a day, to the editorial page of 'The World,' of which he had once been the director. Early the next morning he set himself to the task of writing the article. When it was done, he showed it to Inglis, for any suggestions of improvement which he might make, and in the afternoon took it to Pulitzer. He read it to his former chief while they were driving in Central Park. The elder man listened attentively, without a word, until Harvey had finished; and then remarked:

'It sounds like a speech!'

'Well,' said Harvey, 'I did my best to write it in "The World's" own style!'

At that Pulitzer again roared with laughter, and took the manuscript and put it into his pocket. Nothing more was said upon the subject; but when he went back to his office and Inglis asked him what had become of the editorial, Harvey replied confidently, 'It's all right!'

And the next morning it appeared, in 'The World,' as a double-ledged leader, and created a nation-wide sensation. It is pertinent to recall it, from the issue of that paper of January 18, 1908, as an exposition of the grounds on which Harvey was conducting and continued to conduct his 'one-man campaign':

FOR PRESIDENT

If the Democratic Party is to be saved from falling into the hands of William J. Bryan as a permanent receiver, a Man must be found — and soon. Dissociated opposition will no longer suffice. There must arise a real leader around whom all Democrats uninfected by Populism, and thousands of dissatisfied Republicans, may rally with the enthusiasm which springs only from a certainty of deserving success and at least a chance of achieving it.

The Man's principles must be sound.

He must be a defender of the Constitution, but not the worshipper of a fetish. He must realize that 'a return to the *old ways*' of government by Plutocracy, Privilege, Protection, and Plunder is impossible; that the moral regeneration begun in violence must be completed in sobriety. He must be opposed, as a matter of policy, to gross extrava-

gance in the use of public funds, and he must detest, on principle, any taxing of the people beyond the actual requirements of their government. He must favor immediate reduction of the tariff. He must be a hater in equal measure of paternalism and Socialism. He must set his face like flint against government ownership of railroads, initiative and referendum, government guarantees of bank deposits, and all other Populistic notions. He must demand from all corporations publicity, obedience to law, and recognition of the superior rights of the whole people, but he must also observe the obligations of the State to protect its own artificial creation in all legitimate and authorized undertakings. He must favor the singling out and rigorous punishment of individual wrong-doers, not merely the fining of an impersonal corporation. He must be a radical conserver, not a destroyer, of both public and private credit. He must be an opponent of imperialism, militarism and jingoism. He must prefer too little government to too much government, and must insist unceasingly upon rigid application of the basic principle of government of the people through their authorized representatives in Congress in preference to any government by commission.

The Man's personality must be inspiring.

Certain personal attributes are essential to successful candidacy. Known fidelity to high ideals. Unquestioned integrity. Veracity. Courage. Caution. Intellectuality. Wisdom. Experience. Achievement. Breadth of mind. Strength of body. Clarity of vision. Lucidity of expression. Freedom from contaminating association. Universal respect and confidence of his fellow men. Simplicity in manner of living. Eloquence. Human sympathy. Alertness. Optimism. Enthusiasm. In a word, the rare blending of uncommon intelligence and plain common sense in what might be termed Sane Idealism. Finally and practically: Availability!

Such are the requirements — many and exacting. One Democrat who unquestionably meets these qualifications is Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

Dr. Wilson is primarily a scholar — an historical scholar — who in the course of his work and growth has become a statesman of breadth, depth and capacity, a true Democrat who, though steeped in Jeffersonian doctrines, asks not what Jefferson did a century ago, but what Jefferson would do *now*; an able theorist, but a no less competent executive, who has had much administrative experience as the head of a great university.

Not only is Woodrow Wilson qualified in every respect for the great office of President of the United States, but he is an available candidate.

Who else could surely carry New Jersey? Who would stand a better chance of carrying New York? Who would more certainly restore Missouri and Maryland to the Democratic column and eliminate all possible doubt of the result in any other Southern State? Who has a stronger personal following, fewer enemies, nothing to re-

tract, no entanglements, no commitments to capitalism or demagoguism?

Who would more surely command the undivided support of the powerful independent press? Who would appeal more strongly to the latent moral sense which twice elected Cleveland? Who would inspire a more hopeful feeling of security and stability in the minds of all business men engaged in honest enterprise?

The World has already presented John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota, as an available Western candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. It takes equal pleasure in presenting Woodrow Wilson as a Southern candidate, no less available, and with Presidential qualifications exceeded by those of no man whose name will be presented to any national convention.

Harvey had been so long entirely separated from 'The World' that his authorship or even his inspiration of this article was not suspected. Probably not half a dozen persons knew anything about his relation to it. The press and the public regarded it as 'The World's' own conception and utterance, and treated it accordingly. It was very seriously commented on throughout the country, and its effect was to take Wilson out of the position of being merely the personal candidate of George Harvey and to make him the recognized candidate of an influential part of the Democratic Party. This was gratifying to Harvey. It was precisely what he had in mind and in purpose when he wrote the article. He was willing and glad to forego the distinction of being the sole promoter of Wilson's candidacy if thus that candidacy could be greatly strengthened by being made to appear not a personal but a popular affair. Of course, he knew that not even this article and its results could make Wilson the candidate in 1908. But they would greatly help to make him Governor of New Jersey in 1910. And that was what he wanted and why he wrote it.

It became evident, however, that the convention that year would be dominated by Bryan, and that he would probably cause himself to be nominated. Thereupon some of those who had been impressed by Harvey's nomination of Wilson, but were not conversant with Harvey's purposes and plans, suggested that Wilson be named for the Vice-Presidency, with Bryan at the head of the ticket. That would have been as incongruous as the alliance of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, which provoked from John Randolph a venomous epi-

gram and led to a duel between Randolph and Clay. Naturally, Harvey would have had none of it, but he let the direct repudiation of it come from Wilson, who did so with obvious indignation and resentment. Then Wilson went to Scotland, to be there during the sessions of the convention. He seems not to have been entirely in Harvey's confidence, and to have cherished the notion that he might actually be nominated, though he affected to regard that as impossible. On the very eve of the convention, he wrote to Mrs. Wilson that he felt 'a bit silly waiting on the possibility of the impossible happening.' There was evidently no chance of defeating Bryan, who had the convention thoroughly in hand. Yet he was glad that Harvey was there, to look after his interests. The outcome was, that Bryan was nominated, and in the fall overwhelmingly defeated; and Harvey was well satisfied. The defeat and further demoralization of the Democratic Party were a heavy price to pay, to be sure; but there would be value received in the revolt of the party against any further subservience to the man who had three times led it to disaster.

Harvey had a philosophic reason, apart from reasons of expediency, for not wishing Wilson to be nominated in 1908. He believed in the application of the principle or law of antitheses. One candidate must stand for the opposite of what the other stood for. Thus, in 1896 and 1900, the Conservative, gold-standard McKinley was opposed by the Radical, free-silver Bryan. In 1904, Roosevelt was a pronounced Progressive, and the Democrats opposed him with the Conservative Parker. Now, in 1908, the Republicans had nominated Taft, who, despite Roosevelt's sponsorship of him, was more Conservative than Progressive and was certainly at the very antipodes of Radicalism. It behooved the Democrats, therefore, to nominate a decided Progressive. But Wilson was a Conservative, and it would be illogical to set him against the Republican Conservative, Taft. There was not time to transform him into a Progressive. Such a conversion, especially while out of office, would seem too sudden to be true. So Harvey shrewdly chose to keep his candidate not a 'stand-patter' nor a reactionary, but what might be termed an open-minded Conservative, waiting to see what would happen in

1912, or before, and whether it would be necessary for Wilson to run then as a Conservative or a Progressive.

There followed a period of comparative quiet, during 1909, in which, however, Harvey and his faithful lieutenant, Inglis, were busily engaged in sowing new seed and cultivating the plants that were already growing. It was well that such should be the case, for Wilson had enough on his hands at Princeton to engage all his attention. The great fight there was on at last, and it was not going in Wilson's favor. But even his losses there were utilized as fertilization for Harvey's harvest.

CHAPTER XVI

DEALING WITH POLITICIANS

THE campaign for the Governorship finally 'came to grips' in 1910. In the summer of that year the candidates were to be nominated, and in the fall one of them was to be elected and the other defeated. It was thus necessary for Harvey to secure the coöperation of the political leaders of the Democratic Party, who directed the practical details of the nominating convention and the electoral campaign. The chief of these, so much the chief as to be commonly called the boss, was James Smith, Jr., who had been United States Senator in 1893-99, and who was credited with the purpose of returning to that office if ever again in his active lifetime there should be another Democratic Legislature. Between him and Harvey there had existed a warm friendship for many years, since Harvey had spent a year in Smith's employ on the old 'Newark Journal'; and this feeling had been marked with much gratitude on Smith's part ever since Harvey, in 1892, had brought him into relations with William C. Whitney and thus contributed essentially to his election to the Senatorship in 1893.

Naturally, therefore, Harvey turned first of all to Smith, and in January, 1910, lunched with him one Saturday at Delmonico's, where they spent the whole afternoon in political conference. Smith was at first inclined to be skeptical of Wilson's ability to carry the State. For one thing, he did not realize the depth and potency of the forces which were at work in the Republican Party in New Jersey, and which were destined that year to shake the party to its foundations and temporarily alienate thousands of its voters; forces and movements which Harvey, with uncanny perception, knew all about and estimated with marvelous accuracy. For another thing, Wilson was not 'one of the boys,' and was not even known to them; and Smith, gentleman of culture and refinement as he was, had throughout his political career been accustomed to depend upon 'the boys' for success at the polls.

Moreover, Smith considered himself bound to give much regard to the claims of several of his friends, notably Robert S. Hudspeth, who had for some time had a longing eye fixed upon the Governorship.

Harvey succeeded in convincing him that if the Democrats could be held in line to cast their usual vote, enough independents and dissatisfied Republicans could be counted upon to elect Wilson by a handsome majority. He pointed out that Governor Fort, a Republican, was giving the State a thoroughly Progressive administration. But he was being opposed by many influential members of the party, who were inclined to reactionary policies, and these latter had determined to nominate, as Fort's successor, Vivian M. Lewis, a man of high character and ability and personally much beloved, but who was Conservative in his tendencies and was popularly supposed to be under the influence of the bosses. Lewis's nomination, therefore, would offend the 'New Idea' Republicans, and a fair showing of Progressive intentions by Wilson would secure their support. With this Smith was impressed, but he wanted a week in which to confer with his lieutenants.

The next Saturday the two met at Delmonico's again and, as Harvey expressed it to Inglis, 'Smith came to the scratch in fine form.' He had satisfied himself that the rank and file of the party could be held constant in support of whatever candidate he favored, and that there was really a strong spirit of insurgence among the Republicans. He was therefore willing to accept Wilson, and practically dictate his nomination, if Harvey could assure him that Wilson would accept. There was, however, one serious difficulty in the way. He, Smith, was popularly regarded as the autocratic boss of his party, who dictated all important nominations. Many would, therefore, doubtless say that he had dictated the nomination of Wilson, and, as a United States Senator was to be chosen the next year, they would say that he was making use of Wilson as a stool pigeon, just to secure his own return to the Senate. Was there not danger that this would repel the independent and anti-boss Republican support which they needed?

Harvey replied that there was such danger, and that this phase of the case had occurred to him and had given him much

serious thought, without his being able to devise a solution of the problem. This was, of course, a courteous and diplomatic way of telling Smith that he himself must provide the solution.

Then, indeed, Smith did 'come to the scratch in fine form.' He proposed to get rid of the difficulty by an act of self-sacrifice. He would, if Harvey thought well of it, immediately make a formal announcement to the effect that he was not and would not be a candidate for the Senatorship, and that under no circumstances would he accept reelection even if it were offered to him.

'But,' said the prudent and prescient Harvey, 'wouldn't that bring us into another trouble? You have many political friends upon whom you will have to depend for your control of the convention. They are interested only in you and your political fortunes, and they don't care the proverbial three whoops in Hades for Wilson. Isn't there danger that such an announcement from you would chill their ardor and deter them from putting forth their best energies?'

Smith agreed that there was such danger, and so, as a last resort, he proposed and Harvey accepted a temporizing policy. There was no immediate need of saying anything about the matter. But if at any time during the campaign, either before or after the nominating convention, Harvey was convinced that Smith's potential candidacy for the Senatorship was doing harm to Wilson, Smith would instantly make public a declaration that he would not accept the Senatorship again under any circumstances. With that Harvey was fully satisfied, and he thereupon set out to secure Wilson's promise to accept the nomination for the Governorship.

This was a delicate and difficult task. Wilson would have been ready enough at any time to accept a nomination for the Presidency; but having been so much talked about for the Presidency, he was inclined to regard the Governorship as beneath his dignity. He knew too little of practical politics to understand Harvey's strategy, and to realize that the road from Princeton to Washington lay through Trenton; and such were the peculiarities of his temperament — or temper — that it would not be easy to explain the matter to him without offense. Moreover, he was rapidly approaching the climax of

his battle at the university, and to withdraw any attention therefrom in favor of politics would militate against his chances of victory. Also, if he were doomed to defeat at Princeton, he preferred to fall fighting, rather than seem to run away.

A few weeks after this second conference with Smith, Harvey was invited to Princeton, to address a woman's club in which Mrs. Wilson was interested. He took Mrs. Harvey with him, and they spent the night with the Wilsons. Harvey spent several hours that evening in trying to secure Wilson's promise to accept. Finally, as Harvey related the incident to Inglis the next day, he said to Wilson:

'It all resolves itself to this. If I can handle the matter so that the nomination for the Governorship shall be tendered to you on a silver platter, without your turning a hand to obtain it, and without any requirement or suggestion of any pledge whatsoever, what do you think would be your attitude? That is all that is necessary for me to know. I do not ask you to commit yourself, even confidentially.'

Wilson walked up and down the room for several minutes, without a word, evidently in deep thought. Then he said, slowly:

'If the nomination for Governor should come to me in that way, I should regard it as my duty to give the matter very serious consideration.'

That was all. It was not entirely satisfactory. It made Harvey feel, as he had already on several occasions felt, that he was likely to have more trouble in handling his own candidate than in overcoming his opponents. But it was all that could be got from Wilson at the time. So Harvey returned to New York the next morning, and told Smith what Wilson had said. Smith was a little disappointed, but perforce accepted the situation, and even pronounced it satisfactory — for the time being. A few weeks later, Harvey went to England on his yearly visit, and on the eve of his departure he had another conference with Smith, in which it was agreed that he should return as early as possible, probably in May, and that meanwhile the campaign should merely mark time, *in statu quo*.

Harvey was detained in England for a month longer than he had expected, and it was getting late in June when he re-

turned. Meantime politics in New Jersey had got almost to the boiling point. It was obvious that there would be a heavy defection of Republican support of that party's ticket, and that the State was pretty certain to go Democratic. Hudspeth and other Democratic aspirants to the Governorship were importuning Smith to show his hand in the game; even demanding that he should do so, under penalty of having them declare their candidacies without waiting for his assent. Smith realized that he could not hold them back much longer, and was on tenterhooks in his eager desire for Harvey's return.

Inglis met Harvey at the steamer and made all this known to him, and together they hastened home to Deal. As Harvey entered his house, the telephone bell was ringing, insistently. 'That sounds like Smith, now,' said Harvey, laughing. And he was right. Smith was calling from his home at Elberon, a short distance up the coast, and he insisted upon an immediate interview. Harvey went up to see him that evening, and found that affairs had reached a crisis, in which prompt action was imperative. Smith could not hold his followers in line for another week, without definite assurance that Wilson would accept.

That was Thursday. Harvey telephoned to Wilson, who was still at Princeton, though the university had closed for the summer, and asked him if he could come over to Deal for dinner, on Sunday, for a matter of the utmost importance which would not admit of delay. Wilson replied that he could not very well do so, as he had arranged to take his family to Lyme, Connecticut, on Saturday for the summer. Still, if Harvey felt that his presence at Deal was absolutely necessary, he would come down from Lyme on Sunday. This was satisfactory to Harvey, and so it was arranged. Smith was, of course, to be at Deal on Sunday, to be at the dinner and personally meet Wilson.

On Saturday morning, as Harvey, at his office, was telling Inglis what had been done and was to be done, the telephone rang, and Harvey's secretary, Herbert E. Bowen, announced that Colonel Henry Watterson was calling from the Manhattan Club, with an invitation for Harvey to come and have lunch with him. Harvey rose to answer the call, and then bade Bowen tell Watterson that he would speak to him in a

few minutes. For several minutes he sat, silent and meditating. Then —

‘Inglis, I am beginning to think that the hand of Providence is in this business. Watterson is the very man that I need. I am not at all certain that Senator Smith wants Wilson. In fact, I am pretty sure that now, with Democratic success probable, he would prefer some one else. He has already discharged his obligation to me, fully; and more. I have no further claim on him. And I am wholly in the dark as to Wilson. I have not seen him for months and have no idea what may have happened to change his mind. I expect that I shall find them both somewhat offish, not only toward each other, but also toward me. I need help. And Watterson can give me the help I need, better than any other man in the country. Now the question is, can I get him? I’m going to try.’

So Bowen called up Watterson, and Harvey told him that it was quite impossible for him to accept the invitation to lunch, but that he would like very much for him to come to Deal that day, to stay over Sunday; adding that he wanted to see him on a matter of most urgent importance. Watterson replied that he could not, since he had a dinner engagement for that evening, and a number of engagements for Sunday; however, as Harvey was so insistent, he would break the latter engagements, and come down to Deal on Sunday morning. Thus everything seemed settled, and Harvey and Inglis went home to Deal and played golf for the rest of the day.

That evening, however, a bomb was exploded. As they sat at dinner on the porch, a telegram was brought, for Harvey. He opened the envelope, read the message, returned it to the envelope, and went on with his dinner without a word, and without a change of countenance that Inglis could perceive. But Mrs. Harvey’s eyes were better.

‘Something has happened to disappoint you,’ she said. ‘What is it?’

‘Nothing but this,’ and he handed her the message. She read it, and passed it to Inglis. It was dated at the New Haven station, where Wilson had stopped for a few minutes on his way to Lyme; and it read:

‘No Sunday train from Lyme before late evening. Extremely sorry.’

So that was that, and the fat was all in the fire again.

'Well, I'm glad of it!' said Mrs. Harvey, with decision. 'You've been working yourself nearly to death over this business, and I'm glad you're to be rid of it!'

'Maybe, my dear,' he replied with a smile, 'that is because you don't like Wilson.'

'Well, I'm glad of it, anyway,' was her spirited rejoinder.

For a few minutes they sat in silence; Harvey thoughtful, Inglis literally benumbed with disappointment at such an ending of his three years' work. Then Harvey roused himself.

'Something must be done,' he said, 'now or never. What shall it be?'

Inglis, resolute and resourceful, rose to the occasion.

'If it wouldn't seem,' he said, 'too much of a reflection upon Dr. Wilson's initiative and resource, I'd go up myself and fetch him down.'

Then he pointed out that Lyme was only a few miles from New London, where there were plenty of Sunday trains. He could get from Deal to New York in time to catch the midnight train for Boston. That would land him at New London early Sunday morning. He would telegraph ahead to have a good driver with a swift automobile waiting for his commands. He would break the speed limits to Lyme, get Wilson, and rush back to New London to catch the 12:35 train for New York. That would bring Wilson to Deal in time for dinner. And thus it was done.

But not without further vicissitudes. Inglis set out from Deal, with Harvey's whimsical farewell in his ears:

'If you don't fetch him, don't come back. Go and commit hari-kiri; and don't send any word.'

On the train to New York, Inglis was stricken with a painful illness that almost disabled him; but kept on. At four in the morning he was at New London, where he went to a hotel for a few hours of sleep before proceeding to Lyme. At eight o'clock, still suffering agonies, he started for Lyme. The distance was less than twenty miles, but the car was old and slow, the roads were atrocious, and it was nearly half-past ten when they reached Lyme. Not knowing just where to find Wilson, they ran some distance beyond his house. There the car broke down. While the driver tried to fix it for the return

trip, Inglis hastened afoot to Wilson's house, and met him at the door, just starting for church.

'Colonel Harvey asked me,' he said, 'to drop in and bring you down to dinner this evening!'

'Oh,' replied Wilson; 'then I'll have to put some things in a bag. Excuse me while I do so.'

There was no hesitation, no reluctance; no need of Inglis's making the pleas and arguments which he had been preparing in his mind. Perhaps things would come out all right, after all. While Wilson packed his bag, Inglis went back to see how repairs on the car were proceeding, and found them done. A jolt on the bad road had caused one of the steel balls in an axle bearing to split; and by one chance in ten million, the driver happened to have in his pocket an exact duplicate of it, which he had picked up on the road the day before! Surely, Harvey had been right when he said that the hand of Providence was in the matter! Nothing short of that could thus have brought victory out of apparent disaster. When he got back to Wilson's house, Inglis found him with his suitcase packed, ready for the trip. Mrs. Wilson made a smiling remark about his failure to go to church on his first Sunday at Lyme; to which Wilson replied,

'But Colonel Harvey has sent for me.'

And that settled that.

The return trip was made without any mishap or delay. Harvey met them with a car at Red Bank, and, as Inglis had sent no word whatever, a look of profound relief appeared upon his very anxious face when he saw Wilson emerge from the train. And at seven o'clock they sat down to dinner at Deal, with Smith, Watterson, and a few other guests.

The dinner was worthy of the trouble it had cost. From an epicurean point of view it was so perfect that even poor Inglis forgot his suffering. From the social and intellectual point of view, it was as brilliant as was to be expected in the harmonious conjunction of minds of exceptional vivacity and charm. Smith was quiet, as was his wont, though genial and appreciative. Wilson and Watterson were at their best as raconteurs and epigrammatists. Harvey as host was as delightful to his guests as he was himself delighted at their presence.

Yet beneath the brilliance there was an undercurrent of

what Wilson a few years later was to call watchful waiting. All four knew well why they were there. It was not merely to eat and drink; nor to enjoy a literal feast of reason and flow of soul. For either of those purposes it would have been abundantly worth while. But it was for something more. It was to determine the political destiny of one of the company, and a destiny with which the welfare of the Nation might be essentially implicated. 'Each heart,' wrote Taylor —

Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

So each of this company related a different anecdote, discussed a different theme, but all were thinking under their breath of Wilson's candidacy. Smith was appraising him as a prospective Governor of New Jersey. Watterson was weighing him against Judson Harmon as a potential President of the United States. Wilson was scrutinizing the others and meditating upon the wisdom of entrusting his fortunes to their hands. Harvey was intent upon bringing his three guests to think as he thought and to see as he saw.

After the coffee was served, all others withdrew and left the Big Four to themselves, for an undisturbed consideration of the questions which had been dominant in their minds all the evening. The four remained together until near midnight. Then Smith, silent, but smiling as if well pleased, motored away to his home at Elberon, leaving Wilson and Watterson to spend the night at Harvey's. In the morning the three went up to New York together. On reaching that city, Watterson hastened to go uptown, while Harvey and Wilson engaged in earnest conversation for some minutes as a postlude to the conference of the preceding evening. Finally, as they were about to part, Wilson said that he did not think it would be fair to accept the nomination, which would presumably mean his departure from Princeton, without first notifying some friends in Chicago, who had been supporting him loyally and generously in his conflict at the university. He would write to them at once, he said, and should get replies to his letters in three days.

'It would be better to go in person and tell them,' replied Harvey. 'You can get there and back more quickly than letters; and there is no time to lose.'

'I'll go,' said Wilson, turning away. 'Good-bye!'

The men whom Wilson wished to see were David B. Jones, to whom he had already written on the subject, Thomas D. Jones, Cyrus H. McCormick, and William B. McIlvaine, all trustees of Princeton University. Learning that Wilson was going out there to see them, Smith instantly wrote to one of his confidential friends in Chicago, suggesting that he get another friend, who would have much influence with the four, to see them before Wilson could and urge them to approve Wilson's political plans. The outcome was that four days later Wilson returned from Chicago and told Harvey that he would accept the nomination if it came to him in a satisfactory way. Thus Wilson and Smith were at one on the question of the Governorship; and so were Wilson and Watterson on the question of the Presidency, 'Marse Henry' being won through the discovery that Mrs. Watterson and Mrs. Wilson were cousins.

It may be added that Wilson, in his letter to David B. Jones, said plainly what he later said personally to all four of the Chicago men, that his nomination for the Governorship would be the mere preliminary of a plan to nominate him for the Presidency in 1912.

It was now time to take others into confidence and consultation. Upon Wilson's return from Chicago, Harvey on July 12 entertained him at a luncheon at the Lawyers' Club in New York, to meet a number of important New Jersey politicians. Smith was not present, but he sent as his personal representative Robert S. Hudspeth, the New Jersey member of the Democratic National Committee and the man whom he meant to run for Governor if Wilson backed out. Others at the luncheon were James R. Nugent, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee and Smith's most active and efficient lieutenant; Eugene F. Kinkead, a Representative in Congress; Richard V. Lindabury, one of the foremost lawyers of the State, counsel for J. P. Morgan and Company and for the United States Steel Corporation; and Miles Ross, the Democratic leader of Harvey's section of the State. All were practical politicians, all were somewhat suspicious of Wilson, and Wilson was probably equally suspicious of them.

Hudspeth was the chief spokesman, and he put to Wilson

three direct and searching questions. The first was, Would Wilson accept the nomination? The reply was, Yes; if it were offered to him without a contest; but he would not scramble for it. The second was, Would he recognize the Democratic organization? To that also the reply was, Yes. The third and most embarrassing was, What was his attitude on the liquor question? To this Wilson replied that he was not a Prohibitionist, that he did not think the question was properly a political one, and that he favored leaving it to each community, to settle as it pleased. But, Hudspeth reminded him, that was just what the Democratic Party did not want; it was opposed to local option. No matter, said Wilson; that was his position on the subject, and he would not change it. That was not altogether satisfactory to Hudspeth and his colleagues, but they let it pass; for, after all, it was the Legislature and not the Governor that made laws. The net result of the meeting was, to confirm Wilson's promise to accept the nomination. This luncheon-conference was held so quietly that practically nobody knew anything about it save those who were there, and no publicity was given to it after the event. It was thought that it might, for politic reasons, be expedient, if not actually to dissemble, at least to leave the public uninformed concerning some details of the campaign. But from that date the campaign was on, in irrevocable earnest. And no longer was it merely the campaign of Harvey and his lieutenant, Inglis. The Democratic organization of New Jersey was committed to its prosecution.

Not yet had the un-American system of direct primary nominations, in later years so fecund of corruption and defeat of the popular will, been foisted upon the State. The old system of local primaries and representative conventions still prevailed. Wherefore Smith and his lieutenants began diligently working for the election of delegates to the State Convention who would vote for Wilson. The convention was to be held at mid-September, so that there were just two months in which to prepare for it.

CHAPTER XVII

COACHING A CANDIDATE

HARVEY'S own work was by no means done, even when the Democratic organization — euphemism for machine — took hold of the campaign. He might, indeed, at the close of the Lawyers' Club meeting, have taken to himself the words of John Paul Jones, 'I have not yet begun to fight!' He had found it by no means easy — if it be not derogatory to use the familiar adage — to lead a horse to water; and it was likely to be still more difficult to make him drink. Thereafter letter-writing most multitudinous, the holding of conferences, and above all the patient and sagacious coaching of a candidate who was at once inexperienced and headstrong, were to take up much of that eventful summer.

While Wilson was at times almost incredibly indiscreet and obstinate toward others, toward Harvey he was notably tractable and submissive. He continually deferred to his judgment, sought his advice, and begged his aid; and Harvey's letters show how frequently he had to respond to such calls. Every two or three days, sometimes two or three times a day, he received letters, notes, or dispatches from Wilson, all of which he had to answer for the sake of his own supreme aim. Thus, immediately after Wilson's return from Chicago, and before the Lawyers' Club meeting, he had to soothe his irritation and dismay at being approached by a New York reporter, who asked him whether he was really 'standing in with the Interests' in a job which had been 'put up' by Harvey, Smith, and Roger Sullivan, of Illinois!

When Wilson went to Lyme, a few days later, Harvey soon had to give him advice as to what to do about Mayor Wittpenn, of Jersey City, who had gone thither to tell him in the friendliest way that he would have to be his rival in the convention, since his own candidacy for the Governorship had gone too far for him to withdraw. Harvey approved his telling Wittpenn practically what he had said at the Lawyers' Club, that only if the nomination came to him without his

having to scramble for it would he deem it his public duty to accept it. Thus the two men were kept on the friendliest of terms. Wittpenn, it may be remembered, was the one conspicuous Progressive among the Democratic aspirants, and as such did not enjoy the favor of Smith and his organization.

Two days later, Harvey had to deal with another problem, when an article in the news columns of 'The New York World' so forced Wilson's hand that he telegraphed a statement to some leading New Jersey papers; and thereby incurred the resentment of some other would-be candidates by the confidence which he expressed in his own success. Then there was the question of the elimination of other candidates so as to secure the unanimous vote upon which Wilson's heart was set. And finally Harvey had to put into practical shape some suggestions of resolutions for the party platform which Wilson sent him — two months in advance of the convention which would adopt them. The charge that he was the candidate of 'the Interests,' and also that he was an enemy of organized labor, had to be met — altogether a pretty large order for one day's letter-writing. Harvey had to exercise his best tact in reminding Wilson that entire unanimity would not be desirable, even if it were possible, because it would make the convention look as though it were gagged and boss-ruled; and that rival candidates could scarcely be removed from the field against their will. He had a few days later to counsel him concerning the candidacy of Frank Katzenbach, whom Wilson supposed to have been put out of the race before he himself entered it, but who seemed certain to command the solid support of his — and Wilson's — home county of Mercer. Harvey explained to him that while it might be unwelcome, yet it would not be disastrous or disgraceful, as he seemed to fear, to have that county go against him.

Early in August, Wilson found himself much pursued by reporters, but purposed to grant them no interviews until after the convention. Presently, however, his hand seemed to be in danger of being forced again, and he uttered a long and loud call for Harvey's help. One of his former pupils, a Democratic County Committeeman from Bergen County, had told him that his silence was becoming embarrassing and harmful, and that the committee would send him a

questionnaire, which he really must fill out, telling his attitude toward the liquor question, popular election of Senators, direct primary nominations, control of public utilities, and other current issues of a highly controversial kind. Out of this quandary Harvey had to conduct him, in a way that would cause no detrimental complications and would not seem timorous, but would carefully avoid a blunder.

Harvey's next task was to take up again the matter of the platform, for which Wilson sent him another sheaf of suggestions. It seemed desirable that they should have a face-to-face conference over this, and Harvey arranged with him to do so, in Boston, Harvey himself being then in New England on a brief but much-needed vacation. First, however, each of them would make his own best draft, so as to have something tangible to work upon when they met. Again there arose the question of Wilson's issuing a statement of creed and policy, whether before or after the primaries at which delegates to the convention would be chosen; and when, and how, and to whom. To all Wilson's appeals Harvey responded, probably much more patiently than Wilson would have replied to the questions of a pupil at Princeton.

Publicity was inevitable, and Wilson began to welcome it instead of shunning it. About the middle of August, a newspaper woman whom he knew well went to Lyme to prepare a sketch of him, for a Trenton or a Newark paper, and Wilson was most desirous that Inglis should come, also, and 'write him up.' Inglis was, of course, ready and glad to go. But first he was summoned by Harvey to Boston, where the conference with Wilson about the platform resolutions was to be held. Harvey and Wilson had each prepared a set, and they spent several hours together, in comparing them and combining them into one. To only one item in Harvey's draft did Wilson take exception. That was the resolution in favor of popular election of United States Senators.

'I don't believe in that,' said Wilson.

'Neither do I,' said Harvey, 'and I'll strike it out if possible; but I am very much afraid the convention will insist upon leaving it in, or putting it in if it isn't in the draft submitted to it.'

By this time Wilson realized that a political campaign was

not all beer and skittles, but contained many unwelcome and irritating things; with which he could not deal as he would with a refractory student. Harvey was always much given to scrutinizing newspaper clippings on topics of concern to himself, and he had asked Inglis to bring to him all that had recently been collected; and the three went over them together. One of the first out of the package was a cartoon from a Newark paper — which later was Wilson's strongest supporter — portraying Wilson as a tired-out horse, drawing a cart into which Harvey was assisting Smith to climb — on his way to the Senate. Wilson, whose sense of humor was sadly deficient in cases when the joke was upon himself, was much offended and disturbed at this. Harvey, on the other hand, laughed at it good-naturedly, and told Wilson that such things were inevitable, and that he would probably meet with more, and worse ones, before the campaign ended. Neither of the two men would have emulated Émile de Girardin when he forbade his servant to erase the words 'Émile de Girardin is a thief!' which somebody had chalked upon the pavement in front of his house, saying, 'It will be a good advertisement!' But while Harvey would have smiled indulgently and wondered if his foe would take the trouble to write it again after it was washed off, Wilson would have exhibited a pettish and querulous rage strangely incongruous in so great a scholar and philosopher. As to the implication in the cartoon, that Smith was seeking the Senatorship, Harvey said:

'I have his authority to withdraw him absolutely whenever, if at all, I consider it necessary, but I don't dare to do it before the convention. That is a purely party matter, and Smith is going to need all the help he can get from the workers who want him for Senator, but are not enthusiastic over you for the Governorship. It may become necessary to ask him to stand aside after the nomination, but not before. There is nothing to do but to grin and bear it.'

During that visit to Boston, Harvey conveyed to Wilson an invitation from Robert Winsor, of the great banking house of Kidder, Peabody and Company, to be his guest at a dinner at the Union Club, and succeeded in getting the two men much interested in each other. The contact thus established proved of practical value to Wilson in securing him the electoral vote

of Massachusetts in 1912. In the afternoon preceding that dinner, Harvey took Inglis out to Beverly, to have tea with President Taft, who was spending the summer there, and late that night observed:

'You have had a rare experience, Inglis. You have taken tea with one President and dinner with another, on the same day!'

As the date of the convention drew near, Harvey and Wilson busied themselves with completing all preparations for it. Harvey made the final draft of the platform, entirely to Wilson's liking, and also prescribed in detail just what Wilson should do when the convention met. He was to go secretly to his home at Princeton, and remain there in hiding, just as though there were no such things in the world as politics, politicians, and nominating conventions. At the proper time, after the convention had assembled and all the politicians were in it, Harvey would send Inglis up for him. The distance was only seven miles. He would come to Trenton quietly and entirely unobserved, and go to a private room at the hotel, and there remain secreted until the psychological moment for his appearance at the convention with a 'carefully prepared and memorized extemporaneous speech,' which Harvey outlined for him five days in advance! All this Wilson gratefully declared to be 'excellent.'

Then came the convention, as per schedule.

Harvey took a room at the old Trenton House, the day before the convention was to meet. Smith took a suite, on the first floor. All the other important leaders were there, also, and as many of the early arriving delegates as the house would hold; though the great mass of delegates and their friends would not come until the next morning. Most conspicuous, numerous, and vociferous of all were the partisans of Frank Katzenbach. That was natural, because his home was in Trenton. He had lived there all his life. He was an eminent lawyer, had been a loyal leader of the Democratic Party during its lean years under Republican ascendancy, had given his time, strength, and money freely to promote its interests, and three years before had made a strong run for the Governorship against John Franklin Fort. He had many friends all over the State, as well as in Mercer County, and the Trenton House

and the adjacent streets resounded with the cry of marching hosts: 'Frank deserves it and Frank shall have it!'

That day Harvey and Inglis went to Princeton, for a last-minute conference with Wilson. On their return to Trenton, Harvey reminded Inglis that it would be his task to 'carry Cæsar' down from Princeton, even as he had formerly brought him down from Lyme — 'That is,' he added, reflectively, 'if he is nominated. I hope I can get them to nominate him without seeing him. But after they have nominated him, he must show himself; for it would never do for them to have to go back to their constituents and admit that they had chosen for Governor a man whom they had never even seen.'

That night the Trenton House was Bedlam, Donnybrook, and Primeval Chaos, in epitome. Up and down the corridors, and in the street outside, resounded the rival battle-cries: 'Frank deserves it and Frank shall have it!' 'Wilson's a winner and he's It! Frank can wait!' A cue was taken from the familiar legend of an advertisement which disappeared after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment: 'Just Wilson! That's all!' Amid the uproar, in rooms with locked doors, more quiet but more important business was in progress. Harvey did not attempt to sleep. All night he was in conferences with Smith and others, and seeking information by telephone from all parts of the State. And though serene, as always, he was increasingly anxious; as he had cause to be. Things seemed to be going against him. Tumulty and the other Progressives were implacably opposed to Wilson, and were going to give all their strength to the support of George S. Silzer, an admirable man from Middlesex County. That, the undoubted strength of Katzenbach, and the very considerable following of Wittpenn, seemed to leave Wilson in a hopeless minority.

At about six in the morning Harvey went to Inglis's room and wakened him. His face, says Inglis, was positively ashen.

'Bill,' he said, 'we're up against it. This man Silzer has got the big northern counties away from us, and Smith can't get them back. We've got to put Wilson over on the first ballot, or we'll never do it at all. The Katzenbach men are furious, and on the second ballot will go over to Silzer in a mass, and take enough of our men to nominate him. The cold fact is

that at the present moment we haven't got the votes. But we've got to get 'em! I've just left Smith. He is lying down, in his clothes, but can't sleep. I must sleep a little, if I can. You've had some sleep? Well, go and have some coffee, and wake me at a quarter before eight.

'But, Bill!' he added earnestly, 'for God's sake, don't let a whisper get out about Wilson's being at Princeton. Think of it! Here I have brought him over, all the way from Lyme, to receive the nomination, which I have told him he was certain to get. He doesn't know ten men in the whole convention. He is relying upon me, absolutely and unquestioningly. If we should be beaten, and it should get out that he had come to Princeton, he would be the laughing-stock of his enemies, if not of the whole country, and I should be responsible for it. Can't you see what a personal tragedy it would be? It simply must not be. Now, don't fail me!'

Bill didn't fail him. I don't think he ever failed anybody. He waited for nearly two hours in painful suspense, while Harvey, who had dropped upon his bed without removing anything but his coat, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, physical, nervous, and mental. He had fulfilled the saying of his wife, on the eve of that Sunday dinner at Deal, that he was working himself nearly to death. And at this time he was nearer to being in what philosophers call a blue funk than ever before or afterward in all his life.

The two hours made a difference. Inglis waked him at a quarter before eight, and at eight he was with Smith again, alert and resolute. Now delegates and crowds of their friends and 'boomers' were arriving by every train; from the great counties of Essex and Hudson, in which Smith and little 'Bob' Davis bore sway. They came marching along State Street, and Green Street, and Warren Street, with bands playing Princeton college songs, and banners waving with the legends: 'For Governor, Woodrow Wilson!' 'Just Wilson! That's all!' Things were beginning to look up, and those who knew how to read him could perceive a lurking smile beneath Harvey's impassive visage.

The convention met at noon. Taylor's Opera House, scene of innumerable similar gatherings, but none more momentous or more dramatic than this, was crowded to repletion. After

a prayer and a few formalities, a recess was taken for luncheon. Harvey telephoned to Wilson, at Princeton, to be ready, but to keep himself out of sight. Then to Inglis he gave final instructions:

'It's all right, if Smith can hold Essex County in line; and I think he can. Get your car, and go for Wilson. Take him to my room in the hotel, through the side entrance. Don't let anybody see him, that you can help. Have him here at four o'clock. They can't reach a decisive vote before then. If he is nominated, a committee will call for him. But keep your car waiting at the door. If by any chance he should fail of nomination, you must get him back to Princeton without a soul's knowing that he has been here, or even that he is there. It won't do to humiliate him by putting him in the position of an office-seeker coming here to wait for something that he couldn't get. But if he is nominated, he simply must be here to address the convention. If he makes a speech, he'll win them all. I know what he'll say. But he must be here, to make his speech right away after he is nominated. No power on earth could hold that tired crowd together for an hour after it has done its work.'

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode, for death or life.

His friends used to call Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, 'the Cool of the Evening'; and the phrase might well have been applied to Woodrow Wilson, as he was when Inglis reached his home. Nobody could have been more placid, more serene, apparently more unconcerned — though at heart he was doubtless very deeply concerned; but he showed not anxiety, but confidence. Evidently his good old Presbyterian doctrine of predestination was paramount in that hour. He answered the ringing of the doorbell in person, stepped out upon the porch with a smile, and said: 'I am ready.' That was all. He had on a well-worn sack suit of dark gray and a soft felt hat — in contrast to the frock coat and silk hat which were then still *de rigueur* for political candidates — and bosses. Inglis suggested that he would better take a light overcoat, for he would have to address the convention and would get

heated in doing so, and it would be cool driving home afterward. But he declined. There was no coat where he could find it; and, besides, he was wearing a knitted golfing jacket under his coat. So they got to the Trenton House and to Harvey's room without being recognized.

Meanwhile, in the Opera House, then a gigantic sweat-box, Harvey was anxiously watching the 'big boss,' Smith, dominate the scene. Handsome, dignified, courteous, and always as cool as the proverbial cucumber, the former Senator made an ideal stage manager. The counties were to be called in alphabetical order, for the naming of candidates. Wilson's county was Mercer, but every one of its delegates was for Katzenbach. Besides, it was so far down the list that other candidates would be named before it was reached. And Smith wanted Wilson's name to be presented first of all. So he had a delegate from Atlantic County, Clarence L. Cole, prepared to nominate Wilson, when that county was called at the head of the list. At the mention of Wilson's name there was great applause, all arranged for in advance, and a company of Princeton students, strategically placed, gave their college yell: 'Siss-boom-ah-h-h! Wilson! Wilson!! Wilson!!!' But another Atlantic County delegate protested, declaring himself for Katzenbach. There was a row. Blows were struck. But the situation was saved by Smith, who rose with imperturbable serenity and in his rich, musical voice, seconded the nomination in a felicitous and diplomatic little speech. Then Katzenbach and Silzer and Wittpenn were also placed in nomination. One of the speakers for Katzenbach was Judge Wescott, of Camden, who made a bitter attack upon Wilson and upon 'the bosses' for trying to force him upon the convention; but who was destined in 1912 to put Wilson in nomination for the Presidency at the Democratic National Convention. And one of Silzer's foremost supporters was Joseph P. Tumulty, who became Wilson's private secretary at Trenton and at Washington.

At last the speechmaking was ended, in sheer exhaustion, and the balloting began. 'On the first, or not at all,' had been Harvey's forecast; and on the first he won. The big delegations from Essex and Hudson, and some from other counties, kept their eyes upon Smith, as the members of a great orches-

tra watch for the stroke of the conductor's baton. There was not a single defection. The result of that first and only ballot was decisive. As cast, it was 749 for Wilson, and 658 for the other three, Katzenbach getting over 370, Silzer more than 200, and Wittpenn — the only one with no 'machine' behind him — only 77. There was much confusion, there were split delegations from some counties, and changes were made after some announcements, so that the exact vote was never known. It is probable that Wilson's majority over all was not more than fifty. But that was sufficient.

When the result was announced, a motion was made by one of Katzenbach's men that the nomination be made unanimous, and it was carried; so that Wilson got his unanimity after all, though not in the way he had desired. Then Harvey, who had been watching every move in the game from a stage box, passed secretly a note to the chairman, Judge Hardin, with the result that he, disregarding a cry for adjournment, announced that he had just received word that Woodrow Wilson, who was to be the next Governor of New Jersey and the next President of the United States, had unexpectedly come to his home at Princeton some hours before, and was at that moment on his way to the convention. That kept every delegate and every spectator in place, until the candidate should arrive.

All this time Wilson and Inglis were sitting in Harvey's room at the hotel — waiting, waiting, waiting. They had got there a little before four. At half-past four they were still waiting. But from a friend in a newspaper office Inglis learned, by telephone, that at last they were calling the roll. At five o'clock they were still waiting, and the roll was still being called. At ten minutes past five there was a knock at the door, which Inglis answered. Let me quote the scene from his own inimitable story:

In the corridor stood a very pale man, all in black.

'Is Dr. Wilson here?' he asked eagerly. Was it my imagination or did his voice really tremble? I think his voice trembled. It seemed ominous.

'May I ask who is calling?' I inquired.

'I am Mr. Cole, of Atlantic,' he said. 'I made the nominating speech.'

'Come in,' I invited, and led the way into the sitting-room, where

I introduced him to Dr. Wilson, who had risen and was scrutinizing his visitor's white and serious countenance.

'Dr. Wilson,' said Mr. Cole, 'I have the pleasant duty — to inform you — that you have been nominated — for Governor of New Jersey — on the first ballot — and — and it has been made unanimous.'

'Thanks,' Dr. Wilson answered, 'I am ready.'

They made their way to the car, to the Opera House, to the stage; and Wilson was presented to the men who had just nominated him for Governor, 'sight unseen.' He was received with only partial applause, for nearly half the delegates were still resentful and little less than hostile. But with every word and well-turned phrase he won all hearts, until at the end those who had opposed him most bitterly were loudest in his praise. It was such a personal triumph as few candidates for office have ever equaled. But the gem of his sentences was that in which he declared with all possible solemnity that he felt that he owed his nomination to them, the representatives of the people, alone, and not to any leader or combination of leaders. Whether that utterance should be credited to *sancta simplicitas*, or to sublime audacity, I am thankful that it is not mine to judge. But when I think of the calm, impassive countenances of George Harvey and James Smith, Jr., as they listened to those words and looked into each other's eyes, I am impressed above all else with the superiority of modern men to those of the classic age. For the Roman augurs could not look at each other without grinning!

On the way back to the Trenton House, Wilson turned to Harvey and asked:

'By the way, what was my majority?'

Harvey looked at him, with work-weary eyes, and answered simply,

'Enough!'

And the inquiry was pursued no further.

But the supreme, incomparable, transcendent epigram of the whole play was reserved for the epilogue, and for an unknown tongue. After Inglis had taken Wilson back to Princeton, he hastened to Trenton, and soon was seated at dinner with Harvey, Smith, and some others at a large round table, around which many delegates and visitors were gathered to gaze at the men who had brought about the nomination. And one old fellow, from somewhere on the coast, but whom none of those at the table could identify, pointing to Harvey, and borrowing a phrase from a popular series of cartoons of that day, exclaimed:

'They all said, "Let George do it!" And, by God, George did it!'

CHAPTER XVIII

GOVERNOR WILSON

GEORGE had done it. His candidate was nominated for the Governorship, and by inference, clearly understood and acknowledged by everybody, he was also designated for the presidential nomination two years later. Now it was for Wilson himself, and the Democratic machine which Harvey had used as the vehicle of his nomination, to make his election sure. Harvey deserved and sorely needed rest, and he took it in some measure. He took no active or public part in the campaign. Wilson himself did the most of the speechmaking, and did it so well with what Harvey called his 'fascinating articulation' that he made votes at every meeting. His two principal companions in his tours about the State were the most strangely incongruous pair imaginable, chosen in part for that very reason. One was Tumulty, the young Progressive, who had been Wilson's strongest opponent, but had been converted to his support by the convention speech, and was for ten years thereafter to be his devoted secretary. The other was Nugent, the reactionary boss of the Essex County machine — if not of the whole State, next to Smith himself — who was within a year to become Wilson's bitterest foe. In such company, Wilson could appeal to both wings of the party alike and, like the boy's muskrat trap, 'catch 'em coming or going.'

Harvey took his rest at Deal. But he watched every step and listened to every word of the campaign; and at least once a week he drove up to Smith's place at Elberon for a council of war. Frequently, too, he had to respond to Wilson's requests for advice and aid, just as he had done before the convention. Wilson seemed deeply to appreciate this, and told Harvey so. He had a certain shyness in expressing strong feelings, and was ashamed of it; but he overcame it sufficiently to tell Harvey that he greatly admired his true friendship and his disinterested conduct, and protested that he himself did not deserve to be thus served. In such professions, grateful

as they were, it will be observed that Wilson betrayed at once what I may call his complete obsession of self, and his entire misapprehension of Harvey's aim and motive. He doubtless believed that it was just for his own sake that Harvey was so diligently and indefatigably promoting his political fortunes, and never for an instant suspected what Harvey, of course, for reasons of policy as well as of courtesy, could not even hint to him, to wit: that Harvey was simply using him as the most fit and available instrument for achieving a purpose immeasurably more lofty and more important than the personal advancement of any man, however great and however deserving. That was, as I have already made clear, but can never make too clear and too emphatic, the regeneration of the Democratic Party and through that the reform of the whole governmental system of America.

Some of Harvey's aid was in the preparation of an important speech which was to be given out in advance to the Associated Press. Other was the securing of data concerning the tariff, which Wilson would find more useful two years later in his campaign for the Presidency. Then at the middle of October the ingenious and aggressive George Record, Progressive of the Progressives and arch-enemy of monopolistic corporations, challenged Wilson to a public debate. Wilson would not meet him on the stump, but was ready to answer his letters. Thereupon Record wrote him a long epistle, containing nineteen questions as to Wilson's beliefs and attitude toward various political and economic issues which were then to the fore. Naturally, Wilson sought Harvey's advice, and got it; to so good effect that the press generally regarded Wilson's replies to Record's questions as quite satisfactory and conclusive. As some of the questions related to national affairs, which would come up again in the presidential campaign, Harvey took Watterson into counsel and saw to it that Wilson's letter was satisfactory to him.

Harvey gave much attention to the campaign in 'Harper's Weekly,' and toward its close, on October 22, wrote an editorial which, in view of an incident of a year later, it is pertinent to quote. He said:

It is a remarkable and novel canvass that Woodrow Wilson is making in New Jersey. Abandoning all partisan claptrap at the out-

set, he went straight to the heart of his subject, and not once, in a multitude of small speeches, has he let the main thread slip through his fingers. The foundation of his argument is the simple fact that the Republican leaders owe so much to the special interests which have helped to keep them in power that they cannot honorably break the alliance. . . . He rests his case solely upon the condition that has tied the party in power hand and foot and has left the other free at least to act in the interest of all the people. . . . That the Old Guard, backed by its beneficiaries with unlimited funds, will make a desperate effort at the finish to defeat him by fair means or foul, may be taken for granted. But the people will render the verdict on November 8, as between this most exceptional man responding to a call of civic duty, and the group of men whose impelling motive is mere lust of the power which they have wielded so long to personal advantage and to the shame of the State.

I have cited this, with its condemnatory reference to the 'special interests,' as an index of the stultifying incongruity of the pretense, put forward for an unworthy purpose a year later, that Harvey was the agent of those 'interests' and was using Wilson as a candidate in their behalf. Of that, more later.

Following that, only three days before the election, Harvey printed another brief editorial, forecasting the result at the polls, not alone in New Jersey, but elsewhere. In 1904 and again in 1908 he had made such forecasts, with uncanny accuracy, and now, at risk of marring a national reputation as a political prophet, he tried it again:

We are not a real prophet, but as guesser we beat them all in 1904 and 1908. So we guess again:

That Roosevelt will lose New York by 100,000.

That Woodrow Wilson will carry New Jersey by 40,000.

That Baldwin will carry Connecticut by 5000.

That Harmon will carry Ohio by 25,000.

That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Bass.

That Beveridge will be beaten.

That the Democrats will have a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

That Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and the Hon. John Kean in the United States Senate.

Amen! So be it!

The event was that Roosevelt's candidate, Stimson, lost New York by more than 67,000; that Wilson carried New Jer-

sey by more than 49,000; that Baldwin carried Connecticut by nearly 4000; that Harmon carried Ohio by more than 100,000; that Foss and Bass carried Massachusetts and New Hampshire; that Beveridge was defeated; and that the Democrats secured in the next House a majority of forty-nine. If there is a more remarkable forecast on record in American political history, my researches have not yet disclosed it. As originally written, it was even more true to the event, for Harvey estimated Wilson's majority in New Jersey at 50,000. But when he showed a proof of the article to Inglis, he gasped with incredulity, and reminded Harvey that the Republicans had carried the State two years before by more than 80,000, and that Smith looked for a majority of only between 20,000 and 25,000.

'Well,' said Harvey, with a laugh, 'if you feel that way about it, I will reduce my figures to 40,000; but I will bet you a big red apple that the majority will be nearer 50,000.'

It was, in fact, 49,056.

A fortnight later it was only human nature that Harvey should say in the 'Weekly':

We made ten guesses, viz.:

That Dix, Harmon, Baldwin, Foss, and Bass would win.

That Beveridge, Depew, and Kean would lose.

That the Democrats would elect a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

And that Woodrow Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000.

Most people thought the last guess crazy. We have to confess. It wasn't a guess at all. It was what Hosea Biglow called a prophecy. We knew, all the time.

The nine guesses came true, too.

Harvey had an accomplished artist prepare a fine portrait of Wilson, for the first page of 'Harper's Weekly,' and sent the original, framed, to Mrs. Wilson; which that most gracious lady acknowledged in a letter which, for its unconventional and charming femininity, it is a pleasure to print:

'PROSPECT'

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Nov. 12, 1910

MY DEAR COL. HARVEY:

I am sure that under all the circumstances you will pardon my delay in thanking you for the fine picture of Mr. Wilson. It will be a

constant pleasure, because, being so well framed, I can have it always in evidence. You are certainly most kind and thoughtful.

I need not say that we are a very happy and excited family! Excited chiefly over the *size* of the majority, of course. Yet our gentleman writes that 'great as is the result, it is not so great or wonderful as the *campaign*!' I am more proud of that than anything else.

We are all of us snowed under with mail and all helping Mr. Wilson more or less; so I enclose this to *you* by way of disposing of *one* item!

How I hope all this 'limelight' will make that new edition sell *enormously*! It is very inconvenient for a public man to be penniless. The 'appeals' to aid this and that are already legion! Do you know Mr. Wilson's lectures on the American Government, given at Columbia University, and also given decent burial by the University Press? I have often thought that if some other publishing house could get possession of them and properly advertise them, they would have a large sale (especially now) and be of the utmost value in educating the public.

With many, *many* thanks for all you have done for Mr. Wilson, and with warm regards to Mrs. Harvey and yourself, I am

Yours very sincerely

ELLEN A. WILSON

The enclosure in Mrs. Wilson's letter, of which she spoke, was a note from Wilson expressing concern at the charges which the defeated Republicans were making in the press, that his campaign had been financed by 'the Interests.' To this Harvey replied at length:

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1910

DEAR MR. WILSON:

Thank you for your note.

I enclose a short editorial which will appear in this week's 'Harp-er's Weekly.' Denials would have served only as grist for the mill of misrepresentations during the campaign, but it seems to me that a few words may be said now with propriety.

Everybody who contributed to the campaign expenses through me did so voluntarily, with no expectation that you would ever know of their having done so and, of course, without the slightest anticipation or desire of reward or recognition of any kind. I kept a careful record of the names and, just as a measure of precaution in the event of my falling from an aeroplane or being swallowed by a whale, I wish to put it in your possession.

The Harveys and Harpers were naturally interested very keenly and insisted upon being 'in it.' In this class of loving contributors were J. Henry Harper, E. S. Martin, F. A. Duneka, F. T. Leigh, A. D. Chandler, H. S. Harper, W. O. Inglis, Alma P. Harvey, and Dorothy Harvey.

Others hardly less insistent were fellow golfers and neighbors at Deal. These comprised Frederick H. Eaton, a fellow trustee of yours, I think, on the Mutual Life Board; Thomas G. Patten, George S. Coxe, Leo Schlesinger, F. E. Marshall, Arthur Lipper, J. W. Wooley, George W. Young, and Samuel Sachs.

Others were personal friends, whom I ran across from time to time and who considered it a favor to be permitted to help along, in a way however small, a movement for better government. These were: F. L. Stetson, Wayne MacVeagh, who subscribed himself 'an admirer'; Thomas F. Ryan, 'a Virginia Democrat,' who always responds generously to anything in which I am personally interested; Ethan Allen, A. C. Humphreys, Patrick Calhoun, C. H. Kelsey, B. F. Yoakum, J. D. Crimmins, and J. Hampden Robb.

This is my complete list. You can see that the individual amounts were small and intended merely as evidence of good will, from the fact that, including my own contribution of what seemed proper and happened to be convenient, the total did not quite reach \$10,000.

I do not consider it at all necessary to give you this information, but it does seem desirable to do so, first, as I have said, as a precaution, and, secondly, because I do not want now or ever hereafter to withhold from you any information whatsoever in my possession that might by the remotest chance have a bearing upon your political fortunes.

One other thing: Office-seekers become so eager at times that they consciously or unconsciously misrepresent matters. It was but natural that many should solicit my good offices in their behalf. To all such I have plainly said that, under no circumstances, would I propose or recommend anybody for any place under your administration. This determination I shall adhere to with rigidity.

I feel that this also may be superfluous, but I have always found that a simple understanding of facts beats the very best of inferences 'all holler.'

Now, having bared my soul, I want to beg you to go away somewhere and give your mind and body at least half a chance to 'react' gently. You have a man's job ahead of you and, however little you may feel the need now, you should seize the first opportunity to store up strength for the future. *So much depends!*

Don't mind, please, my saying in closing, as I do from the bottom of my heart, the good old words: 'God bless and keep and help you!'

As ever, faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Wilson was profuse and almost fulsome in his expressions of appreciation of this letter and of thanks for the information which it conveyed; and he seemed to be particularly touched by the fact that Alma and Dorothy Harvey and the members of the staff of Harper's were among the contributors to the fund.

Next there arose the important matter of Wilson's inaugural address, which would forecast his policy as Governor, and would indicate whether he inclined toward the Progressive or the Conservative wing of the party. On this, as before on many occasions, he turned to Harvey for suggestions and advice, which, as before, he received in good measure and to valuable effect. One of the results of this was his presentation, as the very climax and peroration of his address, of a subject which had not figured in the campaign, and which was so unexpected that through the crowded audience in the Opera House — the same in which the nominating convention had been held — there ran a ripple of surprise, and the whispered question, 'What started him on that?' This was the explanation: A few weeks before the inauguration, on December 21, Harvey wrote:

DEAR MR. WILSON:

Is there not an opportunity to do a master-stroke in your inaugural by aiming at something concrete in the way of rectifying the abuses that have grown up in connection with cold-storage warehouses? As you are doubtless aware the law of supply and demand has been wholly subverted by the united action of the big trusts through their control of these warehouses. Take eggs alone: I understand that there are now in the warehouses in New Jersey something like 600,000,000 dozen. They are kept without regard to loss of nutrition or any other consideration for any length of time necessary to keep the market price artificially high. The same iniquitous policy is pursued with regard to beef, mutton, and poultry; heedless of the fact that it has been scientifically demonstrated that foodstuffs kept beyond a certain period lose much of their efficiency and indeed become positively unwholesome.

Now it seems to me that here is a very vital matter whose rectification by the State through legislation provided for inspection and regulation as to time, etc., would not only be in itself a notable reform, but also would stand out in a most striking manner as an illustration of your determination to see that the State does its whole duty, in order that the Federal Government may be relieved of the necessity of constant interference. Also the plan is practical, if statutes could be enacted forbidding the storage of such products beyond the period demonstrated to be fit and proper. The products would be put upon the market while they were still wholesome and the prices would follow the law of supply and demand. It is needless, of course, for me to point out to you that the most urgent and popular cry at the present time is for some definite and concrete method of placing the cost of living upon a natural basis in place of the artificial

standards now maintained. These greedy and conscienceless men do not hesitate to filch excessive sums from the pockets of the people, but even go so far as to imperil the health of the community. All New Jersey and all New York, to say nothing of the rest of the country, would, in my judgment, rise up in glad acclaim at such an instance of your putting your finger on the root of the evil and pointing the simple way to eradicate it. Of course, the scoundrels who profit from such outrageous treatment of the public would raise a howl against attacking a State industry and would threaten to transfer their plants to New York. This would have no effect whatever. New Jersey, at any rate, would be doing her full duty. New York would have to follow suit, and, as it happens, those great warehouses have to be located near the great markets. There have been many spasmodic investigations of these conditions, but they have all come to nothing. I think Kincaid has a bill now pending in Congress, but that is the very kind of thing that ought to be averted as unnecessary. These various inquiries, however, have doubtless brought out all of the bitter facts that would be required for your preliminary purpose.

I should think it probable that Tumulty or Sullivan would have them at their fingers' ends. If not, or if you should prefer, I will put Inglis on the job and have him dig out the data. It really impresses me as being a most rare opportunity for a master-stroke at the psychological moment. I hope you will think so, too.

As ever, faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Wilson was most grateful for this suggestion, which he regarded as admirable and which he instantly adopted. He was just starting for St. Louis, to deliver an address, and he availed himself of Harvey's offer to have Inglis get the facts and figures, and have them ready for him on his return. He then found the data ample, and declared that it would enable him to insert in his inaugural address something of real significance. The result was seen, or heard, when Wilson, in concluding that address, said:

There is a subject which lies a little off the beaten track to which I wish to turn for a moment before I close. The whole country has remarked the extraordinary rise in the prices of foodstuffs in recent years, and the fact that prices are maintained at an intolerably high level at all seasons, whether they be the seasons of plenty or of scarcity. We have a partial remedy at our own hand. . . . It is estimated that most of the food supply of the people of Northern New Jersey, and half the food supply for New York City, is kept in cold-storage warehouses in Hudson County, awaiting the desired state of the market. There is abundant reason to believe that it is the prac-

tice of dealers to seclude immense quantities of beef and other meats, poultry, eggs, fish, etc., in cold storage, in times of abundance, in order that the price of those indispensable foods may be kept high and the foods dealt out only when the market is satisfactory for that purpose, even if the meats and eggs have to be kept for years together before being sold. Figures, said to be actually of record, foot up almost incredible totals of the amounts thus held in waiting, running into millions of heads of cattle, of sheep and lambs, of hogs, millions of pounds of poultry, and hundreds of millions of eggs.

The result is not only to control prices, but also to endanger health, because of the effect of too long storage upon the foodstuffs themselves. . . . The least effect is loss of nutritious quality; the worst, the generation of actual poisons by decay and even putrefaction. . . .

I earnestly urge that the Legislature take up this important matter at the earliest possible time, and push some effective law of inspection and limitation to enactment. It would give me great pleasure to sign a bill that would really accomplish the purpose.

Wilson himself regarded this as probably the most important feature of his address, and it was the one which attracted most attention and provoked most comment. That he owed it entirely to Harvey's initiative and aid is obvious. It is also to be noted that, in making this pregnant suggestion to Wilson, Harvey had something in view far more than merely aiding the Governor whom he had made. That was desirable, of course. But it was still more desirable to 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' He had observed with much concern the sometimes insidious and sometimes open encroachments of the Federal Government upon the reserved rights of the States; and he perceived that opportunity and even cause for this were at times given by the refusal, or at any rate the failure, of States to enact measures urgently needed for the welfare of the people. Not long before, Elihu Root, speaking on this theme, had declared that to serve the welfare of the people was the object of all democratic or republican government, and that if the State Governments would not render such service, the National Government must. The best way in which the States could defend their rights was by doing their duty. This was precisely Harvey's view, and that was why in his letter to Wilson he spoke of the desirability of relieving the Federal Government from the necessity of constant interference in State affairs.

Nor should it escape attention that in this letter he made additionally absurd in advance the subsequent charge that he was acting for 'the Interests' — 'the Interests,' to wit, which he characterized as greedy and conscienceless scoundrels!

Following hard upon this came the matter of the United States Senatorship, which had engaged much of Wilson's thought before his inauguration, and concerning which he had already consulted Harvey. Briefly, these were the circumstances: The Senator was to be elected by the Legislature. But on the ballots at the recent popular election provision had been made for the expression of preferences by the voters; these to have no mandatory force, but to be merely advisory. This device was disregarded by James Smith, the former Senator, and by all others, save James E. Martine. He was a wealthy, amiable, and eccentric gentleman, who exulted in the name of 'Farmer Jim,' and for many years had been putting himself forward as a candidate for all sorts of public offices, humble and exalted, but never had been elected to one. On this occasion he exerted himself to so much effect that he got some thousands of voters to declare for him for the Senatorship, while practically no votes were cast for any one else.

Had the Legislature been left to its own counsels, it would unquestionably have ignored Martine's candidacy and, by virtue of its Democratic majority, would have elected Smith. This it would have had a perfect legal right to do; and it would have done so because Smith was incomparably better qualified for the office than Martine, who in fact was not qualified for it at all. This contrast between the two men was recognized and openly admitted by Wilson, who said that if Smith were sent to the Senate he would doubtless acquit himself with honor, while to send Martine thither would be ridiculous. He knew, too, that Smith was quite free to be a candidate, since there had been no occasion during the campaign for him to renounce such candidacy, as he had declared himself willing to do if necessary for the election of Wilson. Nevertheless, Wilson insisted that Martine must be elected, and literally compelled the Legislature, under the whip and spur of threatened executive displeasure, to elect him. His pretext was, not so much that Martine had received the silly

little preferential vote, but that Smith's election would offend the Progressives to whom he — Wilson — owed his own election to the Governorship.

That Wilson was sincere in this may be conceded to be true — as true as that he owed his election as Governor primarily to Harvey's initiative and secondarily to the efficient work of Smith and his machine. Nevertheless, the suspicion arose, and was subsequently deepened into a strong impression, that he was deliberately forcing a pretext or an opportunity for a breach with Smith, whom he regarded as no longer useful to him, but, on the contrary, as detrimental to him in the course which he purposed to pursue. It was this view of his action in the Senatorship case that moved the urbane and courteous Nugent publicly to denounce him as an ingrate. But in all this controversy, one of the most violent and bitter that New Jersey had known for years, Harvey took no public part. It was no business of his. His job had been to make Wilson Governor, which he had done, and thereafter it would be to make him President. Smith was his warm and loyal personal friend, and he doubtless disliked to see him suffer a grievance. Yet even that consideration, which in any lesser case would have been potent, was dwarfed by the side of the great aim which he had so constantly in view.

Harvey's only action in the matter was that of counseling with Smith, at Smith's request. About a week after the election, Smith asked Harvey to come and see him in Newark, and then told him that many of his friends were urging him to be a candidate for the Senate, insisting that he had been as much a candidate before the people as had Wilson, and that he was entitled to election as a vindication against the attacks that had been made upon him during his former term at Washington. For some reasons he would welcome such a vindication, though on personal grounds he was not inclined to return to Washington. But he wanted Harvey's advice, and he wished that Harvey would ascertain what would be Wilson's attitude toward his candidacy. Harvey replied that he would be willing to undertake this mission, but he thought that it would be far better for Smith himself to go directly to Wilson and discuss the matter with him. This Smith did, visiting Wilson at Princeton.

From that interview with Wilson, Smith hastened back to Harvey; cool and placid externally, as always, but within raging. He reported that he had talked with Wilson, and that while he himself sought the interview with his mind undecided as to what to do, and ready to discuss the matter in a reasonable spirit, Wilson's manner was such as to leave little room for further negotiations.

'I suppose,' said Harvey — as reported by Inglis, who was present on this occasion — 'that he is opposed to your becoming a candidate?'

'Yes.'

'To what extent? Do you gather from what he said that he would take no part in your behalf, leaving it all to the Legislature; or that he would merely disapprove; or that he would actively oppose you?'

'I think,' replied Smith, very deliberately, 'that he means to fight me. He talked courteously enough, but back of his polite words there seemed to be something arbitrary and autocratic. In any case, I came away indignant.'

'Well,' returned Harvey, 'what are you going to do? Of course, if Mr. Wilson should keep his hands off, or mildly disapprove, you would be elected without difficulty; but in view of what will happen if he makes a determined effort, even perhaps going on the stump to defeat you, it seems to me that the probable result of such a contest would have a distinct bearing upon your decision.'

'It does, of course; and that is what I want to talk with you about.'

'Well, what is your opinion?'

Smith was silent for a couple of minutes; then said slowly:

'I think he can beat me. What is your opinion?'

'I am disposed to think so, too. Now, what are you going to do?'

Smith again sat silent for some time. Then, rising to his feet, he said, with obviously intense feeling:

'Well, by God! I guess I'll let him beat me!'

There was silence for another space. Then Harvey, evidently much disturbed by the prospect which Smith's words suggested, asked quietly:

'Well, Senator, since you have reached your decision, I

suppose you would like to know where I shall stand in the matter?'

'That is what I am here for.'

Harvey rose, walked about the room, and then said:

'Senator, if you want to go back to Washington, it goes without saying that I should be glad to have you go. You have done everything in this whole matter that I have asked you to do, and done it generously and at not little sacrifice. You can rest assured, of course, that if you adhere to your determination, I will not do a thing to impair your chances. But I ask you to consider this: As you know, it is a matter of indifference to me who is Governor of New Jersey. My sole purpose in asking you to make Wilson Governor was to give him a stepping-stone to the Presidency. From that viewpoint, of course, his election as Governor is merely the first move. So, while acknowledging my tremendous obligation to you, without whose aid nothing could have been accomplished, I put it to you whether you ought to expect me to do anything that might make it impossible for me to continue to advocate Mr. Wilson's nomination for the Presidency. I shall not say that I shall consider myself bound by your judgment, but, in the circumstances, feeling as I do a deep sense of gratitude to you, I naturally shall attach great weight to it.'

'I understand that,' replied Smith, 'and I admit the justice of it. Of course, while I think he can beat me, I am not sure. Anyhow, I shall put up the best fight I can, and if it is close at the finish a few of the Assemblymen whom you might be able to influence might turn the scale. But I have no right to ask you to get into the wrangle, and I don't. Wilson will undoubtedly charge that I had agreed not to become a candidate, and that it was in consequence of such an agreement that he accepted the nomination. You know that is not true; that I never went further than to express a willingness to get out if my staying in was going to endanger his chances of election. A question of veracity is therefore likely to arise. But I say to you now that I shall not, at any time, no matter what the situation may be, ask you to back me up on that point. Your doing so would, of course, involve a break between you and Wilson, and I have no right to demand that. If you will keep your hands off entirely, I shall be satisfied.'

'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely sure.'

That ended the matter between these two friends. Smith was overwhelmingly beaten in his contest with Wilson. But he and Harvey continued to be as good friends as ever, and Harvey's relations with Wilson were unimpaired.

To this drama there was a delicious epilogue. Shortly after the defeat of Smith and the election of the absurd and impossible 'Farmer Jim,' Harvey and Wilson met, and the latter began speaking of the scheme of direct primary nominations of candidates, as a substitute for the old system of representative conventions. He declared himself strongly inclined in its favor, and he asked Harvey what he thought of it.

Harvey did not care to disagree directly with him, though he did not himself believe in the primary system; so he replied that he had not sufficiently investigated it to feel warranted in expressing any decisive judgment.

'I have, however,' he continued, with his irrepressible humor, 'looked into it a little, here at home; and here I find James E. Martine made United States Senator by virtue of the primary system, and Woodrow Wilson made Governor by the worst boss-ridden convention ever held in the State. That is as far as I have got in comparison of results.'

Wilson hesitated and looked blank for a moment. Then the grotesquerie of the thing appealed to even his imperfect sense of humor, and he roared with laughter.

CHAPTER XIX

FORWARD TO WASHINGTON!

WILSON, by the grace of George Harvey, was Governor of New Jersey, and had won the first big battle of his administration. He was thus firmly established as the autocrat of his party in that State, with great prestige throughout the whole country. It was therefore possible for Harvey to turn his attention from this preliminary work to the principal and crowning work to which he had devoted himself. Trenton had been reached and won. The next and final goal was Washington. Fifty years before, another brilliant and impetuous journalist, Charles A. Dana, had written in 'The New York Tribune' a series of articles the burden of which was the impassioned war-cry, 'Forward to Richmond!' His intention was good, but his judgment was bad; and the campaign which he thus incited led to Bull Run. Now Harvey began a more extended series of articles, the burden of which was, Forward to Washington! and thus urged on a campaign which was to end, not like that other, in disaster, but in victory.

The keynote was eloquently sounded in the editorial in 'Harper's Weekly' in which he commented upon Wilson's triumph over Smith in the Senatorship contest. He would not, of course, exult over the defeat of his friend Smith. But he could and did exult in the valor and the resolution of Wilson, and in the applause he had won throughout the Nation. 'We doubt,' he said, 'if a more daring act was ever performed in American politics. Governor Wilson not only jeopardized the success of his administration, but also hazarded his political fortunes. He could not but know that, in taking the stand he did against Mr. Smith, he was inviting the antagonism, not of that established leader alone, but of all like him throughout the country. Most men would have hesitated long before taking a step which might easily have proved fatal, and we are not sure that the public would not have held such conduct pardonable, under the circumstances. But the Governor did not fancy the inevitable suspicion that he had either been a

party to fooling the people or had been fooled himself. . . . So far as the country is concerned, Governor Wilson's action has won universal commendation, and his daring has captured the imaginations of the people more completely than anybody, except possibly Clay, Blaine, and Roosevelt, has succeeded in doing before. Already he is hailed as the Knight Errant of the New Democracy, and as such will be nominated for President in opposition to William H. Taft.'

Next, Harvey went South on a missionary tour. He was invited to address the Sons of Saint Patrick at Savannah, on Saint Patrick's Day, and it was his purpose to make his speech an elaborate argument and plea for the nomination and election of Wilson. There would be an interesting fitness in doing this, for the reason that the city of Savannah had been the boyhood home of Wilson, with which he had ever since maintained sympathetic relations. But at the last moment he was compelled to modify his plan. After his arrival at Savannah, he was informed by those in charge of the dinner that all partisan politics would be debarred. But with the ingenuity and audacity which never failed him, he made the very address which he had intended and had prepared, but made it theoretically non-political by mentioning no party and no candidate, but dwelling upon the desirability of electing an ideal man of his own portrayal, every feature of whom was instantly and unmistakably recognized as belonging to Wilson. The audience perceived the trick and applauded it to the echo; so that as a campaign speech it was probably much more effective than it would have been if delivered as originally intended.

Harvey published in 'The North American Review' for March, 1911, a remarkable article on 'The Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson,' which is of permanent interest as an analytical commentary on presidential campaigns in general. His argument was that the nomination by one party of a candidate of a certain type practically compelled the other party to nominate one of the opposite type. This had notably been the rule in recent years. Thus the nomination of the Conservative gold-standard McKinley in 1896 compelled the counter-nomination of the Radical free-silver Bryan. In 1900, the renomination of McKinley on a record of

acquisition of the Philippines and Porto Rico compelled the renomination of Bryan on an anti-expansionist and anti-imperialist platform. In 1904, the Republicans nominated Roosevelt, who was already recognized as a Progressive and was looked upon by many as a Radical; and the Democrats consequently shelved Bryan for the time and nominated the Conservative Parker. In 1908, the naming of the moderate Conservative Taft was followed by the nomination of the Radical Bryan again. 'Therefore,' he added, 'in 1912 the nomination of Taft will compel the nomination of Wilson in place of Harmon, just as the nomination of La Follette would compel the nomination of Harmon in place of Wilson.'

In the course of a long article in 'The North American Review' for April, on 'The Problem, the Solution, and the Man,' occurred some reference to William J. Bryan which must be regarded as having been most significant in view of an incident of a few months later. 'When Mr. Bryan,' said Harvey, 'declares that any possible candidacy supported by "The New York World," "The New York Times," and "Harper's Weekly" "must be viewed with suspicion," he implies much that he must know to be unwarranted.' He proceeded to defend the two newspapers against the imputation of being subservient to 'the Interests,' and added, with devastating pertinence: 'Of "Harper's Weekly" it suffices to say that the only man whose advice with respect to shaping its policy its present editor has ever sought or received is William Jennings Bryan.'

Finally, in 'The Independent,' of New York, then still an influential and important weekly paper, Harvey had a long article on Wilson's candidacy for the Presidency, in which he reviewed the entire subject, in all its phases. He urged the nomination and election of Wilson: 'Because he is thoroughly equipped, mentally and morally, by birth, training, and experience; because his conception of public service is true; because his proposals are radical; because he is constructive and effective; because he is free; because he is a Democrat; and because he can be elected.' This article which by the grace, or rather the un-grace, of Wilson himself, was the last of the kind Harvey was ever to write, attracted widespread attention, all over the country. It was copied, quoted, com-

mented upon, and had a perceptible effect in promoting Wilson's candidacy, both in popular favor and in the practical regard of political leaders. It also drew from one of Wilson's closest friends, who afterward became his Secretary of the Treasury, and his son-in-law, a noteworthy tribute:

NEW YORK, *December 9, 1911*

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I have been wanting to write you for some time to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your wonderful article on Governor Wilson in a recent number of 'The Independent.' It is the finest thing I have yet read about him.

From what I know of the sentiment throughout the country, and I am somewhat in touch with it, I believe that the Governor's strength is growing every day, and that the outlook is decidedly encouraging and promising.

Very sincerely yours,

W. G. McADOO

Harvey had some personal touch, in May of that year, with Bryan, with whom he had become well acquainted in 1892, when he was working for the nomination of Cleveland. Bryan and Wilson had been traveling and making speeches together in the Far West, and then the former came to the East to deliver his lecture on 'The Prince of Peace' at various places. One engagement was at Long Branch on May 27, and Harvey drove up there to hear him, and took him back with him to Jorjalma to spend the night. During that short visit, little was said about politics. But at one point in the conversation Bryan remarked, laughing:

'Sometimes, Harvey, I am almost convinced that you are a true Democrat.'

'I not only am,' replied Harvey, 'but I can prove it.'

'How can you do that?'

'By the simple fact that I never in my life have voted for you!'

'Well, I'll leave it to you if you haven't lived to regret it!'

After this bantering, there was some serious talk about candidates, and Bryan said that, while Wilson would be acceptable to him, he advised Harvey not to commit himself irrevocably to him, because he feared that Wilson's election would cause trouble for the Democratic Party.

'Wilson,' he said, 'is an autocrat by training. He has been

dealing as master with schoolboys all his life, until now he has reached a point where he cannot meet anybody on a basis of equality. If he should be elected President, everybody else would have to be a servant. Neither you nor I nor anybody else having self-respect could serve a full term in his Cabinet. And when he got through, there wouldn't be any Democratic Party left. There might be a Wilson party, but the old Democracy would be gone.'

Harvey combated these views, earnestly but in perfect good humor, and the two men parted on the best of terms. About a week later, he went to England for his annual business trip, and when he returned in August, he was suffering so severely from bronchitis and asthma that his physician ordered him to the Maine woods for the rest of the season. There he had the ill-luck to be kept out on a lake all night in a drenching fog, with the result of an attack of pleurisy. It was while he was recuperating from this illness that he wrote the article for 'The Independent.'

Meantime he had been corresponding much with Henry Watterson, who was more and more becoming one of his closest friends. Long before, in January, 1909, Watterson had written to Harvey, on the defeat of Bryan by Taft in the preceding fall:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I don't think any of us need bother about Bryan. He thrives on abuse. It keeps him alive. . . . He is not a bad sort at all. . . . Although I shall never be a 'force' again, my experience may have some value, and it is always at your service. . . .

In March, 1910, after a few lines of 'airy persiflage,' he wrote, in serious, almost melancholy, vein:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

. . . Pardon my levity and forgive my parts of speech. I mean only to admire and honor you. I have no longer any ambition for myself. All are gone — nearly all — the old, familiar faces. I live in a few youngsters like you.

His political despondence increased, and in February, 1910, he wrote:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I am threescore and ten today, and you are six-and-forty. You have much to learn, my son, and far to go, I hope, with lots of fun.

Your father must have been a good Democrat, or he would not have named you after McClellan. Since the Democrats committed hari-kiri in 1860, they have been out at elbows and have had no luck. Cleveland seemed bad enough, but Bryan has been the limit. For my part I have very little hope, as you may infer.

'Marse Henry' was obviously in the spirit which dictated his memorable epigram on the Democratic Party: 'We are marching through a slaughter-house into an open grave.' Harvey wrote him about his plans for Wilson, and tried to cheer him up. The result was a longer letter than usual; from Florida, where Watterson spent much time:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

It may be as you think, and I hope it is. But the Democrats are such fools; your set in one way and the Bryan set in another way. 'I alone to tell the tale.' If in 1896 the Cleveland crowd had gone immediately out at Chicago and nominated another ticket, we could have polled votes enough to count and thereafter have been good for something. After two months of vacillation and delay, it was too late. They only made a bridge to McKinley — obvious to everybody — when they hobbled out to Indianapolis and put up Palmer and Buckner.

In 1907, I gave them the lead on Johnson. If they had taken it, we could easily have beaten Bryan. They would not listen. When Bryan's nomination was as good as made, they began to bestir themselves. Meanwhile, events in Kentucky had obliged me to come to an understanding with Bryan in order to save the fruits of the victory I had won against Beckham, or else surrender everything into Beckham's hand. Then I had to meet their money in the hands of Beckham's friends, and, though I beat it easily, it taught me a lesson as to them. It was this that gave animus to what 'The Courier-Journal' said when Judge Parker proposed to throw the Cleveland bomb into the Denver Convention, and, under cover of the explosion, to use the Ryan-Belmont money. I like Judge Parker, and am fond of 'blue-eyed Billy.' I don't know Ryan so well; though I hope to see him succeed Daniel in the Senate. They are my natural allies and friends. But they gave me no consideration and I let them have the hot end of it.

I have never been firmer in the saddle at home than I now am, or held the party organization surer, both Kentucky and Louisville safely back in the Democratic line, under the new programme I gave out after the collapse of Beckham and his machine, and I am more than willing and ready to talk sense with sensible men. Has Ryan got any gumption? Has Parker? Has 'blue-eyed Billy'? Have you? Or are you — as I suspect you — a riff-raff of rich noodles who think that money will do it all?

At St. Louis in 1876 we did not spend the price of a bottle of whiskey. The winter before not a dollar went out of Tilden's pocket except for printer's ink, and not much on that, for the documents circulated themselves. So will they the coming two years. If Harmon carries Ohio next fall, it will put him in the lead. I doubt whether you can elect a Governor of New Jersey to take it away from him. But Marshall may in a way prove a foil to Harmon, and in case the East has a first-class man, it might play Indiana against Ohio, as we did between Hendricks and 'old Bill Allen.'

The Associated Press of Canada gives me a banquet at Toronto the last of May. Of course I shall take in New York *en route*. Then we can talk. Lord, George, I will talk to you, an' you shall say, 'May the devil admire him!'

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

They did not have that talk, after all, for Harvey went to England and was detained there until after Watterson's visit to New York. But it was only a few weeks later that Harvey got home and had Watterson meet Wilson and Smith at that famous dinner at Deal to which Inglis had to fetch Wilson all the way from Lyme. It may be added that Watterson was so enthusiastic over Harvey's success in getting Wilson elected in New Jersey that he wrote to William Dean Howells, in a letter relating to a dinner at which Howells wanted him to speak: 'Wherever George Harvey needs a man, there place me!' That winter, of 1910-11, Watterson spent in Europe, but he returned to America in May, and made haste to get into touch with affairs here, and — unconsciously — to get ready for the crisis which was to occur before the year was ended.

For strange things were happening. We have heard in later years much — only too true — about 'whispering campaigns.' They had one in 1911. As we have seen, Harvey was abroad in the first part of the summer. Advantage was taken of his absence to make trouble between him and Wilson. Two men have been mentioned as having warned Wilson against him. One was Watterson — which, as Euclid occasionally observed, is absurd. What happened was this: Watterson in an ironical or bantering spirit one day asked Wilson if he didn't think he was overworking Harvey, and if he would not better have Harvey abate his zeal; and Wilson, with his deficient sense of humor, took that as a serious warning to get rid of Harvey. The other was Colonel E. M. House, who has himself stated

that he advised Wilson to forgo Harvey's zealous support, lest he forfeit the support of Bryan and his numerous followers.

Beside all this, a newspaper correspondent, William G. Shepherd, has put it upon record that in August of that year he visited Wilson; at the 'little White House,' which was the Governor's summer home at Sea Girt, New Jersey, and that Wilson said to him:

'I wish that I could rid myself of the support of "Harper's Weekly" and Colonel Harvey. I do not know why Harvey insists upon supporting me. It does me great injury. It seems to me that it is too remote a possibility that Harvey is supporting me, on instructions from Wall Street, in order to do me damage.'

I recall this extraordinary story, not because I have any impregnable faith in its truthfulness, but because it was published very widely in the press, shortly after a breach had occurred between Harvey and Wilson, though four or five months after the alleged interview at Sea Girt. It certainly seems astounding that a newspaper correspondent should acquire possession of such 'first-page stuff' as that, and not make use of it. I am, however, not aware that it was ever repudiated or denied by Wilson.

What is certain, however, is that something radically changed Wilson's feelings and attitude toward Harvey. It does not appear that he disclosed that fact to Harvey himself at the time. He did not report to him what Watterson is said to have said; or what Colonel House is said to have said; or yet what Shepherd said that he said to him. Watterson evidently was not concerned in it, for near the end of September he wrote to Harvey:

DEAR GEORGE:

Here are some 'parts of speech' which would indicate that 'I looks toward you.' I was disappointed to find you out of town. But the middle of November, when I shall be back again, will suffice. We must keep together.

I want to have yet another 'pray' and 'cuss' with Ryan. Those Wall Street chaps never do know what is good for them. As to Wilson, it is a case of going further to fare worse. They had better take an intelligent Radical, abreast with the times, who knows how and when to discriminate, and is both upright and his own man, than

get a promissory note for some nondescript, to be repudiated as soon as he is able to feel his oats.

We can nominate Wilson, and *they* cannot nominate Harmon, nor Champ Clark.

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

But something had happened; in witness of which let us recall again the most authentic narrative of Inglis, in 'Collier's' to which I have repeatedly referred, and the accuracy of which has never been successfully challenged. He tells us that, in October, Harvey was recuperating, at Deal, from the serious illness which he had suffered in Maine. Wilson at that time was vigorously stumping the State, fighting Smith for the control of the Legislature which was to be elected in November. Harvey wanted to see him, and sent Inglis out to find him and tell him so. Inglis found him at Somerville, where he was to make a speech that evening, at the home of one of his friends and supporters in the Assembly. He was impressed with the change in Wilson's air and bearing, since the campaign of the previous year. In 1910, he was affable and unconventional, ready to cry 'Hail, fellow! Well met!' In 1911, he was stately and austere. He greeted Inglis cordially, however, and with a smile. But when Inglis told him that Harvey wanted to see him, to which he confidently expected Wilson would reply that he was equally desirous of seeing Harvey, the Governor stopped smiling and looked at Inglis intently.

'What does he want to see me for?' he asked.

The question, and the tone in which it was asked, startled Inglis.

'Why,' he replied, 'I don't know. He didn't tell me. But I know that he wants to see you.'

'Oh, well,' rejoined Wilson, 'it cannot be very important, or he would have told you what it is. I can't see him.'

And this from the man who just a year before was almost daily soliciting Harvey's counsel, advice, aid! No wonder that Inglis was astounded, as he contrasted this curt refusal to let Harvey come to see him with the eagerness with which he had responded to Harvey's invitation to travel, himself, all the way from Lyme to Deal.

'But, Governor,' Inglis urged, as soon as he could get his

breath, 'I know Colonel Harvey is anxious to see you. He wouldn't have sent me all the way down here to ask you, if it were not important.'

'But, my dear Inglis, I can't see him,' returned Wilson impatiently. 'I have had a hard campaign, I am tired, and I must have some rest.' He added that he was making his last speech in New Jersey that evening; going home to sleep; and early the next morning setting out for Pennsylvania. Inglis suggested that Harvey could meet him at Princeton when he got there that night, and talk with him at the inn before he went to his home.

'But don't you see, Inglis, I must have my sleep?'

'Governor, the Colonel will not detain you ten minutes. I know it is important, or he wouldn't ask for an interview.'

'No, no! I can't do it,' repeated Wilson, in a tone of finality. 'I must get my rest. I guess this isn't very important. It will keep.' And he suggested that Harvey might arrange to call on him at Atlantic City, whither Wilson purposed to go for a brief vacation after the election was over!

'Well — I'll — be — damned!' Inglis said to himself, as he walked away to telephone to Harvey the failure of his mission. Harvey was perplexed, but kept himself well in hand. Indeed, he was inclined to make excuses for Wilson.

'He is greatly harassed, of course,' he said, 'and beset on all sides, so that it is not surprising that he should temporarily have lost his sense of perspective. It is my fault, anyway.' (No man could more readily cry *Mea culpa!* than George Harvey; with whom self-sacrifice was a practice and generosity a passion.) 'I should have told you, so that you could tell him what it was about.'

What Harvey wanted to tell Wilson was this: That the election was going against him, through the defection of Smith in Essex County, and that the Republicans would win the Legislature. That would give Wilson's opponents an opportunity to say that he could not carry even his own State, a very serious handicap for a candidate. Harvey wanted to devise with Wilson a plan for meeting and beating this in advance, by issuing a statement to the effect that if he was beaten, as it seemed not unlikely that he would be, it would be because of betrayal by his enemies within his own

party — meaning, of course, ex-Senator Smith and his followers. A lesser man, or one less resolute in his devotion to a great idea, would have washed his hands of the whole matter, and let Wilson suffer the consequences of his refusal to see him. Not so Harvey. What he said was: 'Well, we shall have to take care of it as best we can after the event.'

And he did. The result of the election was precisely as he had anticipated. Smith's county of Essex went strongly Republican, and that party secured a majority in the Legislature. Thereupon the followers of Judson Harmon and Champ Clark 'raised a joyful cry,' to the effect that this wonder-candidate, Wilson, had been repudiated by his own State. Wilson was stunned, furious, despairing, all in one. Left to himself, he would have abandoned all further hopes of the Presidency. But he was not left to himself. Harvey would not, of course, make any further attempts to see him or to confer with him in any way. But neither would he relinquish his own plans because the man whom he had made Governor had failed him. After all, it was his purpose and scheme, not Wilson's, to make Wilson President. So with grim yet smiling determination he borrowed a phrase from Molière: Wilson should be a President in spite of himself!

There followed a stroke of genius. In the very next number of 'Harper's Weekly,' the one containing the news of Wilson's defeat in his own State, Harvey put at the head of the editorial columns the legend, 'For President, Woodrow Wilson.' And he filled those columns with some of the most brilliant and convincing articles the famous old paper had ever contained. He demonstrated with mathematical precision the fact that Wilson had been stronger than ever in New Jersey, excepting only where Smith had betrayed him. Casting ancient friendships into the discard for the sake of the cause which he had at heart, he excoriated Smith with every conceivable resource of burning irony and stinging sarcasm. And with an audacity nothing less than sublime he declared that Wilson had been the real victor and that his victory was the final seal to his moral title-deeds to the Presidency of the United States!

Wilson's emotions at that display of magnanimity and mastery are not a matter of record. But of the effect upon the country at large there was no question. The response was

electric. All over the country was heard the echo of Harvey's words. 'It would certainly be a queer reason for opposing Wilson as a candidate for the Presidency,' said 'The Evening Post' of New York, 'to allege that he had suffered locally from the vengeance of a boss whose power he had defied and broken'; and 'The Springfield Republican' suggested that, as had once been said of Cleveland, 'the Democratic Party ought to be proud of Wilson for the enemies he has made.'

Behind all this, however, was brewing the poison which had been concocted in Wilson's mind, subjectively or objectively, earlier in the year. Instead of being allayed and eliminated by Harvey's unrivaled generosity and puissant generalship, it was in fact made all the more virulent. The purpose to 'get rid of Harvey,' which Shepherd reported him to have expressed, and which he himself manifested in the most unmistakable manner in his refusal to grant Harvey an interview, had now become an obsession. It had become intolerable to him to be known as Harvey's candidate. He must be known as his own, standing before the people and acclaimed and accepted by them purely because of his own transcendent merits, and not because of Harvey's or any man's shrewd advocacy and patient labors. The heritage of predestinarian doctrine possessed him and filled him with grandiose conceptions of a divinely ordained mission. 'And who knoweth,' the old legend ran, 'who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' He had got rid of Smith, and thereby had greatly gained in personal dignity and in popular favor. Now he must get rid of Harvey, whom he no longer needed. Then would be fulfilled the street cry of the convention morning: 'Just Wilson! That's all!'

CHAPTER XX

A MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

G. H. — Governor, is there anything left of that cheap talk during the gubernatorial campaign, about my advocating you on behalf of 'the Interests'?

W. W. — (With great positiveness.) Yes, there is. I lunched to-day with two of the young men in my literary bureau, and they both declared it was having a serious effect in the West. I did not ask them for the information. They volunteered it.

G. H. — Have you thought of any way to counteract this harmful effect?

W. W. — I have not. In fact, I am greatly perplexed to know how to do it. I have been able to satisfy those I could reach, but there are thousands, of course, whom we cannot reach. I have not yet been able to devise a way to meet the situation.

G. H. — Is there anything I can do, except, of course, to stop advocating your nomination?

W. W. — I think not. At least, I can't think of anything.

G. H. — Then I will simply sing low.

(Pause. Impressive silence from W. W.)

Col. H. W. — Yes, that's the only thing to do. The power of silence is very great. For myself, too. I shall not say a word, for the present.

(Quite a long pause.)

W. W. — Good-day, gentlemen.

(H. W. and G. H. nod responses.)

(Exit W. W.)

Such was the account of the famous Manhattan Club incident which was written immediately after it by one who was present at it and who was one of the most careful and accurate reporters that ever lived — George Harvey. Despite the astounding affront which Wilson had put upon him just before the election, and his natural unwillingness to subject himself to a repetition of it, Harvey was still controlled by the principle which he had adopted from Webster, many years before: 'I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences.' In that spirit he did, after a while, make overtures to Wilson, hospitably inviting him to be once more

his guest at Deal. This was at the beginning of December, 1911, more than a month after Wilson's refusal to see him, and after Harvey's extraordinary articles in 'Harper's Weekly,' which, for the first time, placed Wilson on a sure foundation as a national candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. It was Harvey's purpose to ignore all that was past and to discuss with his guest nothing but plans for the future, on precisely the cordial and confident terms that had characterized their conferences over the Governorship, a year and a half before.

But Wilson would not come. He telegraphed from Trenton that he was sorry, but he could not come to Deal. Apparently he had some compunctions or some fears of meeting Harvey alone and on his own ground, and preferred to wait until a third person could be present at the interview. And as Watterson had been at the epochal dinner at Deal to which he had been brought all the way from Lyme, he wished him to be at this meeting with Harvey which was bound to come soon or late. So he added, in his dispatch, that he understood that Watterson was to be in New York on December 11, and he asked Harvey to let him know where he would be able to find him — Watterson — before that date.

A few days later, on December 5, Harvey lunched with Colonel E. M. House. It was their first meeting, and their talk was chiefly about Wilson's candidacy. House appears to have had grave doubts concerning Harvey's real attitude toward Wilson, and to have striven to find out what it was; but in vain. He reported to Bryan, however, that Harvey told him that the Wall Street section of New York was violently opposed to Wilson, and was trying to get him — Harvey — also to oppose him; that J. P. Morgan was especially bitter against Wilson because of something that Wilson had said which he took as a personal reflection upon himself; that almost any amount of money would be provided for the defeat of Wilson, as much as a quarter of a million dollars being probably available for New Jersey alone; and that they — House and Harvey — were trying to devise some method of using the enmity of Wall Street in Wilson's favor. Upon less authority than that of Colonel House, it would be quite incredible that Harvey expressed such views, unless it was that

he suspected House of some ulterior motives in talking with him on the subject, and wanted to 'fool him to the top of his bent,' and, still more important, fool Bryan also, to whom House would at once convey the whole story.

Two days after this luncheon with House came the meeting of Harvey, Watterson, and Wilson in a private room at the Manhattan Club; held, I believe, at the initiative of Watterson. It lasted for a couple of hours, and was, at least on the surface, entirely cordial. It was devoted almost exclusively to a review of the political situation and to the discussion of ways and means of prosecuting the campaign for Wilson's nomination. And just at its close occurred the dramatic incident of which Harvey's own report is given at the beginning of this chapter. Watterson left on record no detailed account of what occurred, but Wilson left two, which in one somewhat significant respect are at variance with Harvey's and indeed seem a little inconsistent with themselves.

Harvey's report makes it clear that the incident was at the end of the meeting, that nothing more was said by any of the three, and that Wilson immediately made his departure. Wilson confirms the first part of this, saying in the account which he gave to his wife that it occurred 'as they rose to go,' and in another account, which he wrote for his friend David Dudley Malone, he is reported to have said that it was 'at the close' of the conference. But as for the rest, there is a direct contradiction. Wilson told his wife that, after Harvey's questions and his answers 'they stood discussing for some time longer how best to make the public understand the real independence of Colonel Harvey and "The Weekly," and then parted in the most amicable manner'; and in his report to Malone he said that, immediately after the questions and answers, they discussed the means, if any could be found, of disabusing the public mind concerning Harvey's relations with 'the Interests.'

Now the inconsistency in these reports of Wilson's must be obvious. If the questions and answers occurred 'at the close' of the interview, how could they have been immediately followed with further discussion which lasted 'for some time'? The close of an interview is its close, its end, and there can be nothing more of it. Wilson was regarded as a precisian in

the use of words, and it seems inexplicable that he should have said or written 'at the close' when he meant 'during the interview.' There is nothing more ungrateful than to be compelled to choose between two contradictory accounts of the same occurrence, both made by authorities entitled to the highest respect. Yet it is inevitable that in this case we must give the preference to Harvey's brief and graphic memorandum.

Whatever was or was not said at the Manhattan Club, little was said outside and afterward by either Harvey or Wilson for some time. Harvey quietly directed the removal of Wilson's name from the head of the editorial page of 'Harper's Weekly' and began writing articles on other topics than Wilson's candidacy. That was all. He said to Inglis the day after the incident:

'Bill, I had a talk with Governor Wilson yesterday, with Colonel Watterson. Mr. Wilson said that he and the young men who have started his publicity bureau think "The Weekly's" advocacy of his candidacy is doing more harm than good. So, of course, I said I would stop it. You needn't say anything about it, but think up some special articles having nothing to do with politics.'

For the rest, Harvey probably remembered some of the 'Uncle Remus' stories that he had read in boyhood, in which it was related that on various critical occasions 'Br'er Fox, he lay low.' And, realizing that all things come to him who waits, he for the time emulated Br'er Fox.

Not so Watterson. He probably accounted it the greatest moral triumph of his life that he did not explode before Wilson got out of his room at the Manhattan Club. He restrained himself for a time, while he was in New York. But when his engagements there were ended, and he started back for home, he let himself loose. Straight through the very region of the South in which Harvey had done his missionary and educational work for Wilson, Marse Henry bore the Fiery Cross. He afterward categorically declared that 'you never heard of my being in a "rage" in all your life'; wherefore we must assume that his manner and verbiage had a full measure of 'that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.' But if his words, indeed, were mild, there must have been in use at

that time what we now know as amplifiers. For echoes of his gentle speech came thundering back to New York, and to Trenton. He was setting the South afire with wrath against the man who had repudiated his political maker. Something must be done. So on December 21, precisely two weeks after the Manhattan Club conference, it dawned upon Wilson's mind that perhaps he had not been quite as courteous to Harvey as an *arbiter elegantiarum* would have suggested; and on that day he wrote to Harvey, from the University Club, in New York:

MY DEAR COLONEL:

Every day I am confirmed in my judgment that my mind is a one-track road, and can run only one train of thought at a time! A long time after that interview with you and Marse Henry at the Manhattan Club, it came over me that when (at the close of the interview) you asked me that question about 'The Weekly,' I answered it simply as a matter of fact, and of business, and never said a word of my sincere gratitude to you for all your generous support, or of my hope that it might be continued. Forgive me, and forget my manners!

Faithfully yours

WOODROW WILSON

This note was sent to Harvey at his office, at Harper and Brothers'. But on that very day he had started for Berryville, Virginia, to spend the Christmas holidays with friends. He was still suffering much from the effects of his serious illness in the preceding summer, and he needed rest and recreation. On that account he left word that mail was not to be forwarded to him from the office, and in consequence he did not get Wilson's note until his return to New York, in the New Year. Then, on January 4, he promptly wrote in reply:

MY DEAR GOV. WILSON:

Replying to your note from the University Club, I think it should go without saying that no purely personal issue could arise between you and me. Whatever anybody else may surmise, you surely must know that, in trying to arouse and further your political aspirations during the past few years, I have been actuated solely by the belief that I was rendering a distinct public service.

The real point at the time of our interview was, as you aptly put it, one simply 'of fact and of business,' and when you stated the fact to be that my support was hurting your candidacy and that you were experiencing difficulty in finding a way to counteract its harmful

effect, the only thing possible for me to do, in simple fairness to you no less than in consideration of my own self-respect, was to relieve you of your embarrassment, so far as it lay within my power to do so, by ceasing to advocate your nomination.

That, I think, was fully understood between us at the time and, acting accordingly, I took down your name from the head of 'The Weekly's' editorial page some days before your letter was written. That seems to be all there is of it.

Whatever little hurt I may have felt as a consequence of the unexpected peremptoriness of your attitude toward me is, of course, wholly eliminated by your gracious words.

Very truly yours

GEORGE HARVEY

There is an old story of a man who caught a bear by the ears, and then bellowed lustily for somebody to come and help him to let go. It is likely that his sentiments were pretty vividly shared by Wilson at this time. But there was no help for which he could call, and he had to work out his own salvation. He meditated for a week, and then wrote, from the Hotel Astor, in New York:

January 11, 1910

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Generous and cordial as was your letter written in reply to my note from the University Club, it has left me uneasy — because, in its perfect frankness, it shows that I *did* hurt you by what I so tactlessly said at the Knickerbocker Club. I am very much ashamed of myself — for there is nothing I am more ashamed of than hurting a true friend, however unintentional the hurt may have been. I wanted very much to see you in Washington, but was absolutely captured by callers every minute I was in my rooms, and when I was not there was fulfilling public engagements. I saw you at the dinner, but could not get at you, and after the dinner was surrounded and prevented from getting at you. I am in town today, to speak this evening, and came in early in the hope of catching you at your office.

For I owe it to you and to my own thought and feeling to tell you how grateful I am for all your generous praise and support of me (no one has described me more nearly as I would like to believe myself to be than you have), how I have admired you for the independence and unhesitating courage and individuality of your course, and how far I was from desiring that you should cease your support of me in 'The Weekly.' You will think me very stupid — but I did not think of that as the result of my blunt answer to your question. I thought only of the means of convincing people of the real independence of 'The Weekly's' position. You will remember that that was what we *discussed*. And that now I have unintentionally put you in a false

and embarrassing position, you heap coals of fire on my head by continuing to give out interviews favorable to my candidacy! All that I can say is that you have proved yourself very big and that I wish I might have an early opportunity to *tell* you face to face how I really feel about it all.

With warm regard, cordially and faithfully yours

WOODROW WILSON

It is difficult to escape the thought that Wilson wrote this letter under the stress of much embarrassment or agitation; because of the awkward infelicities of speech which it contains, in such contrast to his usually polished style, and because of the two errors which it contains, in being dated '1910' instead of 1912, and in referring to the 'Knickerbocker' instead of the Manhattan Club. The length and some of the contents of the letter suggest a purpose or a desire of its writer to draw Harvey out to some fuller expressions than he had made in his former letter. If so, that purpose failed, for Harvey's reply was the shortest compatible with courtesy. He waited five days, and then wrote:

January 16, 1912

MY DEAR GOV. WILSON:

Thank you sincerely for your most handsome letter. I can only repeat what I said before — that there is no particle of personal rancor or resentment left in me. And I beg you to believe that I have not said one word to anybody of criticism of you.

I *have* to print a word of explanation to 'The Weekly's' readers, but it will be the briefest possible.

Very truly yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Enclosed with this was a proof-slip of the following notice, which appeared on the editorial page of the next issue of 'Harper's Weekly':

TO OUR READERS:

We make the following reply to many inquiries from the readers of Harper's Weekly:

The name of Woodrow Wilson as our candidate for President was taken down from the head of these columns in response to a statement made to us directly by Governor Wilson, to the effect that our support was affecting his candidacy injuriously.

The only course left open to us, in simple fairness to Mr. Wilson, no less than in consideration of our own self-respect, was to cease to advocate his nomination.

We make this explanation with great reluctance and the deepest regret. But we cannot escape the conclusion that the very considerable number of our readers who have coöperated earnestly and loyally in advancing a movement which was inaugurated solely in the hope of rendering a high public service, are clearly entitled to this explanation.

Meanwhile there was much other correspondence, chiefly far less restrained and conventional in tone. Wilson himself wrote a brief but very cordial note midway between his first, of December 21, and Harvey's reply, extending to Harvey an invitation to come to Princeton and address the Press Club; to which Harvey's secretary replied that Harvey was absent, recuperating his health in Virginia, and had made a rule to make no more speeches that winter. Watterson was voluble and aggressive. On reaching Atlanta, he wrote from Clark Howell's office, at 'The Atlanta Constitution':

MY DEAR GEORGE:

On no account make the first move. Don't doubt the thing will keep at least the next ten or twelve days. You hold a full hand and a winning hand. Possess your soul in patience for the present, and sit steady in the boat. I have a perfectly definite plan and have thought it out in every detail. When I can get a stenographer I will write fully. But I am *absolutely sure* you should not rush things, for they will rush themselves. In any event, the thing you would do now will be open later, and will serve a better purpose. I am an old hand at the bellows at this sort of business, and *know I am right*.

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

There was a fine touch of humor in the spectacle of the impulsive, impetuous, volcanic Kentuckian counseling patience and deliberation to the cool, self-contained, and cautiously politic son of Vermont. By the next mail he wrote more fully:

December 26, 1911

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Your messenger came to me as I was starting for my audience and I had time only to say a word or two to him and to scribble a few lines to you. The burthen of these was, 'wait.' In my judgment it would spoil all to give it out prematurely or in the loose form of an interview. My plan is to treat it much more seriously. I propose immediately on reaching home to write to Governor Wilson a letter fully and frankly explaining why I can go no further in the support of his

candidacy. In this I shall give as my pivotal point his treatment of you, making common cause with you. This cannot fail to result in a correspondence in which we have everything to gain, he everything to lose. In the mean time if you feel that they are pressing you — though in your place I would let them press and ‘chaw’ on it a lick or two! — you can say, or intimate, that I know something about it. Your original idea of saying that no one but Governor Wilson himself could take down his name from the top of your columns, still seems to me wise. It would entirely belittle the case and might put us in the vocative for me to butt in, as it were, without any rhyme or reason known to the public. In all this I am sure of my ground and yours, for our opportunity will not get away from us. I speak in Richmond next Saturday afternoon. I take the train that night for home. Whatever I do must emanate from Louisville.

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

On his way from Atlanta to Richmond, Watterson stopped at Charlotte, North Carolina, and had a long talk with Major J. C. Hemphill, editor of ‘The Observer,’ whom Harvey had long before, while he was editor of ‘The News and Courier’ at Charleston, South Carolina, converted to the support of Wilson. The two tried to reach Harvey on the long-distance telephone, but could not get him. Then they both wrote him, on December 29. Watterson wrote:

Hemphill thinks with me that we have everything to gain by playing a waiting game; not too long a wait, only to draw the public fire and focus. Already the story is out. I have told it ‘confidentially’ to several: Nelson in Kansas City, Clark Howell in Atlanta, and Hemphill and Overman here. They were all of one mind and our mind about it.

Hemphill wrote a long letter, declaring that he thought that both Harvey and Marse Henry had been ‘most damnably treated.’ But he urged, with Watterson, that Harvey should wait a while until a favorable opportunity, and he offered himself to make the opportunity for him.

Two days later Watterson wrote from Richmond that there were two things to be considered:

First, your case. You the principal, I the witness. I must not seem a too willing witness. In truth, I am not. I very much deplore the situation.

Second, my case. I shall meet that when I get home, and must be governed by the circumstances I find there and the conditions that

arise. I shall at once put all the facts in the possession of Urey Woodson, the Kentucky member of the National Committee and its Secretary. The case must and will come up to us. We must not undervalue either Wilson's craft or his nerve. This will surely beat him, as it ought, but it must be handled with prudence, tact, and dignity. I feel entirely sure of my ground. You need not doubt your own, or fear that anything will get away. The newspaper part of it, publicity, advertising, sensationalism, should be left to take care of itself, as it surely will.

My hearty regards to Wayne MacVeagh. I believe that that rooster would fight at the drop of a hat. But I — I am a man of peace!

Watterson, it will be observed, was wholly and inexorably intransigent. He was intent upon nothing less, and nothing other would satisfy him, than the defeat of Wilson's candidacy. In that he went far beyond Harvey, because he did not have the restraining influence of Harvey's supreme purpose of many years. It is probable that Harvey personally felt immeasurably more aggrieved than Watterson, as of course he had cause to do; but there was probably not a moment through it all when he was not at heart desirous of fulfilling his plan of regenerating the Democratic Party through the election of Wilson. He was willing to believe that Wilson could treat him personally with all manner of discourtesy and ingratitude, and yet make a great President of the United States.

As for Wayne MacVeagh, Watterson's estimate of him was correct. He was even more belligerent and vengeful than Marse Henry himself. He wrote Harvey several very intimate personal letters, expressing tender sympathy with him and his wife and daughter in their 'passing through the bitter waters of Marah,' and commending to them the legend of the Arabs, 'And this too will soon pass away.' It might last thirty days, but he doubted it; and then would come the delights of liberty, of feeling himself a free man once more without the limitations of advocating one man, but competent to say what he chose of anybody. In this he would not only find more fun, which was great, but also more usefulness, which was greater.

The disappearance of Wilson's name from 'Harper's Weekly,' of course, attracted attention and aroused the curiosity of the newspapers. On January 5, Wilson authorized the

statement that there was no foundation for the rumor that there had been a breach between himself and Harvey. When he was told by a correspondent of 'The New York Sun' that there was a definite report that he — Wilson — had said in Harvey's presence that the advocacy of 'Harper's Weekly' was damaging his presidential aspirations, and that this was the cause of the breach, Wilson said, according to 'The Sun':

When I said that there had been no breach between Colonel Harvey and myself, I meant it literally. There is no foundation whatever for the story, as I never made any such remark as that which you say has been attributed to me.

Harvey declined to say anything on the subject, to anybody. But then Watterson and Hemphill forced the game. Watterson wrote a dispatch which Hemphill printed and had it wired to Washington. This moved MacVeagh to write to Harvey:

So the Harvey-Wilson cat is out of the Watterson bag, having stayed there longer than I expected, and yet coming out sooner in time than I hoped, and in a way which leaves something to be desired. But when was anything quite perfect? If only both Marse Henry and you could refer all inquirers to W. W., and keep perfectly quiet till after he was compelled to unbosom himself! But you at least are in an impregnable position.

Then a new and important factor entered the case, with decisive effects. On January 12, Mrs. Wilson wrote a long letter to her cousin, Judge Robert Ewing, of Nashville, Tennessee, as follows:

MY DEAR COUSIN ROBERT:

At Woodrow's suggestion I am writing to you with regard to certain extraordinary rumors concerning Col. Watterson and Col. Harvey, of 'Harper's Weekly,' echoes of which may have reached you. We are told that Col. Watterson has 'turned violently' against Woodrow, because of his alleged ill-treatment of Col. Harvey. A Mr. Hemphill reports that Col. Watterson described to him 'a stormy interview, in which Wilson hysterically denounced Harvey, and Watterson in turn denounced Wilson in language unfit for publication.' Now of course Hemphill (whoever he may be) is grossly slandering Col. Watterson, giving a highly imaginative version of his conversation, for there is *not one word of truth* in this account of Woodrow's interview with the two Colonels. He met them at their request for a general conference on the political situation. From first to last, no one of the three showed a trace of excitement or

irritation, and they parted, as Woodrow supposed, in perfect harmony. Yet some misunderstanding has since developed, which they date from that occasion, and Woodrow will be extremely obliged to you for anything you can do to set it right.

This is the simple story of the interview in question. For two hours they talked over the whole 'situation,' in the most intimate, friendly, and harmonious fashion, Woodrow in his usual absolutely open, frank manner. Then, as they rose to go, Col. Harvey said he wanted from Woodrow 'a perfectly frank answer' to one question, viz.: Whether the 'Weekly's' constant booming of him seemed to him unwise or embarrassing (in view, of course, of 'Harper's' alleged connection with Wall Street). Now, as it happened, Col. Watterson himself had brought up that very subject with Woodrow a few weeks before; had declared that it *was* having an unfavorable effect, and that he meant to suggest to Harvey a more politic course for the time being. There had also been the same comment at the 'Wilson Headquarters' in New York. So when Col. Harvey begged him to be frank, Woodrow unwillingly, for it was at best an ungracious thing to do, told him what the general impression was. Col. Harvey took it in perfect good humor and said that he would have to 'put on the soft pedal.' There was not for one moment the slightest sign of excitement or irritation on the part of any one of the three. They stood discussing for some time longer how best to make the public understand the *real* independence of Col. Harvey and the 'Weekly,' and they parted in the most cordial manner. Woodrow never for a moment dreamed that they had misunderstood him, or been 'hurt.'

Now, this is absolutely all that happened. Imagine then how dazed we are to hear of Colonel Watterson's 'rage.'

It is part of the general irony of things that Woodrow personally was far from convinced that Col. Watterson and the men at headquarters were right in thinking it would be wise to apply the 'soft pedal.' Col. Harvey was *by far* his ablest advocate, and we felt that whatever harm such championship might do in certain quarters (owing to the inflamed state of the public mind toward Wall Street) was more than counterbalanced in other quarters. Moreover, the harm, if any, in the first quarter was already done, since everybody knew that 'Harper's Weekly' was for Wilson, and he instinctively dislikes that sort of hedging. So that Woodrow was really doing violence both to his feelings of friendship and gratitude to Col. Harvey and, in a sense, to his own judgment, in saying what little he did. Doubtless, that was why he said it so badly. Whatever stiffness there may have been in his manner was due solely to those feelings. Perhaps he erred in saying so little, but Col. Harvey (not Woodrow) had brought up the question, and no one in the world needs less than Col. Harvey to have things elaborately explained to him, for you know what an extraordinary mind he has.

I cannot believe that you will have any difficulty in making all this clear to Col. Watterson. Woodrow wrote to Col. Harvey and

received a very friendly letter, yet one that showed he had been wounded, and I do not know when we have been more deeply distressed than at that discovery. He was Woodrow's first political friend, the one who started it all. His speeches and editorials about Woodrow have all been *wonderful* and are among *my* very dearest treasures. In short, this matter involves something far more important than politics, viz., *friendship*. But I must close, with many apologies for writing at such great length.

With dear love to Cousin Hattie and all the family, I am
Affectionately yours

ELLEN A. WILSON

In getting his wife to write this letter in his behalf, Wilson was playing his strongest card. Any statements which he might make in a letter of his own might be challenged. Those which Mrs. Wilson made could not be. Yet it is obvious that her letter had to be regarded from two points of view. The account of what happened at the Manhattan Club, and also of what Watterson had previously said to Wilson, was of course Wilson's own. Mrs. Wilson knew nothing about those matters, save what her husband told her. In writing that portion of the letter, which was the essential portion, she was serving merely as an amanuensis. Wilson himself, and not she, was responsible for every word. The remainder of the letter, with its glowing tributes to Harvey, may also have been dictated by Wilson. There is no doubt that he wished to have something of the sort said. But we may well believe it to have been written from Mrs. Wilson's own mind and heart. She would not have written it, even at her husband's desire, if she had not meant it.

Judge Ewing promptly sent a copy of Mrs. Wilson's letter to Watterson, with extended comments of his own; expressing his confidence in Watterson's sense of justice, and asking him whether Hemphill had not misunderstood him, and whether he himself understood Wilson as he meant to be understood. He had the utmost confidence in Wilson's integrity, and knew how deeply he was indebted to Harvey, and it seemed to him inconceivable that Wilson could have used language to Harvey that Watterson would disapprove; and he concluded that Hemphill must have been misquoted. To him Watterson promptly replied, in a markedly different tone from that of some of his letters to Harvey:

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 16, 1912

MY DEAR ROBERT:

When the newspapers scent a sensation they run away with themselves both in language and imagination. You never heard of my being in a 'rage' in all your life.

The narrative given by Mrs. Wilson is substantially as I recall the episode.

The ill-impression, or mis-impression, related rather to Governor Wilson's manner and tone. It impressed me as lacking the complete candor which seemed to me so essential in getting down to what I may call case business. There was a certain austerity which savored a little of the ungracious, if not the tyrannous. In his assent to Colonel Harvey's suggestion, Governor Wilson showed a lack of comradeship if not of a sense of obligation.

I was very much surprised. I could not escape the idea that Governor Wilson had received from enemies of mine in Kentucky, who are eager to use his name and fame in securing some footing for themselves, reports prejudicial to me. There was a total absence of the kind of *bonhomie* I am used to where there has been a common aim and object. In a word, the whole interview led me to the belief that a lifetime in the schoolroom had created a habit of self-containment at war with the height, breadth, and tact so essential to good party leadership.

Colonel Harvey was undoubtedly deeply wounded. He seemed to think that his dismissal meant an indirect attack upon the Interests, in Governor Wilson's interest, through him. I knew that he had stood faithfully by Governor Wilson against his environment, all newspaper accounts to the contrary. I have refused to make any public statement whatever. Thus far so has Colonel Harvey. I am writing to him by this mail and am enclosing him your letter and Mrs. Wilson's letter as the most direct and fitting method of reaching some kind of an understanding. . . .

Affectionately

HENRY WATTERSON

Just before he received the letter from Judge Ewing, with Mrs. Wilson's letter enclosed, Watterson had been conferring with Harvey about the statement which he proposed to print in 'Harper's Weekly,' and had heartily approved the draft which Harvey sent to him. On receipt of those letters, however, he hastily telegraphed:

Hold up. Have received most important communication from the other side. It may put entirely different face on the matter and compel different treatment. Answer at once.

Harvey's answer was that it was too late; the announce-

ment had already been sent to more than a score of papers, and to Wilson himself. Afterward he declared that, had he seen Mrs. Wilson's and Judge Ewing's letters before issuing the item, he would not have changed a letter of it, but would have issued it precisely as it was. And Watterson conceded that he would have been right.

CHAPTER XXI

'THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA'

THE chapter head is George Harvey's own; devised by him in March, 1913, upon the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States. Before that triumph was achieved, however, there was a vast amount of tumult and shouting, and no little amount of the hardest kind of fighting.

We have seen that after the 'Manhattan cocktail' described in the preceding chapter, Harvey ceased to advocate the nomination of Wilson; at Wilson's own implied request. His last words were in 'Harper's Weekly' of December 9, and they comprised the prediction that Wilson would carry New Jersey in the presidential election of 1912 by a majority of fifty thousand. For some time thereafter there was much uncertain speculation as to what had actually passed between him and Wilson, and rumors of all sorts were extant. Finally, Rollo Ogden, the editor of 'The New York Evening Post,' secured copies of the two letters which Wilson had written to Harvey, and of the two which Harvey had written to Wilson in reply, and with much pains secured also permission to publish them. Harvey was scrupulous almost to the point of being finical in his insistence that Wilson's permission should be obtained in the fullest and most unequivocal degree. The letters were printed in 'The Evening Post' with this note of explanation:

The Evening Post has sought, for the sake of justice to all concerned, and in order to put to rest foolish rumors, to secure publication of the correspondence between Gov. Wilson and Col. Harvey. In that sense it applied to them both. Neither wished to be put in the position of giving out private letters. The Governor, however, stated that he had no objection to the publishing of his letters to Col. Harvey, or of the letters to him, if Col. Harvey so desired; and when the case was thus presented to Col. Harvey he at once assented to the view that it was desirable that the whole should be made public, the distinct understanding being that the initiative came from The Evening Post.

It would have been quite fitting for Mr. Ogden to place above the letters, when he published them, the legend, *Après nous le déluge!* For deluge there surely was, all over the land;

of letters and telegrams, of news articles and editorials and poems and cartoons, of every conceivable manner of expression. From Alabama came this typical dispatch, to Harvey:

From recent news reports we see that Mr. Woodrow Wilson is afraid your paper is doing some harm in his race for President. Won't you please 'hurt' our candidate, Oscar W. Underwood, who possesses the honesty of Old Hickory, the firmness of Grover Cleveland, and the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson?

This was signed by four prominent citizens 'and one hundred thousand more in Alabama.' Another class of comments, very widespread and of most serious importance, was voiced by 'The New York Times,' which, referring to Wilson's admission that he had treated Harvey badly, said:

The question will at once arise in the minds of men whether Woodrow Wilson, with these infirmities of temperament, does not lack some of the highly essential qualifications always associated with the great office to which he aspires. . . . Into what depths of perplexity and embarrassment might he not plunge us if he were entrusted with the responsibility of directing the affairs of the Nation? . . . What does Gov. Wilson mean when, speaking of the Manhattan Club interview, he says: 'I thought only of the means of convincing people of the real independence of the "Weekly's" position'? The inevitable inference is that Governor Wilson was thinking only of his personal ambitions, and that . . . he was willing to wound a friend and to use words of which he was afterward ashamed. Moreover, if the support of 'Harper's Weekly' was harmful, why did he speak of 'my hope that it might be continued'? . . . There are some graver aspects of this correspondence which one could hope might be explained away. . . . It is of consequence that Gov. Wilson . . . should say that the failure of 'Harper's Weekly' to mention his name in the last two issues was 'certainly not due to any breach of any kind between Col. Harvey and myself.' . . . The Manhattan Club meeting occurred on Dec. 7. It was on Dec. 21 that Gov. Wilson wrote Col. Harvey asking the Colonel to forgive his bluntness and forget his manners. This was more than two weeks before his disclaimer of any breach of any kind between himself and Col. Harvey. In a Trenton dispatch of Jan. 7 Gov. Wilson is reported as specifically declaring to be untrue reports about his having said to Col. Harvey that the support of 'Harper's Weekly' was damaging. There was no foundation for the story, he was reported to have said, and he could not recall the occasion which could have given rise to it. An explanation should be forthcoming.

But no explanation was ever made.

The theory that Wilson had for some time been planning to

'get rid of Harvey,' and deliberately affronted him at the Manhattan Club for that purpose, was supported by an article in 'The New York Tribune,' which reported one of Wilson's publicity agents as saying, in the preceding August, that he thought Harvey's support to be harmful to Wilson, and as adding:

Governor Wilson is now considering two methods of getting rid of it. One is to repudiate Mr. Harvey alone. This would be the easy way of doing it. The other is to come out and attack those back of Colonel Harvey, such as J. Pierpont Morgan and the other money kings. The latter, of course, would be the most spectacular.

One of the most felicitous interpretations of the case was provided by the inimitable composer of 'More Truth than Poetry,' James J. Montague, who contributed to 'The New York American,' under the caption of 'The Amende Discreet,' some verses which merit repetition here, not alone for their clever construction and irresistible humor, but also because of their faithful reflections of the sentiments of probably a large majority of thoughtful people:

I am sorry, Mr. Harvey, that I copped you on the conk,
For I look on you with reverence and awe;
And I trust it didn't hurt you or annoy or disconcert you
When I swiped you with a brickbat on the jaw.
I owe to your assistance all I am — and look at me!
You fill with inspiration and enthuse me,
But a gentleman and scholar when het up beneath the collar
Sometimes gets a trifle hasty — so excuse me.

I am sorry, Mr. Harvey, that I danced upon your chest;
To assist me has been always your design.
Please don't look upon my attitude as expressive of ingratitude;
The mistake, my dear old friend, was wholly mine.
I really didn't mean it when I played the hose on you —
You ought to know I love you very dearly —
And for mussing up your clothes and appearance with said hose,
I really beg your pardon — most sincerely.

I am sorry, Mr. Harvey, that I tried to do you up.
I did it in a temper, don't you see?
And I never once reflected for a moment, or suspected,
That the fellow who got worsted would be me.
But now I find my brickbats every one are coming back;
And again I really feel that I must trouble you
To forgive me all I did. I just meant it for a kid,
And, believe me, I am sorry. — W. W.

Among the many cartoons, one of the most striking was an adaptation of Tenniel's famous 'Dropping the Pilot,' in 'Punch'; with Harvey substituted for Bismarck, and Wilson in the place of the smug and supercilious young Kaiser.

There followed another particularly vigorous and racy chapter of the controversy late in January, when Watterson returned to the fray with a disclosure of the correspondence which had passed between himself and Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. In one of his letters Watterson declared that Wilson had asked his help in raising campaign funds, and that he responded with some success. In the course of his endeavors he suggested Thomas F. Ryan as a possible contributor, at which, he said, Wilson's managers were 'delighted.' (It should be added that William F. McCombs, who was the chief manager of Wilson's campaign, declared that, when Watterson made that suggestion to him, he replied that he could not take Ryan's money, and that such contributions were not within the spirit of Wilson's campaign.)

But with that suggestion concerning Ryan, Watterson was positive that Harvey had nothing whatever to do. He wrote to Tillman:

I have been aware for nearly a week that recognized spokesmen for Gov. Wilson were industriously circulating the story that the real reason why Gov. Wilson broke with Col. Harvey was that Col. Harvey had tried to bring Thomas F. Ryan into the Governor's campaign. But until you gave credence to the story it could not be invested with any responsible authority; its origin was mysterious, its circulation surreptitious. Consequently there has been up to this time nothing either to deny or to recognize.

Now, Senator, I know of my own knowledge that that story is a lie, made out of whole cloth. If any person ventures to question this assertion, I have in my possession proof conclusive which I hold myself ready to place before your honest and truth-seeking mind.

I do not accuse Gov. Wilson of originating or circulating this invention, manufactured to make a hero of him at the expense of the friend who has most effectually served him. I do not assume that he is aware of the dastardly work being done by his alleged agents. But the fact remains that Governor Wilson knows as well as I do that the story is false. He may or may not feel that he owes any obligation to Colonel Harvey. That is a matter of which he must be the judge. But I do insist that he owes it to his own honor to repudiate that story and to disavow those who are striving to inject the calumny into the public mind.

At Gov. Wilson's instance I had undertaken to assist his accredited managers in raising the considerable sums of money needed to the prosecution of his campaign, and in this my efforts were not wholly unfruitful. As the business proceeded the name of Thomas F. Ryan not unnaturally came into my mind. He is a Democrat. He is a Virginian. He is my friend. Knowing him to be a disinterested man, having no axe to grind, I hoped that I might induce him to help out what I believed a worthy cause. Gov. Wilson's managers were delighted with the suggestion. Col. Harvey had nothing whatever to do with it and as far as I am aware knew nothing whatever about it.

Upon this, Senator Tillman remarked to a friend: 'I guess I will make no reply. It's now up to Governor Wilson.'

But Wilson spoke no word to disavow the wanton calumny which his agents were circulating in his interest. He did have a secret conference with William F. McCombs about it, the result of which was the making of the statement by Mr. McCombs to which I have already referred. But in that, Mr. McCombs contented himself with saying that he had declined to accept any money from Ryan through Watterson. He said not a word, *pro* or *contra*, about Harvey, to vindicate him from the falsehoods of the 'whispering campaign.' That very silence about Harvey was, however, an implied vindication of a peculiarly effective sort, which reacted with devastating force upon Harvey's calumniators; for it showed that they were afraid to repeat the false accusation and yet were too cowardly and too lacking in honor and decency to withdraw it. As for Mr. McCombs, he was a man of high honor, of intense loyalty and inestimable service to Wilson, and there can be little question that his published statement, omitting all mention of Harvey, was made at Wilson's instance and dictation. Not long afterward, when his great work for Wilson had been triumphantly completed in Wilson's election to the Presidency, he too, like Harvey, suffered the fate of being discarded by the man whom he had so faithfully and so efficiently served.

It was on January 26 that Watterson wrote and made public his letter to Tillman, by implication so scathingly arraiging Wilson. He waited three days for the reply, explanation, denial, or what not which he naturally supposed Wilson would instantly issue. Then, when nothing was forth-

coming, he himself addressed a statement 'to the Democrats of the United States,' with which he intended to bring the 'distasteful episode' to an end so far as he was concerned. In this he reviewed succinctly all his relationship with Wilson, beginning with Harvey's dinner to them and Smith at Deal in the summer of 1910; in order, he said, to remove from the public mind any idea that he had thrust himself upon Wilson and that his friendship and support had not been desired by him. Then he administered to Wilson one of the severest castigations any eminent public man in America has ever suffered:

To confuse and mislead the public he has latterly adopted a policy of alternate silence and sneering. Giving the lie direct to my statement that I was asked to help the financial end of his campaign, and declining my offer to submit the proof of its truth to a body of gentlemen and Democrats equally concerned with ourselves for the well-being of the party, he thinks to cloud the issue and escape its menace by turning upon me the irresponsible chatter of a literary bureau which claims to live off the immaculate contributions of subscribers having wings, harps, and haloes, and which has for weeks been flooding the country with every manner of falsification.

The Ryan story, which has made such an impression upon the unknowing and unreflecting, was, so far as it related to Colonel Harvey, a lie out of whole cloth. Though Governor Wilson knows this, he has allowed it to circulate without a word of contradiction. . . . While Governor Wilson was receiving popular applause because of his sacrifice of private friendship to public duty, he was grovelling at Harvey's feet after pardon for the shameless and heartless treatment he admitted having bestowed on Harvey at the Manhattan Club. . . .

Meanwhile, let me say that while the Governor's tardy repentance may placate the forgiving Colonel Harvey — while it may even satisfy the susceptible Mr. Bryan — I refuse longer to follow a man whose nomination would, in my judgment, be a disaster, and whose election would be a calamity. He who would show himself so disloyal to private friendship cannot be trusted to be loyal to anything. Within a single year Governor Wilson's radical change of base, his realignments and readjustments, have been exactly concurrent with his selfish aims. There seems no abasement into which he is unable to descend with equal facility and grace. May God protect Democracy from such a leader and such leadership!

After issuing this, Watterson retired for the winter to his Florida home at Naples-on-the-Gulf. But he could not and would not leave the chapter closed. As the time approached

for the selection of delegates to the Democratic National Convention, he sent from his retreat a long address to the Democrats of Kentucky, which filled most of the editorial page of 'The Courier-Journal,' and in which he repeated, if possible with added emphasis and trenchancy, his former arraignment and indictment of Wilson. In this he introduced for the first time a figure which most graphically portrayed the career of Wilson as he saw it:

Governor Wilson's plan of campaign has been simplicity itself. It embraced merely a stepladder and a flying machine. His idea was to mount from literary to political preferment by the stepladder, and then kick the stepladder from beneath him; and, having thus reached a point of vantage, to send the antecedents of a lifetime packing, in order that he might outrival the most radical in the profession of radical principles and policies; relying upon his flying machine to carry him across the intervening space between his dangerous elevation and the prearranged place of safety.

It will be seen from this that Watterson was immeasurably more resentful of Wilson's treatment of Harvey than was Harvey himself. Indeed, there can be no question of Harvey's perfect sincerity when he wrote to Wilson on January 16 that 'there is no particle of personal rancor or resentment left in me.' That was not because he did not detest the manner in which Wilson had treated him, but because the greatness of his design for the rehabilitation of the Democratic Party, and through that the salvation of American constitutional principles, overshadowed every other consideration. To the attainment of that end he was willing to sacrifice everything save his own integrity. Watterson, in his volcanic wrath, refused to appreciate such magnanimity. Besides, he had not the faith in Wilson's presidential fitness that Harvey, in spite of all, still cherished. So he for a moment resented a little Harvey's partial reconciliation with Wilson; to such an extent, in fact, as gave rise to rumors that he had quarreled with Harvey over the matter. In his address to the Democrats of Kentucky, he said on this point:

Waiting a fortnight, and fearing that he had overdone the ingrate . . . Governor Wilson writes to Harvey. Then, figuratively, they kiss and make up. . . . It might be well to look a little closer into the rather theatrical reconciliation of Gov. Wilson and Col. Harvey. It appears that immediately after the interchange of the touching

letters indicating Wilson's contrition and Harvey's magnanimity, Damon and Pythias spent a day and a night under the roof of the same hotel in Washington without improving the opportunity to rush into one another's arms. But a little while ago they again attended a banquet in Philadelphia, and, though not twenty feet apart, were conspicuously ignorant of one another's presence.

All this was quite true; the explanation being, of course, that while he retained no rancor toward Wilson, as a self-respecting gentleman Harvey necessarily waited for Wilson to come to him; and that Wilson, with his self-consciousness of guilt, simply did not dare to do. Watterson was, however, not at all angry with Harvey, or suspicious of him. The two of them afterward chuckled together with glee over a cartoon — more ingenious than ingenuous — which represented Wilson as a high-hatted pedagogue leading the small boy Harvey submissively back to school, while Watterson, peeping over a hedge, cries 'Softy!' This was the work of Boardman Robinson in 'The New York Tribune' — the same accomplished artist who was afterward engaged by Harvey to draw the cartoons for 'Harvey's Weekly.' And on February 28, Watterson wrote to Harvey from Florida:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Dismiss from your mind the thought that I am, or have been, out of humor with you. If I had been affected in that way by your correspondence with Governor Wilson, I would have spoken when, in Washington, you showed me the letters. I was chiefly responsible for their publication, and did not complain that you had accepted the Wilson advances.

But, as to the public controversy, their appearance put me in the false position of making a quarrel with Wilson about nothing — of calling him down on your account when you had forgiven him — exposing me to every manner of misrepresentation and abuse. I was compelled at once to defend myself. . . . So the statement made by me was imperative to the fight forced upon me by circumstances for which I do not hold you answerable.

It would have been better, if you had foreseen the course the controversy was likely to take, to prepare for it in the beginning, so that we might have made team work of it. . . . Your letters to Wilson did as a matter of fact leave me the bag to hold. Subsequent events put me in for all the fighting and all the damages. I do not in the least blame you for this. I merely regret that I could not have had your strong arm in the fray. In letters to Hemphill and MacVeagh, answering letters from them, I said this, but not in anger.

On the contrary, dear boy, I hold you wholly guiltless and 'I looks toward you' as ever and always with love and affection.

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

Later in the year, shortly before the election, he wrote again:

LOUISVILLE, KY. Oct. 9, 1912

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I have been steadily mending since my arrival at home, but I still feel very much like a distant relative of mine whom 'the hogs eat up.'

I have had a revelation. Don't ask me whence it came. Woodrow Wilson is on record in writing to the following effect:

'I broke with Watterson because he wanted to boss the job and I would not have it. I broke with Harvey, indebted to him as I was for so much, because he wanted to ride me and I couldn't ride him. I have nothing but gratitude to Harvey and no ill will to Watterson.'

Affectionately

HENRY WATTERSON

In addition to the numerous letters from Watterson and MacVeagh, Harvey received a multitude of similar purport, from all parts of the country. Private opinion accorded with that expressed publicly in the press, in sympathizing with him in the wrong which he had suffered, in approving his manly and self-respecting stand, and in censuring Wilson for his discourtesy and ingratitude. A single specimen of these almost innumerable communications, from one of the foremost political journalists of the country, whose personal status was entirely impartial and disinterested, will serve to indicate their tenor. It was from the veteran editor of 'The Atlanta Constitution':

ATLANTA, GA. February 1, 1912

Hon. George Harvey,
Harper's Weekly,
New York City.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

It seems that Woodrow's 'apology' is about as abject as you would have it.

I am writing simply to extend my renewed assurance of distinguished consideration.

Your best vindication comes from the man who caused all the trouble, and if he is satisfied, you certainly ought to be.

Sincerely your friend

CLARK HOWELL

There were, of course, others of an entirely different tone, condemning and even reviling both Harvey and Watterson; but these were chiefly of three limited classes: from those who were envious and jealous of the two brilliant journalists; from those who, like those in one of Tourgeneff's tales, reckon a newspaper man always in the wrong; and from those who had formed a sort of Wilson cult and therefore could not admit that the object of their adoration had erred.

To return, however, 'to our muttons.' The storm continued to rage in the press and elsewhere, until by sheer force of circumstances it was compelled to subside in order that public attention might be centered upon the Democratic National Convention. All the time Harvey maintained his dignified silence, confident of the righteousness of his course and of the flawlessness of his record. Pressure was brought upon him, to renounce Wilson's candidacy and to give his important support to some other candidate — to Harmon, who was a Conservative; to Clark, who was his warm personal friend; to Underwood, a most worthy and attractive man. A lesser man would have yielded and have done this; perhaps would have done it on his own initiative. Not so Harvey. He still clung to the great idea which he had enunciated in his speech at the Lotos Club dinner, six years before. Debarred from openly supporting Wilson, by Wilson's own act, he continued privately to desire his success and scrupulously refrained from uttering a word which might in the least degree impair his chances. It was that unfaltering wish for Wilson's success, more than anything else, which restrained him from taking his appropriate stand by the side of Marse Henry in the conflict which had been raging. So he looked to the convention at Baltimore with the hope and the expectation that the candidate who had repudiated his support would, after all, be nominated.

Harvey was much in demand at the convention, by various faction leaders, but maintained an entirely non-committal air. Bryan was the first to seek him, and to ask, with painful intensity of interest, if he thought that the vote of New York would be cast for Wilson. Harvey thought for a moment, with a far-reaching expression upon his face, as though he were reading the very soul of his interlocutor, and then slowly murmured:

'I do not think so.'

'Well,' said Bryan, as if half-disappointed, 'I didn't know but that it might.'

A little later, Harvey was approached by Norman Mack, the leader of the New York delegation; 'Charlie' Murphy, the boss of Tammany Hall; and Roger Sullivan, the boss of the Illinois Democracy; and was asked by Sullivan what he thought of his candidate by this time.

For a full minute he was silent, and then said:

'I suppose, Roger, that you are thinking of going to Wilson?'

'What makes you think that?' demanded the other sharply.

'Never mind. That's what I think. If there is any question about it, I'll leave it to Mr. Murphy.' As Murphy remained silent, Harvey continued: 'Now, gentlemen, it doesn't matter what my attitude toward Wilson is, but I can tell you what his attitude is toward you. You may throw your delegations to him, and thus probably nominate him. But if you do, you will have your labor for your pains. He will never recognize you in any way, nor have anything to do with you. Remember that!'

Sullivan seemed stunned; and Murphy said to him: 'You hear that, Roger?' 'Yes, I hear it.' 'Well,' continued Murphy, 'that settles it for me. I believe Harvey knows what he is talking about.'

To the uninformed observer, those two little conversations of Harvey's, with Bryan and with the three bosses, may have seemed inconsequential. In fact, they formed one of the shrewdest pieces of political diplomacy on record, which Machiavelli himself might have envied. Bryan dominated the convention to this extent that while, under the famous two-thirds rule, he might not be able to nominate himself or his own candidate, he could prevent the nomination of anybody else; and he had announced explicitly that he would not permit the nomination of anybody who had the support of the New York delegation, which he regarded as representing 'the Interests.' For that reason he would not support Clark. He even tried to get the convention to adopt a resolution denouncing J. P. Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont by name, demanding the withdrawal of any delegates

representative of or under obligations to them, and opposing the nomination of any candidate who was in any way connected with them. The first and second of these proposals were withdrawn, but the third was actually adopted.

Now this was the situation, and this the plan of Bryan, as Harvey discerned it. Bryan was already opposed to Clark, who was the leading candidate, because New York favored him. If New York should shift its support to Wilson, who was the next strongest candidate, Bryan, who was supposed to be in favor of Wilson, would instantly repudiate him, on that same ground. And thus, by a process of eliminating the leading candidates, Bryan would eventually compel the convention to accept himself. It was to thwart this scheme of Bryan's that Harvey spoke as he did to Mack, Murphy, and Sullivan. He knew that their support of Wilson would be fatal to him, by alienating Bryan; so he warned them that if they nominated Wilson they would get no favors from him in return. That was sufficient to prevent them from casting New York's vote for Wilson, and thus left Bryan no pretext for deserting him. It was a paradoxical performance, to seek a candidate's nomination by keeping the most numerous delegation in the convention from voting for him. But it was logical, and it worked; and neither Bryan nor the three bosses realized what pliant tools they had been in Harvey's master hand.

The convention was a long one. Clark led by a large margin on the early ballots. It was not until the thirtieth that Wilson overtook and passed him. Then Bryan sent his brother, Charles P. Bryan, to Harvey to ask him to come to his room for an interview, in which he urged that the convention should be adjourned for a thirty days' recess. He had heard that Sullivan was about to swing the Illinois delegation to Wilson, which would give him the nomination, and he wanted to prevent that; and as he could not at that stage of the proceedings withdraw his own support from Wilson, the only way to head Wilson off was to adjourn the convention. Bryan could not himself move for adjournment without compromising himself, but if the followers of Clark or Underwood should make the motion, he would support it and it would be carried. And the Clark and Underwood men would be eager to make the mo-

tion, if they knew that Bryan would support it and thus assure its adoption.

Bryan did not venture to ask Harvey himself to suggest the motion to the Clark and Underwood people and to tell them that he — Bryan — would support it. But he felt sure that Harvey would do so without being asked, because he supposed that Harvey at heart wanted Wilson defeated, out of revenge for the way he had been treated by him. Harvey, of course, took pains not to disabuse Bryan of that notion, but, after a little private chat with the leader of the Alabama delegation, he shut himself in his room, disconnected the telephone, and told Inglis, who was with him, that they would remain there, thus lost to the world, until the convention reassembled.

'Then,' he said, 'William Inglis, we are going to slip over to the hall by the back way, and you are going to see Woodrow Wilson nominated for President of the United States on the very first ballot that is taken.'

And it was so. When the convention was called to order, Bryan gazed anxiously around, trying to espy Harvey, and expecting some of the Clark or Underwood men to move for adjournment. But Harvey could not be seen, and no motion for adjournment was made, so that there was nothing to do but to proceed with the balloting — the forty-sixth.

The first State called was Alabama. It was Underwood's own State. Bryan's waning hopes flickered up again. Perhaps the leader of the delegation would not announce the State's vote, but would move for adjournment. But, no. The leader — with whom Harvey had talked an hour before, in a conversation which never has been published — arose and declared that, proud as she was of her favorite son, Oscar W. Underwood, she could not permit him, he would not permit himself, to stand in the way of the obvious desire of the Democratic Party of the United States, *et cetera, ad libitum*, wherefore, Mr. Chairman, it was his duty to announce that Alabama withdrew the name of Oscar W. Underwood, and in his place cast her undivided vote for Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

After that, nothing mattered. The landslide was started. Pandemonium was let loose. Delegation after delegation made haste to 'get in out of the rain.' It was a work of super-

erogation to go through with the formal balloting, but it was done, and the result was announced. Nor was there any occasion or disposition to challenge the result. It was 'Just Wilson! That's all!' The nomination made at the Lotos Club, from which, through evil or through good report, its maker had never for an instant swerved, was ratified at last by the representatives of the Democratic Party of the United States of America.

CHAPTER XXII

PRESIDENT WILSON

AFTER nomination, election. Theoretically, and practically as a general rule, the campaign for the latter is far more arduous than that for the former. In 1912, however, that was not the case. That was because of the great Progressive schism in the Republican Party, which resulted in the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt in opposition to President Taft, who had been renominated by the regular party convention. In these circumstances, the election of Wilson seemed assured, from the very beginning.

Harvey, of course, entered the campaign, in 'Harper's Weekly.' His last advocacy of Wilson's nomination had appeared in its columns on December 9. His first advocacy of his election appeared promptly after the convention, on July 13, 1912, and was in precisely the same spirit that might have been expected had there never been that episode at the Manhattan Club nor a seven months' interval during which Wilson's name was absent from that editorial page. The opening editorial of the campaign for election pronounced Wilson the strongest candidate the Democrats could have nominated, who would poll at least half a million votes more than any other could have done. 'If the Democrats cannot elect Wilson, they could not elect anybody.' He pronounced Wilson, also, an unpledged candidate. 'Nobody pretends that Mr. Wilson is under the slightest obligation to any man or group of men for his nomination.' Thereafter in every number 'Harper's Weekly' was a vigorous, aggressive, whole-hearted campaign paper.

Following Harvey's example, Watterson also swung into line. 'Woodrow Wilson,' he wrote, 'could not escape election if he tried. He will sweep the country.' Of Harvey's first article on the result of the convention and the outlook for the campaign he cordially approved. Writing from his Kentucky home he said:

DEAR GEORGE:

You have hit it, exactly. There was nothing else to be done, but that you have done to the Governor's taste, or words to that effect! Don't run away to Europe. I shall be East from the first of August, and it will refresh both of us to mingle our sorrows and our damns in the flowing waters of Deal Beach!

Affectionately

H. W.

Of course the fine old Kentucky Bourbon had no thought whatever of forgiving Wilson. His opinion of him had not changed. But, after all, Wilson was the regular Democratic candidate, and what was the use in having political parties if members were not loyal to them? In that he differed from Harvey, who never let loyalty to party supersede loyalty to patriotic principles and ideals. But the immediate effect was the same. Both heartily supported Wilson, in spite of the personal grievances they both had suffered; Watterson for the sake of party loyalty, Harvey for the sake of the great idea which he had conceived six years before for the welfare of America.

Comment upon the course thus adopted by Harvey and Watterson was comparatively slight. Passions had been torn to tatters some months before, and could not be renewed. Besides, there was a new topic of violent controversy, of the first magnitude. The Bull Moose campaign was stirring the country. The two Republican factions were fighting each other far more vigorously than either of them was fighting the Democrats, while the fight between the friends and foes of Wilson within the Democratic Party had entirely subsided. And the public always takes more interest in war than in peace. It really seemed the most natural thing in the world for Harvey and Watterson to be supporting Wilson in their papers.

Apart from his editorial activities, Harvey made no offers of aid in the campaign nor any overtures for the reestablishment of any personal contact or relations with Wilson. It was for Wilson to take the initiative, if any one. But Wilson did not, directly. Yet he felt the need of Harvey's counsel and his provision of ammunition for the campaign, at least as much as he had in the contest of two years before. He therefore made frequent applications to him, through his secretary, Tumulty, who at all times had remained on excellent terms with

Harvey. And all his thanks were conveyed to Harvey in the same way. 'I received the Blaine-Mills articles,' wrote Tumulty to Harvey on one of many occasions, 'and desire to thank you for having been generous enough to accede to our request. The Governor took them with him on his Western trip and I believe that they will be of great value to him.'

From the outset, Harvey perceived that Wilson's real fight was with Roosevelt, and not with Taft. The former was making the stronger personal appeal to the people, and was sure to poll the larger vote. In his editorials he frequently reminded the Democratic managers of these facts. 'We respectfully suggest,' he said, 'to the directors of the Democratic canvass that William H. Taft is not the man whom Woodrow Wilson has to beat.'

His personal views of the campaign in its earlier stages were expressed in an article in 'The North American Review' for September, and still more intimately in a letter which he wrote to a friend, enclosing to him advance proof-sheets of that article. He said:

It is a wholly dispassionate review, and the closest analysis I can make at this time. All that I have said I believe to be correct, but I have refrained from stating some things which I consider equally true. Chief among these, as you will see hinted toward the end, is my very strong impression that Roosevelt is going to cut deeply into the Democratic workingmen's vote. Mr. Edison wrote me that ninety per cent. of his workmen are for Roosevelt, and this tendency is confirmed by information I have received from other large manufacturing establishments. If it should continue up to election day it is evident that Roosevelt will be a dangerous factor. In fact, the situation may become so acute that Wilson's success will be seriously endangered unless the Independent Republicans and a considerable number of Taft Republicans vote for Wilson for the sole purpose of quashing Roosevelt.

Matters have not yet settled down sufficiently to form a definite judgment to this effect, but I perceive a strong possibility that that may be the true situation when Election Day comes. If so, what will you patriotic Republicans do? That is the question which you may have to take under very serious consideration and answer with your influence and your votes.

Taft is simply not in the running. I doubt if he will carry ten States. His appeal for a Conservative Democratic support, in his speech of acceptance, had some little effect at first, but he has blown it completely away by vetoing the Wool Revision Bill.

That was at mid-August, two and a half months before the election. The situation changed materially thereafter, but not so as to vitiate the views which Harvey had expressed. On the contrary, the changes which occurred confirmed his judgment and showed that his only error had been in being too moderate in his estimates.

Ultimately Harvey was summoned to take a more active part in the campaign. About three weeks before the election, William F. McCombs, who was at the head of the campaign committee, fell ill, and, as he was not at all in accord with the policies of the vice-chairman, William G. McAdoo, matters began to fall into confusion, especially in the publicity bureau. Thereupon Wilson sent a hurry call for help to Harvey. He did not do so directly, but through McCombs; who sent for Harvey to come and see him, saying he had done so at Wilson's earnest desire. Everything was at sixes and sevens. The young men in the publicity bureau had sent out some very indiscreet and harmful matter, and it was evident that a strong man was needed to take charge in McCombs's unfortunate absence.

Being assured in the most positive manner that it was at Wilson's orders that he had been sent for, and that Wilson wished him to take hold of affairs, Harvey assented. He took a suite of rooms at the Hotel Waldorf and soon brought order out of chaos. Thereafter no publicity matter was issued without his or McCombs's approval; and that meant Harvey's, since McCombs's ill health kept him at his home in the country most of the time. And so, with Inglis as his aid, Harvey worked at headquarters during the rest of that campaign. A week before the election he prepared and published his forecast of the result; to the effect that Taft would carry only the two States of Utah and Vermont. This was greeted with derision on all sides, but it proved to be exactly true.

He had not come into personal relations with Wilson during the campaign, but on Monday, the day before the election, he wrote him a note of congratulation upon the result:

DEAR MR. WILSON:

I shall be busy getting out a paper tomorrow night, so I am going to write a line now.

First, I want to compliment you upon your canvass. I can recall

none to equal it in effectiveness. Never before to my knowledge has *every* utterance of a candidate added strength. That surely is an achievement.

My congratulations go naturally to our country. To my mind, it is probably unnecessary to say, your election is the greatest thing that has happened since Lincoln's. Nor am I sure that it *was not as essential* as his was.

A mighty task confronts you, of course. As to that, I have no fears. I have more than hope. I have implicit faith in *you*. It is most comforting, I assure you, to feel that way — and I am more eager, I truly believe, for your great and enduring success as President of the United States than you yourself can possibly be.

So with full confidence I tender my best will and wishes to you, and my felicitations to the first Southern-born lady to occupy the White House since Eliza McCardle.

Very sincerely yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Wilson replied with a very cordial and appreciative note of thanks, which contained, however, not a word nor a hint looking toward resumption of personal relations with Harvey; at which omission Harvey was neither surprised nor aggrieved. It was just as well, he thought, that they should remain apart.

In the number of 'Harper's Weekly' issued three days before the election, Harvey reprinted six predictions which he had made in that paper during the preceding six years, concerning Wilson's political advancement, every one of which had been fulfilled. He then added a seventh to the effect that Woodrow Wilson would have in the Electoral College a clear majority over all of more than three hundred. In fact it turned out to be three hundred and thirty-nine.

Between the election and the inauguration of the new President there was nothing for Harvey to do for the man whom he had politically made. He was not called into conference concerning the organization of the new Administration, nor had he expected nor did he desire to be. His work had logically ended with the election of his man.

The epilogue of the drama appeared in March, 1913. This took the well-chosen form of a voluminous special edition of 'Harper's Weekly,' filled largely with extracts from its own files and from other important papers throughout the country, summarizing the whole story of 'The Triumph of an Idea,' from the conception and birth of that idea at the Lotos Club

dinner, through the gubernatorial campaign of 1910 and the presidential campaign of 1912, to its victorious maturity in the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States.

This noteworthy publication was also, in a sense, the valedictory of 'Harper's Weekly,' or at least of Harvey's editorship of it, which means much the same thing. A few weeks later that historic periodical was sold, being no longer profitable to Harper and Brothers. Under its new ownership it retained its old name, but in a few more years it was merged with another famous but languishing publication, and eventually they both went out of existence.

This regrettable disposition of 'Harper's Weekly' was one of the inevitable consequences of the great changes which were then taking place in the periodical-publishing world. The beginning of the end had occurred away back in 1878, when the brilliant but short-lived 'New York Daily Graphic' demonstrated the practicability of photographic engraving for the illustration of newspapers. Later the processes were so improved as to make it possible to illustrate the morning paper with pictures of scenes of the day before, executed and printed in as good style as the leisurely illustrations of magazines and books of the preceding generation. Moreover, the great metropolitan journals issued Sunday supplements in magazine form, printed on fine paper, richly illustrated, and containing contributions from the most popular and authoritative writers. These presented a competition which the old illustrated weeklies, such as 'Harper's,' could not successfully meet.

Under the masterly editorship of George William Curtis, 'Harper's Weekly' had been for many years veritably a 'Journal of Civilization,' and a nation-wide power; and under the equally able and more enterprising and aggressive editorship of George Harvey, it had maintained that distinguished status, unabated. Yet in its later years it was not, and for the reasons I have stated could not be, a financial success. Harvey kept it going, though at a pecuniary loss, as the physical agency through which to bring to fruition his purpose to make Wilson the President of the United States. With that end accomplished, the 'Weekly' had no further *raison d'être*. Therefore he sold it.

Harvey was not, as may be supposed, a member of the presidential party at the inauguration of Wilson. Save for the brief note of congratulation at election time, and the brief acknowledgment of it, no direct communications had passed between the two men since Wilson's two notes of apology and Harvey's two replies. Although they had several times been under the same roof, in the same room, and at the same dining-table, they had not exchanged a word or a handclasp since the memorable moment when Wilson had said 'Good-day, gentlemen!' and bowed himself out of Marse Henry's room at the Manhattan Club. There is no question that Wilson was very desirous of a reconciliation and a resumption of at least a large measure of their former relations, if for no other reason than that he might have the valuable aid of Harvey's counsel in the conduct of his Administration. But he would not do the 'one thing needful' of himself taking the frank and generous initiative to that end. His communications with Harvey, even his requests for aid, were all conveyed indirectly, through a third party, and naturally elicited only a similarly formal response.

Soon after his inauguration, Wilson in this same roundabout and non-committal manner intimated his wish that Harvey would call on him at the White House. Had he personally written to Harvey to that effect, Harvey would have responded promptly and favorably. As it was, he was hopelessly irresponsive. Then Wilson considered the offer of an appointment to some official post; preferably in the diplomatic service. A number of his friends and party leaders urged this upon him. But he could offer nothing that sufficiently appealed to Harvey to induce him to quit his editorship of 'The North American Review,' which he enjoyed above most other things in the world, and his congenial task of conducting the publications of Harper and Brothers. The ambassadorship to Great Britain, which might have tempted Harvey to accept it, seems to have been first offered to Richard Olney and then, on his declination, was placed in the worthy hands of Walter Hines Page. Next in rank was the ambassadorship to France, which Wilson offered to William F. McCombs, but which the latter, in failing health and somewhat disilluded concerning the man whom he had diligently labored to make President, was unwilling to accept. Then, again with characteristic indi-

rection, Wilson offered it to Harvey, who also declined it; partly because of the manner of the tender, and partly because the place did not particularly appeal to him.

So Harvey concentrated his attention and his energies upon the pursuit of his chosen profession. Commenting upon his relinquishment of 'Harper's Weekly,' widespread regret was expressed that 'the last of a line of gifted editors' should be 'shifted from a pedestal from which he addressed a waiting public once a week to one from which he would be heard but once a month.' But in the development of his 'By the Editor' department in 'The North American Review' he made his monthly addresses to the public even more eloquent in expression, more poignant in appeal, and more convincing in persuasive power, than had been his weekly messages.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CANDID FRIEND

HARVEY's attitude toward Wilson's Administration was that of a candid, and therefore sometimes critical, friend. That was not merely because expediency suggested the need of standing by the man whom he had himself selected, and had persuaded others to accept, as the fittest of all candidates to be the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. It is safe to say that that selfish consideration never once entered his mind. Through all the vicissitudes of his relationship with Wilson, his estimate of his ability as a statesman never changed. As we have seen, after Wilson's nomination he worked for his election with just as much earnestness and zeal as though it had never been necessary for Wilson to cry, 'Forgive me, and forget my manners!' And after his election and inauguration it was his purpose similarly to support his Administration to the fullest possible extent.

But Harvey in all his career was never willing to commit himself unreservedly to the approval and support of any man, or any party. He was ready to say with Decatur, 'My country, right or wrong!' because there was nothing beyond his country to serve. It was supreme. But he never would have said, My party, or My candidate, right or wrong. Although he called himself a Democrat, and was that at heart, he was also, as he once described himself, an 'independent Independent,' who was quite capable of criticizing the Democratic Party whenever in his estimation it failed in duty, and of voting the Republican ticket whenever he believed the welfare of the country would thus be best promoted.

So it was that in 'Harper's Weekly,' in commenting upon Wilson's first inaugural, he declared that he would hold himself free and glad 'to commend generously' all in his Administration that he deemed praiseworthy from the point of view of the national welfare, while at the same time he would remain equally free and ready 'to criticize frankly or condemn unsparingly' anything which, from the same exalted point of

view, he might consider worthy of censure. This declaration, by the way, evoked from Watterson a postscript of enthusiastic commendation, appended to a note of undiminished truculency toward Wilson:

NAPLES, FLORIDA
March 8, 1913

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I now flatter myself that I have done our friend of the White House to a 'cracklin' — although I have not done with him yet, as you will observe if you take time to run your eye over some clippings I have ordered to be sent to you.

I determined before he actually came in to have the Harvey-Watterson-Wilson episode recalled and reexploited, not only that the public should not forget it, but also that the essential facts should be impressed as far as black and white could impress them upon the public mind. I hope the free use of your name was not distasteful to you. My belief is that before he is long in office he will verify the ascription I have put upon him and will make it clear to everybody that he is a man without a sense of personal obligation or gratitude. . . .

Your friend

HENRY WATTERSON

P.S. I am just in receipt of your 'Declaration.' Thank you for sending it. When a man does something I think I could do as well, myself, I call him Brother. When he does it better, I hail him Chief! Go ahead, my son, go ahead! The record is perfect. There is not a gap in it nor a link missing. You have put your man in pillory, never to escape, and written above the empty Wilson niche in Valhalla cloisters, 'Gone, to keep company with Francis Bacon.' History will do the rest. You may say with Stanton, 'Now he is with the ages.' I want you to have this number of 'Harper's Weekly' bound, with my name on the outside and your autograph on the flyleaf within.

H. W.

March 12, 1913.

Harvey's attitude toward some of the outstanding political issues of that time had been frankly expressed by him a year before, shortly previous to the convention at which Wilson was nominated for the Presidency. Asked whether, as a Democrat, he was a Progressive or a Stand-Patter, he replied: 'Neither. Progressive and stand-pat are Republican terms. The one stands for experimentation, the other for Bourbonism. A Democrat may be liberal or he may be conservative,

but he cannot be a Progressive or a Stand-Patter, for the simple reason that Democracy itself is progress — the only progress the world has ever known. As between Liberalism and Conservatism, I am so liberal that I sometimes vote the Republican ticket. But I am primarily, by heritage, instinct, and training simply a Democrat. Indeed,' he added, half whimsically, 'I am the only Democrat now left in the country!'

Asked to explain that amazing statement, he continued:

'Well, here is an instance. The Constitution prescribes that United States Senators shall be elected by State Legislatures. This provision was adopted after mature deliberation, and few will be found to deny that it served its purpose admirably for a full century. Nevertheless, the system lent itself so readily to abuse when unauthorized and unofficial bosses, backed by special interests, obtained control of legislative bodies, and so many obviously unfit men were elected Senators, that the system itself became discredited. Hence the revolt of the people, which has led to evasions of the Constitution in many States, and finally to the proposed Amendment providing for the election of Senators by popular vote. Whether or not this change will prove beneficial need not be considered. The fact is, however, that it is not in any sense a democratic measure. If, as is apparent, a large number of States desire to elect Senators by direct vote, they should be permitted to do so. Those who uphold the old system, even though in the majority, ought not to impose their preference upon others. On the other hand, Vermont, which is entirely satisfied with the present method, should not be compelled to change it, even though all the other States should consider such a change desirable. Each sovereign State should have the power to select its Senators in any way it sees fit. That is the true democratic policy, and an amendment to the Constitution conferring such authority upon the States would conform precisely to the basic principles of our republican form of government. And since I am the only one who holds that view, it follows that I am the only real Democrat now living!'

Not many years afterward Harvey might well have said 'I told you so,' when he saw the popular election of Senators result in gross electoral scandals and in the choice of men dis-

tinctly inferior to those selected under the old system; and when he saw the Senate itself, under the new plan, establishing its own arbitrary qualifications for Senators, and thus, by excluding regularly elected men, depriving States of their constitutional right to equal representation in that body.

Turning to the Initiative and Referendum, he denied that it was a Democratic policy, in national affairs. If a local municipality wanted to practice it, however, it should have that privilege. Indeed, if the people of an entire State wished to hold that paramount authority within their own grasp, primarily as a reserve power over faithless officials, he saw nothing undemocratic in such procedure. But the scheme seemed to him utterly impracticable for a community as large as a State.

Upon one point he was emphatic and resolute. That was, that this popular power should never extend so far as to include the recall of judges or of judicial decisions. 'The primary function of the judiciary,' he said, 'is to protect not the majority but the minority. To make it the subject of popular passion, or even of public opinion, is to rob it of its essential prerogative.'

'Would you,' asked his interlocutor, 'as a Democrat, support Governor Wilson for the Presidency upon a platform advocating the recall of judges, even though his personal inclinations were to the contrary?'

'I would not support the Angel Gabriel upon such a platform!'

Asked if he thought Wilson would be accepted as the Moses of the Democratic Party, he replied:

'Dear, no! Not as the Moses. Mr. Bryan is the Moses of the Democratic Party. He has been leading the people through the Wilderness of Foolishness for many years, until at last the Promised Land is in sight. Mr. Wilson is the Joshua. But let that pass. Only the few who are familiar with the Scriptures will appreciate the distinction.'

He had at that time not a shadow of doubt that Wilson would receive the Democratic nomination. That was fore-ordained. As to the election, that was a different matter. The Republican schism was impending, but had not yet occurred. The result of the election, he said, would depend

upon the judgment of the people as to which of the candidates was the best equipped, mentally and morally, to guide the solving of the Nation's one paramount problem. And that was, how to effect equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without rending the fabric of popular government.

It was with such views that Harvey became now the advocate, now the critic, of the Wilson Administration. We have seen what he said about his attitude toward it in 'The Weekly.' In 'The North American Review,' which was thereafter to be his organ of utterance, under the caption 'A Record and a Forecast,' he quoted from Wilson's 'History of the American People' a passage concerning Thomas Jefferson, in which Wilson said:

Mr. Jefferson had proved no monster, after all, but an amiable and attractive gentleman, graceful in conciliation, and apparently honest in his desire to serve the whole country, spite of what was said against him.

The implied parallel between Jefferson and Wilson, in this use of the passage, was obvious to all readers. Harvey thus showed forth his open-mindedness, his friendliness toward the new Administration, and his optimistic faith in its good service to the country, despite the apprehensions regarding it which so many really felt and many others affected to feel. For the first six months, indeed, he had nothing but unstinted praise for the Administration and its doings. He wrote of it:

All that had been predicted of the effectiveness of Woodrow Wilson has been realized. No President of the United States has demonstrated greater capacity for true leadership. None, barring Lincoln, was confronted at the outset by a larger number of perplexing problems. None has met his difficulties with more sagacity or overcome them more skillfully. Recognition of that fact is as universal and ungrudging as it is gratifying to all patriotic citizens whose faith in the potency of the individual survived all contingencies.

In those last dozen words Harvey doubtless had in mind, involuntarily, his own impregnable faith in the man of his choice. The entire passage is worthy of remembrance, and indeed justice requires that it shall be remembered, as a refutation of the stupid calumny that Harvey was always hostile to Wilson after Wilson 'turned him down' at the Man-

hattan Club, and that he therefore 'had it in' for the Wilson Administration from the very beginning. The fact is that he could not have been more favorable to the Administration if 'The North American Review' had been an old-style party organ, bound to stand for the President through thick and thin.

It was not until the fall of that year that the first word of dissent from Wilson's policies appeared, and then it was the dissent of a friend, not of an enemy. This was provoked by the enactment, with Wilson's approval if not at his initiation, of a flagrant piece of class legislation. This was the notorious law which exempted labor unions from prosecution for offenses against the anti-trust act. It was, said Harvey, the first statute ever enacted in America which exempted a special class of citizens from the operation of a law which was in its terms of universal application. It divided American citizens into two great classes, and made it lawful for one class to do that which was criminal in the other. Wilson's approval of this bill was a severe shock to Harvey, and caused him for the first time to have some doubt concerning the soundness of Wilson's statesmanship. In signing it, wrote Harvey in his 'Review,' Wilson 'unshackled the forces opposed to the fundamental democratic principle of equal rights for all, and initiated a kind of class legislation whose outcome every patriotic citizen must contemplate with the gravest foreboding.'

This was followed a month later, in December, 1913, with an equally outspoken criticism of the President for his extraordinary attitude toward Mexico. He might have suggested — but did not — another parallel between Wilson and Jefferson, in that his foreign policies were, with a few shining exceptions, the least satisfactory and least successful part of Jefferson's Administration. Wilson, it will be recalled, refused to recognize Victoriano Huerta as President of Mexico. 'What legal or moral right,' demanded Harvey, 'has a President of the United States to say who shall or shall not be President of Mexico?' And in the next issue of 'The North American Review' he pointed to the vivid contrast between the shocking brutalities which characterized the civil war in Mexico and the 'ineffectual idealism' of Wilson's 'watchful waiting'; declaring in fine that the President's Mexican policy had definitely failed.

On the next important issue that arose, he sustained the President unequivocally, praised his course in the highest terms, and declared that the honor of the Nation imperatively demanded that Congress should adopt his policy. This was on the question of the Panama Canal Tolls Exemption Act, an iniquitous measure, in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which Congress had by some unfortunate means been bamboozled into enacting. Wilson asked for its repeal, not merely on what should have been the all-sufficient moral ground of its iniquity, but also on the expedient ground of policy, saying that unless it was repealed he would be seriously embarrassed and handicapped in some highly important negotiations the character and identity of which he did not disclose. Harvey vigorously supported his demand, but on the former ground, of moral obligation. On that, he wrote, the President was 'upon high and firm ground. A point of national honor cannot be debated; it must be heeded at whatever cost of consistency or material advantage. That is all there is of it. The Democratic Party must follow his lead and repeal the faithless provision, or be utterly discredited in the eyes of this and every other civilized Nation. . . . We have pledged our faith as a Nation, and that is the beginning and end of all argument.' In those pregnant phrases Harvey displayed the spirit which from first to last animated him in his attitude toward all public affairs. In this case his support of the President, widely quoted and published throughout the Nation, materially aided in securing the repeal of the obnoxious provision and the vindication of the Nation's honor in the faithful observance of treaty obligations.

At that time the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments to the Constitution were beginning to take form. The Anti-Saloon League was conducting its famous 'still hunt' for the control of Congress and the State Legislatures, and the 'Votes for Women' campaign was enlisting the interest of fashionable society as well as of the heroic little band of reformers that for many years had been scarcely more than a voice crying in an unresponsive wilderness. Harvey was much interested in both, and sought the opinions of various representative men and women concerning them. Among those whom he thus approached was William J. Bryan, who was then Secretary of

State in Wilson's Cabinet, and was also directing the publication of his weekly journal of opinion, 'The Commoner.' The result was the writing of a most interesting letter, setting forth Bryan's attitude toward both the issues:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, *Dec. 7, 1914*

MY DEAR MR. HARVEY:

I am sending you, as per your request, a copy of the editorial which I have sent out to 'The Commoner.' It will not quiet the opposition, but it will prevent a misrepresentation of my position. You will notice that I say that —

'Believing in both woman suffrage and the abolition of the liquor traffic, I would vote for either amendment if submitted, but the time does not seem opportune for such amendments.'

I think that frankness requires me to state that I would vote for the amendments if submitted, otherwise I might be accused of evading the subject.

I have not said so in the editorial, but I may add in a letter like this that the liquor interests themselves are responsible for putting emphasis on the national character of the contest. They have insisted upon overriding State laws, they have fought every proposition that looked to the control of the liquor traffic by the States, their national organization does not hesitate to invade any community where the question is at issue, they seek to control the Legislatures of the various States, and they cannot complain if, having made the question national, the temperance forces meet them on their own ground. But my reason for thinking it unwise to urge either national amendment at this time is stated in my editorial, namely, that it — 'would divert attention from other issues upon which the people are ready to act, without advancing woman suffrage or prohibition.'

The editorial leaves no doubt as to my opinion that the Democrats in the various States should take the moral side of the question. I might have put it upon higher ground, namely, that the moral side of a question is always the right side; but I am presenting the matter from a party standpoint, therefore I offer the more practical reason, namely:

'The moral side appeals to the young men who are coming out of our schools and colleges with visions of better things,' and that

'We cannot afford to drive the better element out of our party or to draw the worst element of the Republican Party into ours.'

In order to answer in advance the suggestion that is likely to be made, that I think it will kill the party to take the wrong side of this question, I state that the Democratic Party cannot be killed even by associating with so contaminating an influence as the liquor

interests, and ask whether the party should allow itself to be so debauched and disgraced that it will take a decade or more to remove the odium.

The copy of the editorial which I send you may not be an exact copy of the editorial I sent to 'The Commoner,' because I have not a copy of the editorial as corrected; but if there are any differences between this copy and the copy as it appears, they will not materially alter the meaning.

I send this to you in advance, so that you will have time to prepare what you want to say in regard to it. 'The Commoner' is mailed about the fifteenth, but as it takes about three days to reach the subscribers the copies will be given to the press about the seventeenth, it being our purpose to enable the press to use 'The Commoner' editorials in the papers that are published on the day 'The Commoner' reaches its subscribers.

Allow me to assure you again of my appreciation, in which Mrs. Bryan joins me, of the interest which you have manifested in the peace treaties. I believe that these treaties will grow in importance as the people come to understand their far-reaching influence.

Yours very truly

W. J. BRYAN

There belongs to this portion of Harvey's career an impressive incident, both strongly contrasting and also harmonizing with these political activities which I have just related. J. Pierpont Morgan had died, and on May 8, 1913, Harvey made an address in memory of him before the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers' Association, in New York; a portion of which forms a legitimate part of Harvey's own history, as well as a singularly eloquent tribute to the great financier. He was speaking, near the end of his address, of Mr. Morgan as a citizen and a patriot:

Perhaps I may give an indication of the depth and the breadth of Mr. Morgan's patriotism. It is no secret, of course, that in common with many others he never considered the Democratic Party fully capable of governing this Nation. It is also well known that he heartily disapproved of Mr. Roosevelt as an administrative officer, and that he subsequently regarded the political views advanced by Mr. Wilson with honest apprehension. Because of contrary proclivities of my own as to Mr. Wilson, I frankly did not seek opportunities to discuss public affairs with Mr. Morgan during the last few years. . . . But the election had taken place, the inevitable had happened, and, using Speaker Cannon's phrase, Mr. Wilson had become his President as much as mine — perhaps in fact a little more. Anyhow, there was no constraint upon our conversation

when I saw him for the last time in his library, on the day before he went away. He was optimistic as ever regarding the country, and I naturally spoke hopefully of the prospects of the incoming Administration.

Then followed this curious episode. Suddenly turning those piercing eyes upon me, Mr. Morgan said: 'Do you remember that American speech you made in London?' I remembered very well. It was not a speech — only a few succinct remarks at the close of a private dinner in reply to an Anglicized sycophant who had mistakenly thought to curry favor with Mr. Morgan by speaking contemptuously of Mr. Bryan, whom on the preceding day, as it happened, I had introduced to him at a reception.

'And do you recall,' he asked, 'those lines from Scott that you quoted when *that man*' — I can hear now the emphasis upon those two words — 'when *that man* had left the room?'

I did, of course, and began to repeat:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said —

I hesitated for an instant, and the succeeding words came from the big armchair with odd distinctness —

This is my own, my native land?

Then, very quietly, Mr. Morgan asked if I could recall the remaining lines, and I quoted imperfectly:

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Half a minute is a long time, but for fully that period I should say Mr. Morgan sat perfectly still. Then, unconsciously beating time upon the arm of his chair, as he used to do in church, he repeated, as if soliloquizing,

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land —

and rising with difficulty from his chair, for he was then quite feeble, he said, with the emphasis that only quietude can give:

‘When you see Mr. Wilson, tell him for me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal.’

Barring the usual leave-taking, those were the last words I heard from the lips of Mr. Morgan.

Harvey had this address privately printed in a beautiful little volume, for distribution to Mr. Morgan’s friends; upon receipt of a copy of which Mrs. Morgan wrote to him:

MY DEAR MR. HARVEY:

Many thanks for the dainty little book, with the part of your speech at the Bankers’ dinner about my husband. Nothing that has been printed since his death compares in value to what you have said, and I am most grateful to have it in such convenient and attractive form.

It is as you picture him, in the scene in the library, that I want my husband to be remembered — a greatly patriotic American, who would not let his personal preferences stand for a moment between him and any benefit to his people.

I am grateful indeed to you for saying it all so beautifully.

Sincerely yours

FRANCES T. MORGAN

CHAPTER XXIV

RECONCILIATION

THERE is an old saying, *Inter arma, leges silent*, which for the present I would transmute into *Inter arma, simulates silent*. Certainly that was widely true in the fateful year of 1914. The clash of arms in the World War quickly silenced the murmurings, the bickerings, the revilings, of private feuds. And they brought Harvey and Woodrow Wilson together as they had not been since what had become known as the breach at the Manhattan Club.

The reconciliation was, as of course it should have been and had to be, of Wilson's seeking; though, with a certain perverse tortuousness of mind, he sought it through indirection to the end. Harvey, however, made the way easy. In September he published an article in 'The North American Review' under the significant caption, 'Uphold the President.' In it he strongly argued and pleaded for the return of another Democratic majority in Congress, at the coming fall elections. The President deserved it, he said, for he had kept the faith. More than that, the country owed it to itself to give him that support, in view of the tremendous happenings in Europe, in which, whether we wished it or not, we were bound to be concerned. So the President's hands 'should be strengthened by a vote of confidence, not weakened by seeming division. Now, more than ever before, or perhaps ever again, it behooves our country to stand behind its leader united before the world.'

Shortly after that publication, which we may be sure was read with intense interest at the White House, Harvey, with Inglis and some other friends, was having luncheon at the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, only a short distance from the White House. In the midst of it Inglis, who had looked about the room to see what friends might be seated at other tables, said to Harvey:

'Colonel, if you look straight over my right shoulder, you will see your friend Joe Tumulty just ordering his lunch.'

'Why, no, I don't see him,' replied Harvey, after looking sharply in that direction.

'Well, that's strange,' said Inglis; 'he was there half a minute ago.' And when he looked around, he saw that the place Tumulty had occupied was vacant. The next minute a page walked into the room: 'Telephone call for Colonel Harvey!' and Harvey asked Inglis to see who it was and what he wanted. It was Tumulty; at the White House; making known to Colonel Harvey that President Wilson would be greatly pleased and obliged if the Colonel could make it convenient to call at the White House and see him, that afternoon. Harvey did not realize at that moment that within ten years he would be declining, or at least asking to be excused from accepting, an invitation — euphemism for command — of the King of England to dine with him at Buckingham Palace. But he put himself in training for that unique performance. Inglis conveyed the reply, that Colonel Harvey very greatly regretted his inability to accept President Wilson's kind invitation, being actually on his way to keep an engagement at Old Point Comfort.

'Didn't know you were going down there, Colonel,' remarked Inglis.

'Neither did I; but I am. Come, let's be moving!'

And they went.

The following Sunday, October 4, 1914 — which three days later was being called 'Peace Sunday' all over the land — Harvey and the others of his Old Point party were back in Washington, lunching at the University Club. Came with surprising promptness a telephone call for Colonel Harvey.

Tumulty, again.

Also, as before, at the White House.

Likewise, with the same message. President Wilson would be greatly pleased if Colonel Harvey could call at the White House, that afternoon — a Sunday afternoon, and Scottish Presbyterian Woodrow Wilson was supposed to be Sabbatarianly inclined! That was no mere incident; it was an event. So Harvey himself went to the telephone; and returned to the table smiling. 'I'll go!' And Tumulty came over to escort him; something like and unlike Inglis's escorting Wilson from Lyme down to Deal!

That evening the President's secretaries gave out to newspaper men this statement:

Colonel Harvey, on the invitation of the President, spent an hour with him at the White House this afternoon, discussing the general situation.

When Harvey returned to his waiting friends at the University Club, he found them almost breathless with curiosity; to be monosyllabically gratified.

'So you actually saw him?'

'Yes.'

'Alone?'

'Yes.'

'And did you ——'

'No, we didn't; we just talked about affairs in general, especially in Europe.'

But a little later, Harvey related this most significant incident. It was as he was making his adieu and leaving the White House. Something was said about Washington and his immortal fame. 'Mr. President,' said Harvey sententiously, laying his hand upon Wilson's shoulder, 'Washington will always be known as the Father of his Country. But this war, which involves directly or indirectly all the world, will afford you, sir, opportunity to achieve a still higher position, a greater fame. For you, sir, may become the Father of the Peace of the World!'

And with that he walked away, leaving Wilson thinking, thinking, thinking.

Nearly ten years afterward, Dr. Stockton Axson, the close friend of Wilson and brother of his first wife, related that one day, a little while after this call of Harvey's, Wilson said to him, at the White House: 'I am very much troubled about this war, lest something shall happen on the high seas that will draw us into it. I know we can render a greater service to the world by keeping out of it. . . . At the close of this war four things will have to be settled. First, that small nations shall have equal rights with great nations; second, that never again must it be permitted for a foot of ground to be obtained by conquest; third, that the manufacture of munitions of war must be by governments and not by private individuals; and fourth,

that all nations must be absorbed into some great association of nations, whereby all shall guarantee the integrity of each.' Dr. Axson was not sure whether Wilson said an 'association' or a 'league' of nations. But in that utterance was the germ of his later scheme of the League of Nations, in the attempt to establish which he sacrificed his life. And we may reasonably surmise that that germ of the League had been implanted in his mind by Harvey's reference to him as the potential Father of the World's Peace.

Is there a more strange and striking circumstance in history than that, in which Harvey suggested to Wilson the League of Nations, for and against which, respectively, they two were destined to be the chief protagonists?

So October 4, 1914, was the first Peace Sunday! The next morning, all over the land, the news of Harvey's call at the White House was 'first-page news' in almost every important newspaper, and was cabled to other countries. It held its own, as news and as a topic for editorial comment, even amid the annals of the European cataclysm.

Nor was that call at the White House a mere gesture. It was followed immediately by Harvey's active participation in the campaign for a Democratic majority in Congress, such as he had invoked in his 'Review' article, and five days later Tumulty was writing him from the White House thanks for what he was doing. It may be added that these efforts were not in vain. In the new Congress the Democratic majority in the House was somewhat reduced, but it remained sufficient, while in the Senate it was increased.

There was reconciliation, also, between Watterson and Wilson; beginning, in fact, at an earlier date than Harvey's. Early in July, Watterson printed some articles which caused Tumulty to write an appreciative note, to which Watterson responded at considerable length:

LOUISVILLE, KY.
July 8, 1914

MY DEAR MR. TUMULTY:

Thanks for your friendly letter. I have tried always in my newspaper writing to detach my pen from purely personal and private considerations. In that connection it may be relevant for me to say that I entertain not the smallest pique or ill-will toward the President. He never gave me wound or offense. I drew away from him partly

because of the Harvey incident, but also because it became clear to my mind that he was not giving me his entire confidence and was in communication with certain enemies of mine in Kentucky. On this point I was the more sensitive, since if he became ten times President there was nothing he could do for me.

In the succeeding friction I was irritated into saying some things I should not be willing on reflection to stand for; but the campaign to divert Kentucky from Wilson to Clark grew rather bitter, turning largely upon my change of attitude. This was to be met only in the way I met it, but it carried me further than I intended to go. At no time did I lose my admiration for Mr. Wilson's great ability, or my belief in his principles and intentions. I feared his temperamental obduracy, and, having had in Mr. Cleveland a superfluity of this, I dreaded it in another Democratic occupant of the White House.

In some ways the President has confirmed my apprehension. It showed in his failure to name Harvey English Ambassador and in his punctuation of this slight by the appointment of another New York publisher — a man having no constituency or party claim and not strikingly suited to the place. Waiving all question of obligation, the appointment of Harvey, a very qualified man, would have been politically and personally a ten-strike.

I am writing this with perfect candor and without the least purpose to be either intimate or intrusive. I am an old man, whose life is behind him. Yet I am still on the firing line, charged with what seem to me real responsibilities, and though I have no relations with the President, I would have him realize my disinterested and sincere desire for the success of his Administration.

Sincerely

HENRY WATTERSON

Tragedy, however, was needed to make the reconciliation complete; and it was provided in the death of Mrs. Wilson. What followed, Watterson wrote to Harvey, on September 24:

Upon Mrs. Wilson's death I sent Tumulty a telegram of condolence to the President, and received from the White House the usual card of acknowledgment. Then there came a grateful, almost an affectionate, letter from the President himself. Of course, in answer to that I was bound to recur to our break, and the result has been that hereafter all is to be as if nothing ever was — or words to that effect. As I never expect to be in Washington, and shall surely seek nothing of the White House, it is all right. But if we should ever come together, I shall talk to him fully and frankly about my part of it, because I want to know just why he acted as he did — what he had or could have had against you which prevented him making the ten-strike of naming you immediately to England, securing a better

Ambassador, pleasing the country, and knocking me where he wanted to knock Bryan! . . . After the fall elections you will owe me a dinner!

Under the same date, Watterson wrote also to Hemphill:

I agree with you and Senator Chilton that Woodrow Wilson will, if he lives, be renominated and reëlected. I expressed this opinion very decisively to George Harvey when I was on at Dorothy's wedding. Since the death of Mrs. Wilson there have been interchanges between the President and me, which eliminate the disagreeable episode of 1911. So there is no private feeling to interpose against my appearing in his triumph — even strapped to the wheel of his chariot — except the look of it! God made me a marksman, not a bugler; a magistrate, and not an organ-grinder! Happily I am out of the whole of it. Political activities were never necessary to my happiness, nor especially sweet to my taste. They have grown actually offensive. I look with disdain upon Presidents and Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court and Washington Correspondents! I, Sir, why I am Sir Oracle! Anyhow, no treasons, stratagems, and spoils for me.

And at the end of that year — and of this chapter! — Tumulty, who was perhaps of all men most pleased over the peace-making in which he had played so indefatigable a part, wrote to Harvey: 'The President warmly appreciates your message of birthday greeting, and he asks me to thank you cordially for your generous words.' So at that Christmas season, despite the appalling strife in war-racked Europe, there was peace on earth among three men of gentle will!

CHAPTER XXV

ARMAGEDDON

It was Armageddon. The word seemed copied from Theodore Roosevelt, who had used it at the beginning of his Bull Moose campaign, two years before. But doubtless Harvey would have applied it to the World War all the same, if Roosevelt had never mentioned it. His use of Scriptural names, phrases, allusions and texts was one of the outstanding features of his addresses and writings; as it was of those of Lincoln, Bright, and other great masters of English speech. There were those who thought that Roosevelt's use of the word had been somewhat extravagant and exaggerated, but there were few, indeed, who thus esteemed Harvey's adoption of it; not even President Wilson, though he wanted the American people to be as neutral in heart and mind as they were in acts, and not even to seek to know the causes or the objects of the mighty conflict, or who was in the right of it and who the wrong.

But Harvey knew its causes and its objects, and knew, too, that, deprecate and resist it as we might, this country would inevitably become involved in it, soon or late, as a belligerent participant, not merely with money and supplies, but with myriads of the young men of the Nation. And it was with such prescient conceptions that, immediately upon the beginning of hostilities and the invasion of Belgium, he wrote for the August number of 'The North American Review' a striking article entitled 'Europe at Armageddon,' which attracted nation-wide attention and much comment in various tones. Among the many letters of approval which Harvey received was one from Senator Borah, who seems to have been immensely impressed by it, and who thereafter became more and more frequently a political ally of Harvey. Mr. Borah wrote:

UNITED STATES SENATE
August 30, 1914

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I have just read your interesting review of 'Europe at Armageddon.' The entire article, and especially the closing paragraph, will

find approval in the hearts and minds of many readers. But the paragraph which above all others arrested my attention is the following:

'Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to that rightful heritage of that "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" whose winning through conflict constitutes the greatest boon of humankind; perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!'

This states a great truth, one which we grasp hesitatingly and with dubious faith. It is a truth born of our intuition rather than our reasoning faculties, but it has been with me from the beginning of this conflict. For years the spirit of democracy has been abroad in the Old World. It has permeated the whole vast mass of society. The people have been a seething mass of restlessness, a great, mysterious, powerful, questioning force. They have had but little voice and no means of public expression; nevertheless the spirit of democracy has been at work. I am a firm believer in the philosophy of that kind of human progress which is started and sustained not by great personages or dominant figures, nor guided by select groups of men, but which comes up by reason of the great dumb forces of oppressed and outraged and downtrodden humanity. It even seems as if the social ties and moral ligaments spun out of human relations are quite as much beyond our understanding in their making or control as in their ending and destruction. In these great moral upheavals and humanitarian movements, kings and lords and leaders are after all of small concern in their bringing on the crisis or in shaping its course or terminating it.

This war is no more inexplicable, though on a vaster scale, than the French Revolution. It is in a sense a working out of these inscrutable forces of humanity on a more tremendous scale, a more fearful plan but along the same lines as that which gave us the most stupendous enigma in history until now, the French Revolution.

Some will say to such reasoning as this, Then you approve of this horrible war. You might as well ask if I approve of the French Revolution or our own Civil War. We have but little to do with approving or disapproving them. We can but watch the forces operate and thank our stars that the result is almost inevitably to the betterment of humanity, strange as it may seem. Humanity seems sometimes to get in a trap, and nothing but havoc and destruction will enable it to get out of the trap — as in our own Civil War. The greatest political philosopher and the most eloquent master of the mother tongue, Burke, disapproved of the French Revolution, tried to analyze it, railed at Carnot and others, but the forces which brought it on and carried it on to its consummation he never understood, and no one has since been able either to analyze or define them. But of this be assured, that while the cost seems fearful and wholly unnecessary, yet Old Europe is no more. The Europe of the

future will be a freer, a more released, a more democratic Europe. The people will have a greater voice, humanity will never be weighed down again by the accursed and infamous practise, trappings and burden of royalty. Even if this war should result, as did the French Revolution, in a universal Dictator for a time, it will be only for a time. This is worth something and adds a sheen of light to the fearful darkness which now palls upon Europe. I regret to have witnessed this war, but I thank God I have lived to see the beginning of the end of Old Europe.

Excuse this long letter, but you are to blame, as I have just laid down the paper and am writing upon the inspiration of your splendid article. You will likely not think much of the inspiration.

Very respectfully,

WM. E. BORAH

That article in 'The Review' was the beginning of an unbroken series, lasting through the war, of editorials dealing with the war in all its phases, the common purpose of which was threefold: To arouse the American people to realization of the fact that a World War had begun, in which America was certain to become involved, and to awaken them to an understanding of its origin and purposes and of the necessity of our making adequate military and other preparation for our participation in it; to give, and to urge the people to give, loyal and vigorous support to the President in his dealings with the complex problems of the war, though also to give corrective and constructive criticism whenever he needed it; and to make plain the fact that, as our ultimate participation in the war would of necessity be as an associate of the Allied Powers, it was fitting in advance of such participation for us to give to those Powers the largest degree of sympathy consistent with an honest observance of the neutrality laws.

Harvey was a strong advocate of immediate and thorough measures of preparation, for both army and navy, and for that reason had little patience with the President's electioneering pretense that the Government had not been neglectful of its duty in that respect when it was obvious and notorious that the army, at least, was in a condition of unreadiness comparable with that which existed at the beginning of the war with Spain. He regarded it as little less than a national calamity that the efficient and energetic Lindley M. Garrison, because of his wish to improve the organization of the army, was

forced to resign the Secretaryship of War and was replaced by Newton D. Baker, a decided pacifist, who later expressed a pious thankfulness that America had entered the World War without being prepared for it, because that proved that she had not sought nor desired it — regardless, apparently, of the fact that the unpreparedness for which he was thankful had cost the unnecessary sacrifice of countless thousands of human lives.

When the Lusitania massacre occurred, in May, 1915, writing immediately upon the receipt of the news and before the President was heard from concerning it, Harvey expressed a serene and patriotic confidence that 'a more dependable President than Mr. Wilson could not be desired.' In that he suffered disappointment when Wilson made it clear that he considered a mere verbal chastisement of Germany sufficient for the occasion, and because of the futile inconclusiveness of the note-writing which then occurred, he could not help feeling some grave misgivings as to the efficiency or the wisdom of a policy that was 'too proud to fight.'

'We hope to continue to support the President,' he wrote in the August number of his 'Review'; 'but what we wish to make certain of is that he recognizes the need of a change of method. Words having borne no fruit in the case of the Germans, recourse must be had to acts. It is not what the President is going to say, but what he is going to do, that concerns us as a Nation desirous of peace, but neither too weak nor too proud to fight if driven to the hateful necessity.' A month later, contemplating what he described as the tragedy of Mexico, he quoted the assertion of a British editor, that the Kaiser's indifference to American rights was directly attributable to our course in Mexico — a view which was, indeed, widely held and expressed in this country — and added, for himself: 'It is the bitter truth that our Administration has come to be regarded as anæmic rather than as American.'

This was getting unpleasantly close to an open repudiation of the President, though he earnestly deprecated such a course and strove to cherish a lingering faith in a forthcoming policy worthy of the occasion. His tone was one of grief and regret rather than reproach, not to say condemnation. 'We are

wearied,' he wrote in October, 1915, 'of the ceaseless prattle from Washington of the "gratification" of high officials over the "relaxing of tension" and prospective concessions from the Imperial Government. There would be no "tension" if Germany would respect our rights, observe the laws of civilized warfare, and cease interfering with our domestic affairs.'

Finally, in order to have first-hand information of the progress of the war and of the state of affairs in Europe, and despite the deadly peril to which the German submarine warfare subjected all trans-Atlantic voyagers, he determined to go to England and the Continent himself, hear what was to be heard and see what was to be seen. He went over in December, 1915, and returned in January following. The result of his visit was an increase of his anxiety and depression; for in England he found such an attitude of both the official and the popular mind toward America as Walter Hines Page hinted at in some of his letters, and such as was not agreeable to a self-respecting American. And what he found here on his return only added to those feelings. Nobody could tell, he said bitterly, whether our Administration was really awake or was merely talking in its sleep. As for the President himself, he had 'ceased to lead'; he had not only failed to safeguard American rights, but he no longer expressed the convictions of representative Americans in relation to the war. Still, he was far more eager to praise than to blame, and wistfully watched for some hopeful sign of a salutary change of policy.

Another presidential election was to occur that year. Wilson's renomination was a matter of course, and his reelection seemed not improbable. It had been a part of Harvey's plan that Wilson should serve for two terms; the first Democrat to do so consecutively since Jackson; and with a view to contributing to that achievement he published in the April 'North American Review' a thoughtful article on the need of recognizing military preparedness as a political issue. It was his hope that the President would commit himself at last to that issue, and thus not only fortify the country against the perils of impending war, but also arouse for himself a wave of popular enthusiasm that would make his reelection sure. But to his disappointment and dismay, the President compelled the advocate of preparedness to leave his Cabinet, and

filled his place with the apostle of unpreparedness and pacifism; the chief slogan of the campaign was, 'He kept us out of war!' and 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier!' sought to vie with 'The Star-Spangled Banner' as a national anthem. This, in the face of unabated aggressions, intrigues and outrages by the Germans, was almost too much to be borne, and it drove Harvey to the reluctant admission that Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, seemed more of a man than Wilson.

All that summer, however, Harvey strove to retain his faith in Wilson, and to influence him toward a policy that would justify that faith. But it was a hopeless struggle. Wilson would not 'swap horses crossing a stream' by changing his policy. By September the campaign was approaching its height, and Harvey was still undecided which candidate to support. He declared that he was still a Democrat, and that he hoped to be able to vote the Democratic ticket that fall. But he was not certain about it. Before he was a Democrat, he was an American; and, like America herself, he was 'free and independent,' and he meant to form a free and independent judgment — as he always did, in all his life.

It was not until the October number of his 'Review' that he finally cast the die. He declared himself in favor of Hughes for President. He did not altogether repudiate Wilson. Excepting for his absurd injunction to his countrymen to be neutral in their thoughts, the President's counsels during the first months of the World War had been wise, prudent, and worthy of our best traditions. 'But alas! our indeterminate policy with respect to Mexico had borne bitter fruit. Germany's disdain of our "firm" but impotent notes was manifested at every turn; outrage followed outrage in quick succession; and further forbearance had clearly ceased to be a virtue.' To Harvey, the vital issues of the campaign were: Which of the two great parties was the better equipped and the more likely to render the highest public service at this transcendent juncture in our affairs, and which of the two candidates for the Presidency was the more certain to preserve and defend the Constitution of the United States?

His conclusion was that the Wilson Administration was barred from the choice by its 'criminal blundering with respect

to Mexico, and its fatuous timidity in dealing with belligerent powers.' On the other hand, 'Upon the clearly marked issues, and as between the candidates, there is no reason why any professed Republican, and thoughtful Progressive, or any principled Democrat should not, and every reason why every patriotic American should, vote for Charles Evans Hughes as President.' That was his judgment in October, a month before the election, which, he predicted, would result in the election of Hughes.

Wilson, however, was reëlected, by virtue of an extraordinary manipulation of the vote of California; a matter to which Harvey gave much attention and devoted much space in 'The Review.' He was not pleased with the result, fearing that it would prove mischievous to the Nation. But he, of course, accepted it loyally, and in the December number of 'The Review' he pledged his fullest support to Wilson for his second term. He himself was, he declared, 'neither pussyfooter nor neutral'; and 'The North American Review' was 'neither a Democrat nor a Republican, but whole-hearted, free and independent.'

It must not be imagined for a moment that Harvey was a jingo, or a militarist. No man of his time hated war with a more perfect hatred than he. No man had a more poignant realization of its horrors and its costs. No man had a more just and comprehensive prescience of what our participation in the World War would mean. Among all that was written and spoken from all conceivable points of view in those crucial days, when America was upon the verge of entering the war, but had not yet done so, nothing was more instinct with sanity and judgment and a true foreseeing of that which was to be, than his memorable address at the University Club dinner in Washington, on February 14, 1917.

'Let us,' he said, 'have no illusions with respect to what would happen if war should come. The impression seems to be quite general that our participation in the conflict would involve little more than what we are now doing. We would increase the output of munitions for both the Allies and ourselves. We would presumably lift the virtual embargo placed upon our finances by the Federal Reserve Board. We would continue to extend and perhaps expand our sympathy for

those who are fighting to maintain individual liberty against the power of an overwhelming State. We might even at a pinch send a few cruisers and even battleships down along the coast of South America, though hardly across the ocean. And that is about all, so far as the present consideration of our people has gone. Having performed those benevolent acts, we would then await patiently and with full consciousness of our moral worth the actual winning of the war, with victory of course if need be, but without victory preferably, by the Allies.'

There could have been no keener nor more accurate portrayal than that, of the attitude of perhaps the average American mind toward American engagement in the war, only a few weeks before our actual entry into it; nor a more searching forecast of the futile and fatal policy of 'peace without victory.' With equal authenticity he went on to describe our fatuous lack of preparation:

The navy is no more potent to-day than it was two years ago, and the pathetic little army, scattered as at present, is not only less effective than it was four years ago, but is forty per cent. short of its prescribed peace strength. Our situation with respect to equipment is sufficiently indicated by the refusal of the General Board to loan two six-inch guns to an American merchantman upon the ground, officially stated, that so doing would seriously impair the fighting efficiency of the navy. Moreover, the programme for immediate strengthening of the army has been curtailed at a hopeless degree, upon the theory, officially declared, though not in these words, that the navy should have what might be termed first aid to the injured, and that this incapable Nation can attend to but one arm of the service at a time. . . .

Now it requires no seer to perceive the absolute certainty that if we should, as we probably shall, be brought into armed conflict, we shall do precisely the same things, commit precisely the same blunders, that we did commit nearly sixty years ago and that England has committed under our very eyes during the past three years, with only this difference — that in all human probability the penalties finally paid will be vastly heavier. Nothing could be more faultful or more fateful than this common misapprehension that our going to war would be a lackadaisical affair, that having once engaged in the controversy we should occupy reserved seats on the side lines, and from that point of vantage plumply cheer on the bleeding and dying gladiators without risk to our own precious selves. The most primitive sense of honor and of pride, to say nothing of the fear of shame and contumely, would impel us instantly to prove our manhood and

to do our bit. If, even in the distressed circumstances under which we now find ourselves, we should fail within two months to place at least one hundred thousand of the finest soldiers in the world shoulder to shoulder with the gallant sons of France, we would be known and would deserve to be known as either the most inefficient or the most contemptible of all noble races. There is always a psychological time to strike, and that would be the time for us. Picture to your minds the thrill that would pass down that long, thin line stretching from Flanders to Switzerland, when word should come that the vanguard of the fighting sons of liberty and of free America were hastening eagerly forward over the soil of France, and that behind them in the great Republic a million more and back of them yet another million were being trained to take over the place of the exhausted soldiers of France, and to win for the children of those soldiers the inestimable benefit of imperishable freedom. . . .

So I say to you, gentlemen, if we must fight, as we have always fought, willingly, eagerly, gladly, for human liberty and human rights, let there be no paltering, no half-heartedness, no mere firing and falling back, but let all, yes, all, to the very last and feeblest of our omnipotent hundred millions, take their stand as one behind our chosen leader, and mean it when we implore the Almighty to give us liberty or give us death. And let us hold back nothing from our Allies who so long have borne the frightful burden of war for all. No special consideration! No mental reservations! No separate peace! None — upon this sole condition, that this infamous autocracy and the dastardly rulers who perpetrated this most hideous of crimes shall be deprived forever of power over their own or any other people. . . . Then with whole hearts and whole souls and all our might let us put the great shoulder of America to the wheel of war and crush out of existence with irresistible force any and all who would deprive God's children of their rightful heritage of inherent right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

That is the thing to do, the only thing to do. The time may come when we can utilize a League to Enforce Peace, but what we want now is a League to Enforce War, to the end that peace may come and come quickly. I know what war is. I know what this war is. With my own eyes I have seen the flower of their race streaming home in thousands, wounded and dying, to those no less stricken at home. I hate war — even a righteous war. But I fear peace, a craven peace, a sinful peace. And I glory openly and proudly in the present prospect of conflict which so many hold calamitous. I revel in the hope that our great, independent America may not be deprived of the privilege of doing her part in making and in keeping the human race free from the menace of tyranny. Above and beyond all, God forbid that poltroonery in the guise of Pacifism shall now or ever emerge from the cradle of liberty!

Then, as week after week passed by, his sorely tried faith

in the President seemed to be approaching triumphant vindication. It became evident that a break with Germany must come, and he was confident that in that supreme crisis the President would acquit himself in a manner worthy of the noblest traditions of American statesmanship and American patriotism; as indeed he did. So confident was Harvey of this that in March, writing for the April 'Review,' some time before Wilson's delivery or even preparation of his War Message, he forecast such an utterance; though when it came it was even better than he had thought or ventured to hope. Concerning it, when at last it was delivered, he made haste to write to Tumulty:

When in the April 'North American Review' I foretold a 'great Message of Patriotism,' evidencing 'masterful leadership based upon mutual good faith of the President in his country and of the country in its President,' I was confident as one could be; but even so I was not prepared for so splendid a realization. For the Nation it is glorious, for patriots inspiring, for the President noble.

His purpose and expectation then were to give to the President the fullest and the most constant support. But he was soon doomed to disappointment, when the first fine rapture of the War Message seemed blighted by the cold breath of Pacifism, and preparations to make good the noble words with noble deeds seemed to falter and fail. Particularly was he concerned at the attitude of the Administration toward the foremost officer of the army, General Leonard Wood. That far-seeing and indefatigable patriot had organized and conducted the training camp for officers at Plattsburgh, New York, and had thus provided the only real preparation that was made for the army before the actual declaration of war. He had done so at the time when the President was declaring that there was no need of preparation, and thus he incurred serious disfavor in high places. Whether because of that, as the country generally assumed, or for other reasons, the President refused to let him be the leader of the American Expeditionary Forces. He even refused to permit him to go abroad, in any capacity, with the soldiers whom he had trained; but through the Secretary of War he peremptorily ordered him to remain at home, in camp and garrison duty. That nearly broke Wood's heart, though he accepted the decision of the

Commander-in-Chief without repining, and performed the undesired duties to which he was assigned with all possible efficiency.

But Harvey did not take it so patiently. He protested against it, as a gross injustice to a gallant soldier, and a great wrong to the country in depriving it of the services in the field of its ablest soldier. And yet it is interesting to recall that some years before Harvey had held a very different attitude toward Wood, questioning the propriety of the promotion which he received at the hands of his old comrade in arms, Roosevelt. He printed an article in 'The North American Review' to that effect, which promptly elicited from President Roosevelt, in January, 1904, a long letter, most friendly in tone, but strongly contradicting some of Harvey's observations. He pointed out that Wood's much-discussed promotion to be a Brigadier-General in the Regular Army was made by President McKinley, not merely because of his conduct in the battle of San Juan Hill. Instead, it was because of his remarkable efficiency as Governor of Santiago Province that he was made Governor-General of Cuba, and then it was because of his services in the latter place that he was made Brigadier-General. As for his own subsequent promotion of Wood to be Major-General, Roosevelt denied that he had 'jumped him' over the heads of others, and insisted that he had promoted him strictly in the line of seniority.

To this Harvey replied:

MY DEAR MR. 'PRESIDENT:

I thank you for your letter, am sincerely grateful for the full information it contains and, while still thinking that so rapid and great promotion is unwarranted and harmful, shall at least *try* to be fair. Regarding the point of his being in the regular line of promotion, I was called to task by a correspondent some time ago and made the reply in the Weekly: 'If *merit* was the reason for jumping General Wood over the heads of several hundred officers originally, *seniority* cannot now be pleaded as an excuse for pushing him further up.' However, that may be bad logic. . . .

Sincerely yours

GEORGE HARVEY

This same correspondence contained also some very frank revelations and comments by both Roosevelt and Harvey concerning the controversies then raging, of which General

Miles and General Wilson were storm centers; which, however, it would not be pertinent to publish here — nor indeed proper, since they were written in confidence. It is fitting, however, to remark that concerning those unfortunate matters the Republican President and the Democratic editor were in pretty complete accord. Thirteen years later and more, Harvey was entirely at one with Roosevelt in high esteem of Wood, and regarded it as little less than calamitous that he was not still further promoted to the highest command possible in the American military service.

He was more inclined to encourage than to criticize. When at last the state of war existed, he was foremost in invoking 'fair play for the Government and whole truth for the people.' He demanded the creation of a War Council for the purpose of assisting the President, to study, suggest, and coördinate the needs of the situation, for the sake of 'helping the Executive to help the people to win the war.' But the deadly consequences of unpreparedness dominated the scene. His vision of a hundred thousand men on the fighting line within two months was doomed to fade to nothingness. In July, agonized at the delay and its appalling cost, he could not help observing that 'while Joffre is crying "*Vite! vite!*" and Lloyd George and Northcliffe are echoing "*Quick! quick!*" it seems as if four months were a long time to take to lay the keel of a single ship, and six months to build a cantonment.'

September found no mending. 'Five months of crippled endeavor have passed. . . . Away with peace, peace, where there is no peace! On with the fight for God and man! The responsibility, truly says the President, rests upon the Administration; and now, when at last he holds the power, full and undivided, again we cry, "*Vite! vite!*"' In October, in spite of himself, a profound note of pessimism entered his contemplation of his country's efforts. He expressed wonder if all was being done and all would be done that could be done, in the shortest possible time. In December he printed an urgent editorial with the caption: 'Are We Losing the War? No; but We Have Far to Go.' It was the most solemn and impressive appeal for action that his mind could conceive and his pen indite. But it seemed in vain. His warnings and exhortations passed unheeded by the country, because they

were derided by the Administration. As he himself truly declared: 'Mr. Baker, serene in his own conceit and wilfully unconscious of actualities, was passing from city to city, from function to function, and in honeyed words was succeeding in lulling the people into a sense of security when he knew, or should have known, that the peril was imminent. The President himself, environed by the sinister enchantment of his Pacifist Secretary of War, spurned the suggestions of possible delinquencies and roundly denounced all those who undertook to call him to task.'

In these circumstances, it seemed imperative that something extraordinary must be done; and he conceived and executed an achievement unique in the annals of American journalism.

CHAPTER XXVI

'THE WAR WEEKLY'

ONE day in the fall of 1917 I received a telephone call from Harvey, asking me, at my earliest convenience, to come up and see him. Two years before he had retired from the presidency of Harper and Brothers, and was devoting himself exclusively to 'The North American Review,' which he had elevated to a rank of national and international influence never before enjoyed by it or any other American magazine. On his withdrawal from Harper's he had, of course, removed the editorial offices of 'The Review' from the famous old building on Franklin Square, and had established them in pleasant quarters on Madison Avenue, and it was there that I found him.

My supposition was that he wanted to talk to me about 'The Review,' to the pages of which I had been a constant contributor for more than five years. But he quickly corrected that idea. Plunging at once *in medias res*, he said, as though continuing a train of thought and speech in which he had already been engaged, "'It's war we're in, not politics!'" But those men at Washington don't seem to know it. The whole country very largely doesn't seem to know it. But they've got to wake up to it, if the war is to be won. And I've concluded that the best contribution I can make to the winning of the war is, to wake them up!' Thereupon he outlined to me his plans for a weekly 'journal of opinion,' to be issued as a sort of supplement to 'The North American Review,' and to be devoted exclusively to promoting the prosecution of the war. And this was to be done primarily by rallying the American people to the support of the President. For, he said, 'the President will be all right, if only he can be made to feel that the Nation is behind him in pushing things vigorously to a "fight to a finish." Now,' he continued, 'you are a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, and I'm an Independent Democrat, but we are both patriotic Americans, and we're ready to sup-

port the President to the limit in winning this war. So I want to know if I can depend upon you to write me quite a lot of stuff every week for "The War Weekly."

It would be necessary for him to spend most of his time in Washington, where he could be in close touch with all departments of the Government, and where he would have the alert and competent John Kirby — afterward of 'The Mirrors of Washington' — to aid him. But the paper would be published in New York, and he wanted a staff there to do the bulk of the work on it. This was to be composed of Dr. Fabian Franklin, formerly a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and later a leader writer on 'The New York Evening Post'; Charles W. Tyler, a veteran of 'The New York Sun'; and myself, then literary editor of 'The New York Tribune.' The managing editor would be Lawrence Gilman, the brilliant musical critic, and the business manager George M. Gottfried, both of them for years connected with 'The North American Review.' Cartoons were to form a conspicuous feature of the paper, and for them he had been so fortunate as to secure Boardman Robinson, who had for years been the cartoonist of 'The Tribune' and was without a superior if not without an equal on the American press.

When he mentioned Robinson to me, he chuckled. 'He told me when I engaged him,' he said, 'that we ought to get along together first rate, since neither of us had the slightest respect for the other's opinions!' For Robinson was one of the most radical of Radicals, to whom mere Socialists were hopeless stand-patters. Being absolutely out of sympathy with Harvey's political and social views, and therefore equally out of sympathy with everything in 'The War Weekly,' he could not be expected to conceive the ideas, themes, and motives of the cartoons, but would merely draw what Harvey suggested and prescribed. The result was successful beyond all expectation. Harvey was as ingenious and as fecund in conceiving cartoons as he was in writing editorials, and Robinson was almost uncanny in his ability to catch the idea precisely as Harvey had conceived it, and to put it upon paper with masterful draftsmanship. And the crowning beauty of the case was that Harvey had first become especially attracted to Robinson's work through the cartoon in which that

consummate artist pictured Harvey as a truant being led back to school by Dominie Wilson, while Bad Boy Watterson hissed 'Softy!' at him from behind a hedge!

Although my work at 'The Tribune' was very heavy, I agreed to write for the new 'Weekly' as much as Harvey wished, and the work was started at the beginning of January, 1918. Dr. Franklin soon dropped out, to our great regret, to assume the editorship of a paper of his own, but the rest of us remained with the enterprise to the end, and probably got as much solid satisfaction out of it as out of any other work in which we ever engaged.

At the risk of seeming repetitious, let the purpose of 'The War Weekly' be again emphasized; if for nothing more than to stamp again with falsehood the contemptible slander that it was started for the purpose of attacking Wilson. It was founded, as I have already said, for the purpose of supporting Wilson and of rallying the Nation to his support — provided always, of course, that he proved himself worthy of support, as Harvey sincerely believed he would. This was graphically indicated in the cartoon which occupied a page of the first issue: A picture of President Wilson toiling up a rocky road with an enormous sack upon his back, and the legend: 'How Long Can He Carry The Whole Burden Of War Alone?'

The business announcement was made that it was 'Published once a week for subscribers to "The North American Review."' No other subscriptions accepted. No news-stand sales. No free list. No advertisements accepted.' In a few weeks, however, the popular demand for a wider distribution became irresistible, and the paper was accordingly offered to all subscribers, separately from 'The North American Review,' and was placed on sale on the news-stands, with the result that its circulation increased by the proverbial leaps and bounds. After the end of the war it could, of course, no longer be called a 'War Weekly,' and its name, in response to innumerable suggestions and requests from its readers, was changed to 'Harvey's Weekly.' But the rule against printing advertisements, in spite of many pleas to the contrary, remained unchanged to the end.

The Editor's announcement was that he purposed through the paper to contribute to these achievements:

To help to win the war;
 To save America;
To beat the Huns to their knees;
 To smash autocracy;
To get fair play for the Government;
 To obtain justice for all;
To interpret and analyze events;
 To applaud good service;
To expose and denounce inefficiency;
 To protect our soldiers;
To secure durable peace quickly;
 To uphold the Constitution;
To support our Allies to the limit;
 To oppose continuing alliances;
To postpone vexing domestic problems;
 To demand full concentration;
To assure economic equality for America;
 To kill spies and traitors;
To preserve the freedom of the press;
 To tell the whole truth!

There was not an item in this programme to which any honest and loyal American could take exception. There was not one that was hostile or antagonistic to President Wilson. There was not one that savored of personal ambition or of partisan politics. And there was not one that 'The War Weekly' did not consistently and persistently strive to fulfill -- nor, I may add with confidence, one to the fulfillment of which it did not materially contribute. Its devotion to supreme principle and its intrepid impartiality were strikingly shown in some of its earliest issues. At the beginning of March it printed a striking cartoon representing Wilson, backed by the shade of Washington, saying commandingly to representatives of Capital and Labor: 'Patriotism, not Profit-eering.' And in the very next number, in discussing a sadly ill-advised address by Will H. Hays, the new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, in which he stressed the need of a united Republican Party, as though that would be sufficient to win the war, Harvey exclaimed: 'As for Mr. Hays, with his insufferable claptrap about "absolute unity" as a

blanket under which to gather votes while the very existence of his country is threatened more ominously than anybody west of the Alleghenies — or in Washington, for that matter — seems to realize, the sooner he goes home and takes his damned old party with him, the better it will be for all concerned.'

Hays accepted the somewhat strenuous rebuke in excellent part, and thereafter was one of Harvey's closest and lifelong friends. A few weeks later another cartoon showed Hays addressing Vance McCormick, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in the presence of Uncle Sam, with: 'Oh, come on, Vance! Let's be patriots first. Stand by the President and adjourn politics this fall!' Again and again there were articles with such captions as 'Stand By the President,' 'The President Is Right,' and the like; and in October, commenting upon Wilson's speech in opening a Liberty Loan campaign, Harvey said that he had reasserted and reemphasized his former splendid utterances 'in words and phrases which we might wish to be henceforth a part of the mental and spiritual furnishment of every American citizen.'

The freedom of the press was a principle that was always very dear to Harvey, in an entirely objective sense, for I am not aware that he personally, or in any publication in which he was interested, suffered from its infringement. There was scarcely a periodical of high class in America with which he was less in sympathy than what he described as 'Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's morose Nation.' Yet, when it was arbitrarily excluded from the mails under the pretense that it had violated some of the special war-time legislation, or perhaps merely some bureaucratic ruling of the Postmaster-General, Harvey sprang to its defense like a veritable knight errant. He fairly blazed and raged against the oppressive order, until at last the President was moved to act, by taking the matter up at a Cabinet meeting, expressing his unconditional disapproval of the Postmaster-General's act, and peremptorily directing the order against 'The Nation' to be rescinded. 'Clearly,' commented Harvey, 'no blame attaches to the President for the part which he played in the transaction. He was confronted by an act, not of mere injustice, but of sheer idiocy, on the part of his subordinate and there was nothing for him to

do but to disavow it, as he did with commendable promptness and with deserved sharpness.'

I have said that Harvey's personal freedom as an editor and publisher was never impaired. On one memorable occasion, hitherto never, I believe, made known to the public, it was menaced. This was at a time when his criticisms of the Government in 'The War Weekly' were especially severe and cutting. Even the President himself did not escape reproof, while, two or three members of the Cabinet were almost literally excoriated. The matter was brought up at a Cabinet meeting and discussed at length, with a serious purpose of having Harvey arrested under some part of the anti-sedition legislation — which, by the way, had in some respects gone what a Down-East philosopher would call a huckleberry and a half ahead of the notorious old Alien and Sedition Acts of John Adams's time. News of this amiable design got out of the Cabinet meeting, in much the same way in which reports of secret sessions of the Senate also get abroad; but it got no further than word of mouth, fear of prosecution restraining all who heard it from printing it. But one day Harvey was accosted on a Washington street by Chief Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United States:

'Colonel Harvey, I understand they are talking of sending you to jail for what you have been saying in your paper?'

'Yes, so I understand. Rather hope they do, for then I'll have time to write some real stuff about somebody!'

'Well, sir, if any such thing is attempted, I want to be the first to know about it. For I want to make *that man* understand that there is at least one other department of the American Government coördinate with the Executive!'

Presumably the Attorney-General, who himself felt considerably aggrieved by Harvey's strictures, concluded that it would be unwise to prosecute the matter, for nothing more was done. But at the offices of 'The Weekly' thereafter we frequently greeted each other with the question which of us was to be a candidate for the Atlanta Penitentiary that week.

One of the most interested and sympathetic readers of 'The Weekly,' to the end of his life was Theodore Roosevelt. Despite the opposition which Harvey had manifested to some of his policies when he was President, there was a cordial and

confident friendship between the two men, and during the World War they literally saw eye to eye, and worked hand to hand. Harvey celebrated in a jubilant cartoon Roosevelt's reconciliation with Taft, and with another paid touching tribute to him at his death. And Roosevelt occasionally looked to Harvey for publication in 'The Weekly' of articles or items or statements of fact, which no other important journal would have the courage to print. Thus in April, 1918, he wrote:

DEAR HARVEY:

The President's statement, sent to all the newspapers on January 1 and then recalled, ran in part as follows:

'Our war progress has been as remarkable as it is inspiring. . . . It is now nine months since this Republic was driven to accept the aggressions of the Teutonic Allies as something constituting a state of war. . . . In order that our acts might not give the lie to our words, we necessarily avoided even the appearance of hostile measures while we offered them peace. We waited until . . . peace was impossible before we reluctantly began to prepare to defend ourselves.'

The message then goes on to brag of our wonderful war achievements during the previous nine months. . . .

Sincerely yours

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Three days later he wrote again, from Sagamore Hill:

DEAR HARVEY:

I hope you can at the earliest possible moment use the quotation from the Wilson 'suppressed message' of January 1. I *think* there is another paper which would use it, but I am not sure. Most of the magazines and newspapers are cowed. Thank the Lord, *you* are not! I feel that it is of very real importance that the country should understand clearly that Wilson is himself the source of inspiration for Creel and Baker when they chatter about their joy that we were unprepared. Wilson can be forced to speed up the war, and come to the help of our Allies before it is too late, by just one emotion — fear; and it is only popular opinion which can in this particular crisis cause him fear; and to do this it must be aroused. Our people are beginning to appreciate the frightful damage done by our unpreparedness before we went to war and our sluggish inefficiency since we went to war; just as long as Wilson can with adroit and supple skill fool the public into blaming only his tools, he is absolutely certain to continue to dawdle and therefore, whether with or without design, to aid Germany; he will act with reasonable decision, speed and efficiency only if public opinion is at last aroused so as to hold him responsible for the past and therefore show him that he will be

held responsible for the future. Otherwise, in crookedly attempting to play the game of both German autocracy and Russian Bolshevism, he may come near to ruining this country before this country wakes to the truth.

... Personally I can't for the life of me understand the fear of using it; it is essential to show the genesis of Creel's statement.

Sincerely yours

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Certainly no consideration of fear restrained Harvey from immediately complying with Roosevelt's request, and exploiting the 'suppressed message' in the pages of 'The War Weekly'; where in fact he did promptly publish it. This he did in an extended article under the caption 'We Exonerate Mr. Creel,' in which he quoted also some of Creel's utterances about the blessings of unpreparedness, and showed that he had actually used, in the most important place, the *ipsissima verba* of the President. 'If further evidence of the accuracy of Mr. Creel's interpretation of the Administration's attitude upon preparedness be required,' he continued, 'it is afforded by Colonel House, who says frankly and plainly ... that "he [the President] refused resolutely to make advance military preparations, although many of his advisers urged him to take some steps to put the army on a war footing."'

It would be burdensome to attempt in this place anything like a comprehensive review of the noteworthy utterances and achievements of 'The Weekly' during the war, but a few of them should be recalled to show the extent, variety, and effects of Harvey's activities at that time.

'The War Weekly' exposed and roused effective popular opposition to the furtive attempt to engraft permanent Government ownership of the railroads upon the country.

It exposed the mushroom character of a company formed by a brother of the Secretary of War for aircraft production, and forced cancellation of its contract.

It showed that a gentleman who had been made counsel to the Custodian of Enemy Property was closely related to a prominent German banking house, with the result that he was permitted to resign.

It alone of all public prints questioned the propriety of having at the head of the Federal Reserve Board a gentleman

whose brothers were officially connected with the German Government; whereupon the gentleman in question, greatly to his credit, resigned his place.

It urged the putting of shipping and aircraft production under separate single heads, which the President finally did in response to popular demand.

It demanded and secured the publication in 'The Official Bulletin' of the names of soldiers who had died in the camps.

It exposed the pernicious practice of the various Government departments bidding against one another for supplies and help, and secured its material abatement.

It exposed the shocking derelictions of the War Risk Insurance Bureau in transmitting allotments to bereft families, and secured a radical reform. It also exposed the practices of sordid shysters in extorting tribute from beneficiaries of the bureau, to which the Secretary of the Treasury thereupon effectively put a stop.

With the Armistice and the ending of the war, Harvey thought of making an end of 'The War Weekly,' which appeared to have served out its purpose. But he was, morally, not permitted so to do, but was compelled to continue its publication for at least another year. 'We had not intended to do so,' he said, 'but the simple truth is that our readers have left us no option. We should feel like a quitter if we stopped it now.' Besides, things were happening which indicated that the paper would be needed as much in the process of peacemaking as it had been during the waging of the war.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Now came the beginning of the end of Harvey's relations with Wilson. After the conclusion of the Armistice, the President announced his purpose of himself going to Paris at the head of the American Delegation to the Peace Conference. He had conceived that purpose long before, but had kept his own counsel concerning it. Against that unprecedented and ill-advised procedure, as soon as his intention was known, Harvey remonstrated, protested, pleaded, and presented every possible form of opposition. In prose, in poetry, and in pictures, with historic examples, with cogent arguments, with earnest petitions, with scathing ridicule, with mordant wit, the pages of 'Harvey's Weekly' teemed and fulminated. And this opposition reached its climax when the identity of the other members of the Commission was disclosed. In the choice of them Wilson had followed his own example in the choice of his Cabinet. That was, to select men who, however excellent in character and competent in abilities, were not outstanding figures in public life and not widely representative of popular following, but who could be depended upon in all things to submit themselves to his autocratic will.

Upon this feature of the President's appointments, Harvey commented in a letter to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, to which Lodge made reply:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Your happy word 'mannikins' has led me to reflect upon a general proposition on which I wish very much you would write an article; there is no one who would begin to do it as well. One of the marks of a really great man is the desire to have the ablest and biggest men he can find about him, and the fear of able men as assistants is one of the marks of a small man. Washington put Hamilton and Jefferson into his Cabinet; Lincoln put Chase and Seward. Old John Bunn, of Springfield, Illinois, who was a boy in Lincoln's office, told me that after Lincoln was elected he used to take many callers back and forth to the station. One day he brought up Mr. Chase, who was some time with Lincoln, and then he took him back. When he returned

Mr. Lincoln said: 'Well, John, what do you think of Mr. Chase?' John said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I do not like him.' Lincoln said: 'Do not like him, John? Why, he is one of the most distinguished men in the country.' John replied: 'Yes, Mr. Lincoln, the trouble with him is he thinks he is a bigger man than you are.' And then Lincoln said: 'John, if you will find for me seven bigger men than I am, I will put them all in my Cabinet.'

Look at Cleveland's first Cabinet, made up of the ablest men in the party. Look at McKinley's, with Hay and Root. Napoleon and his Marshals is another case. He got the ablest men about him that he could. He even took Talleyrand and Fouché. Look at Wilson's collection. A man of ability and independence like Garrison was forced out of the Cabinet. . . . The love of inferiority seems to triumph even over his interest in his own well-being. These are only some very crude thoughts, but it seems to me that there is a certain philosophy to be discovered in them.

Sincerely yours

H. C. LODGE

Wilson's four nominal colleagues in the Peace Commission were all estimable men, and one of them, the Secretary of State, was appropriately chosen. But it would be difficult to imagine a more 'blazing indiscretion' than his failure to include an eminent member of the Senate, to represent that body which would have to pass upon the work of the Conference, or a recognized representative of the Republican Party, which had just secured a majority in the next Congress; for with all respect for the loyal and accomplished gentleman who was the only Republican in the Commission, it was impossible to regard him — he himself would have scouted the idea — as an authoritative representative of that party. With devastating force Harvey recalled the composition of the last preceding Commission of that kind, in which President McKinley appointed the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and the leader of the Democratic minority of the Senate. For Wilson to ignore altogether the body which was constitutionally conjoined with him in the making of treaties was obviously to provoke antagonism and to court disaster. All this Harvey pointed out, with Protean iteration, but in vain; until at last he was inclined to exclaim in one of the Scriptural quotations with which he was so familiar and so apt: 'Ephraim is joined to his idols! Let him alone!'

This critical attitude toward Wilson, which otherwise might have been only incidental and temporary, was confirmed into a permanent habit by the most conspicuous feature of Wilson's work abroad, the feature for the sake of which he had determined to go abroad in spite of the dissuading advice of some of his best friends. Four years before, in his only visit to Wilson at the White House, Harvey had himself unwittingly implanted in his mind the germ which, through strange perversion, was developed into the ambition to form and to lead a world-wide League of Nations. He had suggested that Wilson might become known as the Father of the Peace of the World, if he used his own great talents and the vast influence of America for the restoration of tranquillity to war-racked Europe. Perhaps Wilson recalled this later when, in Italy, emotionally delirious multitudes bowed before altars erected in his name and hailed him as the 'God of Peace.' But Harvey never hinted at such a League of Nations as that which Wilson had in mind, nor tolerated a favorable thought of such an organization. In his address at the University Club in Washington he had referred tentatively and hypothetically to possible need of international coöperation for the preservation of peace after it had been attained. That would be no new thing, as witness the Congresses at The Hague. But in his *agenda* for 'The War Weekly' he had distinctly set down: 'To oppose continuing alliances.' And when he was asked to give, in that publication, his attitude toward a League of Nations, he replied, sententiously, 'We're agin it!'

For a year Harvey had been almost literally sweating blood in his efforts to help to win the war. Now he was to spend a longer time in at least equally strenuous efforts to keep America out of the 'entangling alliances' which Washington and Jefferson had deprecated, and to defend the national sovereignty of this country against the insidious invasion of alien intrigues and the destructive domination of a super-State. The fight had been for democracy against autocracy. Now it was to be for nationality against internationalism — not to say a sublimated *Internationale*. And just as he had been the pioneer and the triumphant propagandist in leading Woodrow Wilson from Princeton to the White House, in a no less perfect sense he became the chief crusader against American im-

plication in the League of Nations. Others there were, in plenty, who were equally opposed to that pernicious scheme. But of them it might have been said, '*vox faucibus hæsit.*' They were uncertain what to say, what course to pursue; and were divided among themselves in counsel. And there was the embarrassing problem of 'party regularity.' In these circumstances it was for Harvey to give voice to the keynote of the campaign, to blaze the way for aggressive resistance, and to convince Republicans and Democrats alike that here was a patriotic issue that transcended all considerations of partisan advantage. And the Alpha and Omega of his evangel was that while America might and should coöperate to the fullest extent with the other nations for the preservation of peace, there must be no yielding of her absolute independence of decision and of action. Her Constitution must not be subordinated to the Covenant of the League. To cite again the words of Washington, in dealing with other nations she was to 'administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels.' If such a principle had been approved by the Father of his Country, it might well be accepted even by the prospective Father of the Peace of the World. What followed was well described by that accomplished political observer and publicist Mark Sullivan, in 'The Evening Post' of New York:

The native understanding of politics as a science, the penetration which saw the issue upon which Mr. Wilson could be attacked, the skill and force in controversial literature with which this issue was formulated, the initiative and boldness of the course by which he finally persuaded the Republican Senate to see the possibilities of the issue (Nationalism *versus* Internationalism) and adopt it at a time when the Senate itself was intimidated by awe of Mr. Wilson's place in the world and when nearly all politicians thought the American public was overwhelmingly favorable to the League of Nations, the intrepidity which founded a personal organ for the purpose of leading the attack [the name of the paper was changed to 'Harvey's Weekly' in March, 1919], the skill in political manipulation by which Colonel Harvey secured a dominating hand in the making of the Republican platform on the League of Nations and a very considerable hand in choosing Mr. Harding as the candidate — all this is decidedly the most picturesque thing in recent American politics.

The need of precisely such leadership as Harvey supplied was suggested as early as December, 1918, just after Wilson's

arrival in Paris, concerning which Henry Cabot Lodge wrote to him:

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Thank you very much for your kind and very good-natured letter. You say you are naturally disgusted and a bit peevish. I think you can imagine that I was both. It is all depressing to the last degree. I fear an attempt to tack onto the peace with Germany, which is a mighty task in itself and the first step toward bringing peace to the world, all the vague attempts to settle everything for an unlimited and unknown future. As for the League of Nations, everything depends on the terms, and there are agreements which might be made which I do not believe the American people or the Senate would ever accept. This would mean intolerable delays, and it is a bad thing to have the peace delayed.

I see that the All-Highest addressed the Socialists yesterday in Paris and is apparently determined that we shall have a League to Enforce Peace attached to the treaty with Germany instead of a separate thing. I do not apprehend much danger with the terms with Germany. I think we can rely on the Allies that they should be suitable. But I do dread the other things. . . . Many thoughts arise in connection with it, and I hope you will meditate upon it a little while.

If you have any suggestion or advice to give me as to the treatment of the situation in making peace, I should be glad to have the benefit of it. I must speak before long and I am naturally anxious to take a sound line on which we can all stand.

Sincerely yours

H. C. LODGE

Another who looked to Harvey to direct the campaign was the former Senator from Indiana, and the leader of the Progressive Republicans, Albert J. Beveridge, who wrote him in February, 1919:

I regard it of *infinite* importance that Lodge and Knox do not make the fatal tactical error admitting the Wilson-Taft scheme 'in principle,' and merely criticize this, that and the other details. If they do so, we shall be at a serious disadvantage. If they concede 'the main idea' and just pick flaws, the average busy citizen will say that we are nothing but fault-finders, and that the great plan of this noble world reformer must go through. But if they boldly and clearly assail the *whole thing*, just as we did free silver and anti-imperialism, if they defend the American Nation and stand up for our one traditional American policy and strike mercilessly at this and all other schemes to overthrow it, then the average busy American citizen can grasp the issue.

So I suggest that you see to it that they are given encouragement since, undoubtedly, pressure the other way is being exerted upon them, incessantly. If that pressure weakens them, the result will not be good. Better get busy on this!

In view of these and other pertinent considerations, Harvey deemed it desirable to make a comprehensive pronouncement upon the subject of the League, which should denote the policy to be pursued in opposing American entanglement in it and should serve as a guide and source of 'campaign material' for other speakers and writers, in the press, in the Senate, and at the hustings. This he did in an address before the Columbia Club of Indianapolis, on March 17, 1919. With shrewd felicity he chose for his topic 'Washington or Wilson?' and in it he devoted himself to an exposition of the manner in which Wilson was aiming to reverse and destroy the fundamental principles of American Nationality which Washington had enunciated and established and which had been sacredly maintained by all his successors until the latest. In that memorable utterance, after trenchantly analyzing the Covenant of the League and demonstrating what its origin was and what its actual meaning, he said:

I am opposed to the Covenant as it stands, I am opposed to it as it may be amended. I am opposed to it in principle. I am opposed to it in theory. I am opposed to it in practice.

I am opposed to this country entering into any perpetual or permanent alliance with any Power for any purpose — for war, for peace, or for anything else.

I am opposed to yielding so much as a shadow or suggestion of the sovereignty of this Republic.

I am opposed to any proposal that might by the remotest chance impair the absolute independence of the Nation or the complete freedom of the people.

I am opposed to all men of whatever political faith who counsel or acquiesce in the slightest concession to those who in the name of humanity would betray our country and crucify our liberties!

'They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.'

I deny that this abortion of a League is essential to the making and preservation of peace.

I insist that the power for good of America, as has just been proved, is inherent in her self-government and her aloofness.

I abhor the possibility of American individualism being engulfed in the morass of Socialism.

If I were an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Italian, I should want this League. But I am an American.

I denounce this scheme as the absolute denial of Democracy. I defy anybody to disprove the assertion that it is the most complete autocracy the world has ever known.

I hold that the Nation affords the only hope for Democracy and that patriotism is the bulwark of the Nation. I stand for Woodrow Wilson when, before his head was turned, he said: 'I am one of those who absolutely reject the trustee theory, the guardianship theory. . . . I suspect that the people of the United States understand their own interests better than any group of men in the confines of the country understand them.'

I stand with Theodore Roosevelt who in his last message to the American people declared: 'Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag. . . . We have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people.'

But one soul loyalty! But one flag! Does that mean anything? It does to some. I asked a crippled soldier from the Argonne forest if he had visions of ideals in his dreams during the great battle. He looked at me dazed for an instant, then flushed to the roots of his hair, and replied evenly: 'I fought for my country and my flag, sir.' But a new flag has appeared. It is the new International flag. It is simple and quite beautiful—a blue stripe between two white stripes. What they symbolize I do not know. This flag here, over my head, was adopted by the Continental Congress in 1777. It has waved ever since in its spotless beauty and untarnished glory. It has symbolized during all these years but one emotion: 'My country, my whole country, and nothing but my country!' Shall it be lowered now—lowered by so much as the fraction of an inch?

Under which flag, gentlemen? Under which flag? Are not you, too, Americans?

The effect of this, not only upon the Columbia Club, but upon the whole country, was electric, cataclysmic. It was like the immortal '*J'accuse!*' of Émile Zola. Typical of the multitudinous responses to it was a note from William E. Borah, who was at the time campaigning in Oklahoma:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I speak here tomorrow night and shall go from here [Tulsa] direct to Washington. I wish we could have a conference in Washington among those who feel as you and I do about the League. I think the real test is coming soon. Amendments are being adopted which will get certain Senators, but nothing adopted yet begins to meet your great speech at Indianapolis, and that should be our standard. (And it was a superb speech.) Let us get together and confer. The people

are against any permanent alliance with European Powers. I have spoken to twenty mass meetings, and the interest is intense. The thing that stirs every audience is the fundamental proposition, that we want no alliance with European Powers. I want to fight along that line. I utterly loathe these felines who are purring around to have somebody scratch their backs.

Sincerely

WM. E. BORAH

As Wilson's appeal was largely to the 'intellectuals,' Harvey gladly embraced an opportunity to confute him on that ground. He had in former years been a favorite speaker at college and university commencements and similar gatherings, and he welcomed another invitation to serve in that capacity, at Syracuse (New York) University, in June, 1919. On such occasions partisan politics are of course prohibited. But Harvey conceived the campaign for American sovereignty to be not partisan but national, not political but patriotic. So he spoke on what he declared in his opening sentence to be 'the most vital problem that has confronted the people of America since the birth of the Republic.' He then proceeded with a detailed dissection of the Covenant of the League of Nations, displaying its various points of conflict with the Constitution of the United States and its practical annulment of the Monroe Doctrine. Upon this latter phase of the subject he deftly quoted Wilson against Wilson himself. As lately as January 6, 1916, Wilson had declared to the Pan-American Congress that 'The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained, and always will be maintained, upon her own responsibility.' Yet here he was advocating the Covenant of the League of Nations, which transferred the power both of interpretation and of execution of that Doctrine from the United States to an International Council, and provided that if any question concerning its application should arise, in the words of the British official statement, 'the League is there to settle it.' Of course, a more complete annulment of the Doctrine could scarcely be conceived than that which was thus implied.

So Harvey declared to his audience at Syracuse University that he denounced and opposed the ratification of the Covenant of the League by the American Government —.

Because, as I have shown, it does involve our country in entangling alliances. . . . Because, as I have shown, it does vitiate our independence and impair our sovereignty. . . . Because so radical a departure from an established system violates the first principle of a democracy, that no change shall be made in either the form or the control of its government unless and until it has been approved by the people themselves. . . . Because this is not a league to achieve universal peace, but an unholy alliance of a few powerful nations, themselves dominated by a single Power. . . . Because the greatest asset and chief reliance of humanity itself lie not in a conglomeration of far-flung States, kingdoms, principalities, and colonies, but in this great free people united in an imperishable independent Republic. . . . Because this is a Covenant, not for the preservation of peace, but for the protection of power; not for the establishment of justice under the law, but for the enforcement of decrees under arbitrary rule. . . . Because it destroys the powerful incentive for individual achievement and human progress of National feeling. . . .

This address, delivered at a great university gathering, created a deep impression, and the Chancellor of the University made haste to express his appreciation of it in a letter to Harvey, in which he said: 'I believe it to be altogether the strongest and the clearest thing that has been said on that subject. . . . You rendered us a great service.'

Later in the same year, when the President was intervening in the Italian dispute with Jugo-Slavia over Fiume, Beveridge wrote again:

DEAR GEORGE:

The revelations in Europe make it clear to me that Wilson has made many commitments there that we don't know anything about. This Italian business is fierce. If he did all this without any authority whatever, and against all law, it is certain that he would do one hundred times worse once he got his League of Nations, no matter in what form.

I have made up my mind that you were right in the beginning, and that the whole thing must be beaten at any cost. Reservations or no reservations, amendments or no amendments, that scheme will prove ruinous to us in Wilson's hands — and we must not forget that he has more than a year and a quarter to get in his work. During that time he will entangle us in so many different directions that it will take us fifty years to get out — if we ever do.

So whatever speaking I do, I am going to attack the whole thing, root and branch, and I am going to attack it with all my might. . . .

Believe me always, dear George,

Faithfully

A. J. B.

Lodge also engaged in frequent correspondence. In April, 1919, referring to the conversation which he had with Harvey when the latter was a guest at his house, he said:

I have thought very often of what you said, and feel the truth of it very deeply. I refer to what you said in regard to the Republican Party; that it is not a question of party, but that the fact is that the Republican Party is the only organized force we have to rely upon to defeat the Wilsonian movement toward Socialism and breaking down the constitutional government of the United States. If the Republican Party as an organization fails us, there is nothing else. Therefore, my one desire is to give the Republican Party control in the Senate and maintain its unity on the great issues so far as possible.

Another letter from Lodge, in September, told of the contest in the Senate over amendments and reservations, and of President Wilson's speaking tour in the West, which was soon to come to an all but tragic end.

The great event of the day was Senator Shields's coming out squarely in the Committee and saying that he was for reservations. He then proceeded to vote for the first, third and fourth, and did not vote at all on the second because he said he was heartily with it in principle, but he wished to consider its form. Shields, as you know, is a Senator of very high standing. He has been a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee and is one of the men most respected on both sides of the Chamber. His defection to the cause of Americanism comes pretty near to being a death-blow to the thick and thin supporters of the President. He is a man about whom others will rally. Altogether it seemed to us that yesterday was 'a perfect day.'

My cheerfulness was still further increased this morning on reading the President's speeches. There is not an argument, in fact nothing but assertions and language. Watson had a telegram from two friends who went there to watch the meeting. They said the meeting was at first indifferent, then listened to the President for about twelve minutes, and then yelling and confusion began, many persons going out, until finally the chairman was obliged to close the doors.

A few days later he closed another long letter with this tribute:

Let me say now that I do not think you will ever realize what a tower of strength you have been to me, and how grateful I am to you for all the help and assistance you have given me during this trying summer.

And again:

You are probably getting tired of being told that some of your articles are worthy of Junius, but your article on Lansing so reminded me of that eminent writer, whoever he was, that I cannot escape saying it. It was a great statement.

Thus the battle raged, until, in 1920, there entered into it the additional and dominating factor of a campaign for the election of a President of the United States — or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the issue of the League of Nations became the paramount factor in the presidential campaign. This was welcomed by Harvey and by all who stood with him against American participation in the League, to wit: the overwhelming majority of the Republicans and an important minority of the Democrats. By the majority of Democrats it was regarded with apprehension if not with dismay, as portending their defeat. But Wilson welcomed it, invoking thus 'a great and solemn referendum.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

PRESIDENT HARDING

HARVEY had said to Lodge, as we have already quoted from the latter's letter, that the Republican Party was the only organized force that could be looked to for the defeat of the League of Nations and Wilson's other objectionable policies. Inevitably, therefore, he allied or perhaps affiliated himself with it for the campaign of 1920, in which what he called 'Wilsonism' was obviously to be the supreme issue. Wilson's health had been hopelessly broken in his vehement but futile efforts to enlist by personal appeal the favorable interest of the people of the West in the Covenant of the League; perhaps less by his actual labors, physical and mental, than by the bitter disappointment which he felt at the coldness and even aversion with which his most impassioned utterances were received. In such circumstances it was manifestly impossible that he should himself be a candidate for reëlection, even had there not been the unwritten law against a third consecutive term. But his moral and intellectual dominance of the Democratic Party was still so far unbroken that he would doubtless be able to dictate the choice of a candidate and the adoption of a platform in harmony with his own policies and therefore in favor of American entry into the League of Nations. That, in accordance with Harvey's own philosophy of opposites, made it essential that the Republicans should in candidate and platform directly oppose those policies and especially that entry.

Among several of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination — which he believed would be almost tantamount to election — he had ostensibly no preference, though he had seemed to incline toward Leonard Wood. Any of them would make a good President. In his 'Weekly' he published a series of sketches of them, among which, it is of interest now to recall, was one of Herbert Hoover; whose commanding merits he fully recognized and for whom he forecast nomination and election at some future time; but not in 1920.

Although he was still nominally a Democrat, the Republican leaders with one accord looked to him to be the chief inspirer and director of their campaign, both at the National Convention and in the subsequent electoral canvass; precisely as they had accepted his leadership in the senatorial fight against the Covenant of the League. Thus on May 25 Lodge, who was to preside at the Convention, wrote to him:

I am sending you a copy of an uncorrected draft of the speech I hope to make at Chicago, subject to your revision and to any suggestions which you will have the goodness to make. I have to touch on certain very dry subjects, as it is a convention speech, but I cannot escape them, as you will realize, and therefore you will pardon the aridity.

In regard to the League, no one knows better than you what a narrow channel I have to navigate in, with rocks on both sides. I want to condemn Wilson and all his works. That is comparatively easy, and I think I have done it. I also want to get the Convention to give a full approval of all that the Republican Senators did, drawing no distinctions between their differing opinions as to the final result. That is, I seek to make my speech, and I hope the platform, so broad that those of us who have fought the treaty for a year in the Senate can all stand upon it without any difficulty, and that we can use every argument, from Borah's down to McCumber's. I think the bulk of the Convention and the mass of the people at the present moment are in favor of the treaty with the reservations which bear my name. But I do not want to make any pledge as to the future. The scene shifts fast in Europe, and I am not ready, nor are the others, to bind our President — if he comes in, as I hope and believe he will — or our Administration, or our Congress, to their action of the Fourth of March, 1921. I want simply to have us backed up on all that has been so far accomplished, so that we shall have the party as nearly as possible solidly behind us in the fight. I feel quite sure you will approve the policy and you will, I am also sure, make allowance for the difficulties of doing it.

In June the Convention met at Chicago, and Harvey, though of course not a delegate, was second to nobody there in influence upon its proceedings. Certainly he dominated the private conferences at which its doings were largely devised and determined. His principal colleagues, or coadjutors, were Lodge, whom perhaps only advanced years prevented from being himself nominated for the Presidency; Medill McCormick, of Illinois; James E. Watson, of Indiana; Reed Smoot, of Utah; James W. Wadsworth and William M. Calder, of

New York; Frank B. Brandegee, of Connecticut; and Joseph R. Grundy, of Pennsylvania. All were United States Senators excepting the last-named, who was one of the foremost business men of the State and in close touch with Senator Penrose, the Republican leader. I imagine that not one of these gentlemen would have challenged the statement that more than any one else, George Harvey was their mentor and the chief director of their procedure, and that his rooms at the Blackstone Hotel formed the real center of the Convention.

From the very beginning it was obvious to Harvey, as to some others, that not one of the leading candidates could — unless by a miracle, and miracles were out of date in Chicago — secure the nomination. A strong sentiment had been created against General Wood on the ground that a friend of his, without his wish or knowledge, had used in his behalf a considerable sum of money, for entirely legitimate purposes, in the primary campaign for delegates to the Convention. There was also an insane prejudice against him as a 'militarist.' His enemies had created the impression, in the somewhat pacifistic Middle West, that he was in favor of compulsory military service for all men, after the fashion of some European countries, and that if elected President, he would at once go to war with Mexico. Of course all this was utter rubbish. But thousands of women were still singing, 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,' and they gave their delegates to the Convention to understand that if they voted for Wood, they need not come home again. Harvey believed that it was such senseless prejudice that kept Wood from getting the nomination. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, was also handicapped by the fact that much money had been spent in his primary campaign. As for Hiram Johnson, of California, Harvey pretty truly said that 'the very men who were voting for him did not want him.'

The serious feature of the situation, which Harvey perceived more clearly than any of the others, was the existence of a great mass of delegates, who had come to the Convention without instructions or pledges to support any candidate. They had no bosses, no leaders, and would have none. Nobody controlled them. Nobody could gain control of them. Nobody could tell them what to do, or tell what they would do. But there was always danger of their being stampeded into

some undesirable or even disastrous course. And the longer the deadlock among the leading candidates continued, the more imminent was the danger of such mob action. To that, the alternative was a Convention indefinitely prolonged, with scores of futile ballots, extending through many days, and with an ominous increase of faction. And the weather in Chicago was ultra-torrid!

In these little less than desperate circumstances Harvey, with his rare gift of finding clues and keys and the solution of the insoluble, came into contact with the one man who could give him the aid he needed. This was Joseph B. Kealing, of Indianapolis, member of the Republican National Committee. He was not a conspicuous leader, and was not the boss of the Indiana delegation. But he was very much in touch with the nearly six hundred independent and unpledged delegates. He had their full confidence, and knew, or could find out, what they wanted. From him Harvey obtained invaluable information, and in him had an invaluable intermediary with the delegates. And so, in the quiet of his room at the hotel, he evolved his plan of campaign. It was perfectly simple. Since none of the 'big three,' Wood, Lowden, and Johnson, was acceptable to the independent delegates, and therefore none of them could be nominated, and since none of them would withdraw, the only course was to ignore them and to find some other candidate for whom the delegates would vote.

Harvey imparted his plan to Brandegee at dinner, and readily secured his approval and adherence. After dinner Lodge and Smoot joined them, and were favorably impressed. They then sent out for the other leaders, and one by one Watson, McCormick, Wadsworth, and Calder came in. 'Here's the Senate in epitome,' observed one; 'with a non-Senator, in place of the Vice-President, in the chair!'

Thereupon they began canvassing the list of 'also-rans' — the men who had been spoken of and voted for by a few, but who had not approximated to the strength of the 'big three' — in quest of an eligible name to send out, through Kealing, to the delegates. First they considered William C. Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania; a splendid man, who had carried his State by a quarter of a million majority. But of course any Republican candidate was expected to carry Pennsylvania;

and there would be a cry raised that he was the candidate of the Pennsylvania Railroad. No; Sproul wouldn't do. Well, then, Senator Philander C. Knox, also of Pennsylvania; one of the ablest men in the land? Why, he was getting on toward seventy years, and was in failing health. He would never do. (In fact, he died the next year.) How about Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts? Probably the mention of his name warmed the cockles of Harvey's heart — for a fellow native of Vermont. But Coolidge had held no national office, and was little known outside of New England. And a large part of the country still regarded New England as composed of Puritanism and blue laws. Pass him by. Then Lodge? The Senator himself shook his head, half ruefully. 'Seventy, a month ago.' Too bad; for one of the finest pieces of presidential timber in the country. Senator Irvine L. Lenroot? No; because he's from Wisconsin; and Wisconsin means La Follette and Berger and who not else that is obnoxious. Why, the very mention of the State was hissed by the Convention that afternoon, every time it was heard. Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas? No; to think of him is to think of the Court of Industrial Relations; and his speech nominating Wood was not auspicious.

Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio? He had been before the Convention on every ballot, with a substantial number of votes. And his name had been in the minds of all these counselors in Harvey's room. Was there any handicap or obstacle, in his case? None of the eight could think of any. Well, let us see how his name impresses the delegates. So Smoot went out to sound various delegations. New York was quite ready to vote for Harding. So were most of the New England delegations. Nowhere was any objection to him offered. Presently Grundy, of Pennsylvania, entered the room. He had not heard what they had been doing, but by intuition he jumped to the conclusion that they were considering Harding, and instantly and heartily approved the choice. So, send his name to the Convention?

'One moment, gentlemen,' interposed Harvey; 'let us first speak with Senator Harding himself.' For Harvey had received inklings of the 'whispering campaign' of unspeakable insinuations against Harding, which in fact was widely devel-

oped a month or two later, but which was so base and baseless that Woodrow Wilson himself ordered it stopped, under penalty of being publicly repudiated and denounced by him. So Harding was sent for. He was told that his name was about to be presented to the Convention in a way that would doubtless assure his nomination. Then occurred a dramatic incident which I repeat just as it has hitherto been told.

'But, first, Senator Harding,' said Harvey, with impressive solemnity, 'I wish you to assure these gentlemen and myself, upon your sacred honor and before your God, that you know of no reason, arising out of anything in your past life, why you should not stand with confidence before the American people as a candidate for the highest office within their gift.'

Harding was profoundly moved. He was silent for a moment. Then he said: 'Gentlemen, I should like to be alone for a little while, if you please.' And he went into the adjoining room and closed the door. For nearly fifteen minutes he remained there, and then returned, still deeply moved, yet calm and confident.

'Gentlemen,' he said firmly, 'there is no such reason!'

And within an hour he was nominated by the Convention for the Presidency of the United States.

'There was,' said Harvey, afterward, 'no popular explosion for Harding. There was little spontaneity. He was nominated because there was nothing against him, and because the delegates wanted to go home. The delegates had become convinced that neither Wood nor Lowden could be or ought to be nominated, and they could not see anybody who would serve better as a candidate than Harding. There was no compromise about the matter. It was a fresh selection of the man whom the delegates considered the best in sight.'

He added that, Democrat though he had been, he intended to support Harding throughout the campaign; 'unless, of course,' he murmured whimsically, 'the Democrats should re-nominate Mr. Wilson, in which event I naturally should want to sit down and think it over!'

To this authentic narrative of the nomination of Harding, there is a striking epilogue, which has never before the present, I believe, been publicly disclosed. About a year before the Convention, in the summer of 1919, Harvey was among

the guests at a house party given by one of the leaders of New York society at her Long Island home. During the evening conversation turned, not unnaturally, upon politics, and upon the probable successor of Wilson in the White House; and the hostess suggested that all the company write, in her guest book, their predictions of the identity of the next President. Most of them did so; but when it came Harvey's turn he demurred. 'I have no business in this,' he said, with a smile. 'You are all writing down your guesses, but I have no guess to make. You see, I know who the next President will be. If you will give me a card and an envelope, I will write the name of the next President on the card, and seal it up, for you to open after the Republican National Convention has nominated its candidate.' This was done, amid the hilarity of the company, who acclaimed it as 'just a piece of George Harvey's fooling.'

But a year later, when the news came of the result of the Chicago Convention, the hostess of that evening opened the envelope and read upon the card the name of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

After he had thus secured the nomination of Harding, at least as directly as he had eight years before secured that of Woodrow Wilson, Harvey felt it incumbent upon himself to give his services unstintedly as they might be asked or needed, in the prosecution of the campaign, and especially as a counselor and aid to Harding himself. He therefore made a brief visit at Harding's home, at Marion, Ohio, and there can be no impropriety in saying that he was of immense service to the candidate in many ways, notably in advising him concerning the League of Nations, which formed the paramount issue of the campaign. As he had been consulted by Lodge concerning the 'keynote' speech at the Convention, it was only natural that he should be similarly consulted by Harding concerning some of his more important utterances. It was probably as a sequel to such counseling that Harding emphasized the suggestion of an association of free nations, animated by considerations of right and justice instead of might and self-interest, and not merely proclaimed an agency in pursuit of peace, but so organized and so participated in as to make the actual attainment of peace a reasonable possibility — this, in

place of the hidebound, political-minded League of Nations.

It would be untruthful and unjust to both men, however, to suppose that Harvey spent much time at Harding's, or was his constant 'coach' during the campaign. That such was not the case is evident from some of Harding's letters, lamenting that he could not be in more frequent personal contact with him. Thus on October 25 Harding wrote:

You have been so helpful and so good in your support of the campaign that we have wished many times that you might be here, so that we could have the personal contact and the enjoyment of your companionship. Not only do we greatly miss you at the Harding house, but the Marion fellows with whom you came in contact have all expressed a wish that you might have returned for a sojourn among us. I am sure you can understand why I have been reluctant to ask you to come. It is not due to any lack of confidence or any lack of appreciation, but I have been just a little sensitive at times about the recital everywhere that I have to call a council on every utterance I make, so that I have thought probably it was wise to avoid the appearance of too much manufacturing of speeches and statements by the 'council sent here by the National Committee.'

These things do not in any way disturb my peace of mind, but I have been sufficiently sensitive to wish to avoid giving too much reason for unfriendly comment.

You have noticed, of course, the criticisms of my statements relating to the Foreign Relations. Probably I do not understand myself, but in my mind they have been consistent throughout. I have at all times spoken in complete opposition to the Wilson League, and I do not know of a single speech in which I have failed to speak kindly of an association of nations based upon the rule of justice. Perhaps I have not been able to make the country understand me, but I have done the best I could, and am willing to let it go at that.

We have the last week of the campaign before us, and it is a very difficult one to go through with poise and patience. There has been so much of the conscienceless lying and misrepresentation that I should like to forget for twenty-four hours that I am a candidate and meet it as one would wish in his private capacity. However, I shall go through it all patiently, and if we win, as I believe we shall, I shall very much desire advice with you about many important things.

But perhaps Harvey's greatest contribution to that memorable campaign was his conduct of his militant 'Weekly,' which in every number bristled with telling points against the League of Nations, against the Democratic candidates, and

in favor of Harding and Coolidge — for Calvin Coolidge, to Harvey's profound satisfaction, had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Nothing comparable with it as a campaign paper had ever been known in American politics, not even Horace Greeley's famous 'Log Cabin' of the 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too' campaign, eighty years before. Only a single untoward incident occurred. That was the inadvertent use, as a 'filler,' of a small cartoon which was not drawn for 'The Weekly,' but had already been used elsewhere; and which got into 'The Weekly' without Harvey's knowledge or his ever having seen it. While the significance of this was entirely true, the treatment of the subject was such as to be grossly offensive to the Roman Catholic Church, and indeed to the religious feelings of people of all creeds. Harvey was much shocked when he saw it, and instantly repudiated it and expressed his regret that it appeared, and some of the most eminent Catholic prelates and laymen promptly wrote to him, exculpating him from all blame. Only a few of his political and personal enemies strove, though ineffectually, to make capital out of it against him; the chief of them, who happened to be a son of one of Harvey's closest friends, but who never was particularly noted for his piety, worked himself publicly into such a frenzy of simulated rage as to provoke from a correspondent the deeply concerned remark: 'A — seems to be getting religious. Can't something be done about it?'

The most ingenious and effective feature of 'The Weekly' in all that memorable campaign, however, was of Harvey's own devising. It consisted of just a single line, in large type, at the close of the text of each issue, week after week, counting off the steadily ebbing sands of the Wilson Administration: 'Only 237 Days More!' and the next week, 'Only 230 Days More!' and so on with 'damnable iteration.' At last, in the issue for February 26, 1921, it read: 'Only SIX Days More! And we can put it even more cheerfully than that: Only 144 hours more!'

Harding and Coolidge were duly elected, by a popular majority of more than seven millions, by far the largest ever cast down to that time, and Harvey settled down at home for a much-needed and well-earned rest. In fact, his

labors during the campaign had seriously taxed his strength and impaired his health. Harding presently went to the South, partly for a rest, largely to escape from the throng of those who were already seeking appointment to office, for themselves or for their friends; specifically, to consider the composition of his Cabinet. With him as an expert adviser went Will H. Hays, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, whom he eventually selected for his Postmaster-General. He would have liked to have Harvey with him, but he could not go. Before going to the South, however, the President-elect offered to Harvey the post of Secretary of State; indeed, urged it upon him. But Harvey unhesitatingly declined it. Such an appointment, he told Harding, would and should provoke rebellion in the party. For, whatever his competence or incompetence for the place, it would never do to give it to a man so new in the Republican ranks, if indeed he was actually in them. No, it must go to some recognized Republican of long standing.

While in the South, Harding and Hays completed the 'slate' of the Cabinet, and one night called Harvey at his home, on the long-distance telephone, to read him the list and get his opinion, hopefully his approval, of it. The first names mentioned were those of Charles E. Hughes and Andrew W. Mellon, respectively for the State and Treasury portfolios. 'Admirable! Perfect! You could not possibly do better!' exclaimed Harvey, with genuine enthusiasm. Similar commendation was given to Hays, for the Post-Office Department, and in varying degrees it was accorded to the others, save two. To those two, each of them, he said: 'That is not good. He will cause you trouble if you appoint him.' Unhappily, Harding's commitments were already such — or so he conscientiously thought — that he would have to make those appointments. 'Very well,' said Harvey; 'if you must, you must. But there will be trouble.' And there was, serious trouble; so that the two men to whom Harvey had objected were compelled to retire from the Cabinet in unpleasant circumstances.

Since Harvey would not accept the Secretaryship of State, he was promptly marked for the Ambassadorship to Great Britain. In all probability, Harding would have given him

that appointment entirely on his own initiative. But there were many men of influence to advise and urge it. Among them one of the most picturesque and earnest was Watterson. He wrote to the Secretary of State, immediately after Harding's inauguration:

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

After making my official obeisance and expressing my personal satisfaction in the new Administration, 'may I not' — without the suspicion of aiming or meaning to tell the President and yourself how to run the Government — make a suggestion?

I have been much in England. Have made my living with my pen in London. I think I understand the European situation. We need a man to represent us, at the head of our Foreign Service, who is at home there. I know of no one so wholly suitable and equipped as George Harvey.

The President must pay the debts. In Colonel Harvey he has had at once a loyal and useful friend, and he will have an Ambassador made for the place; no stranger in the British capital; well known and highly considered there; especially able to deal with delicate and complex international affairs.

Nothing is surer than collision between English interests and prejudices and American prejudices and interests. It may come sooner than many think. Root seeming disabled, I have looked in vain for a Republican to fill the bill. Indeed, save Herrick, I know of none, and Herrick should go back to Paris.

Notwithstanding my fourscore and one, I can still sit up and take notice. I do not personally know the President, and he has never said 'turkey' to me. But we belong to the same professional guild, and he has no warmer well-wisher than I am. So, not being indifferent to passing events, I write to you as one Brown man to another; for, as the God-like Daniel once observed, 'Thank God, I too am an American!'

Sincerely your friend
HENRY WATTERSON

A little later, after the appointment had been announced, he wrote to Harvey:—

MY DEAR GEORGE:

If I said you should not accept the English Embassy, I take it back. I was talking through my hat. 'Journalist' be damn'd! I might say, as John McCullough used to relate, that, when he and Edwin Booth arrived together at the Pearly Gate, and he entered without question, old St. Peter pointing to a notice, 'No actors admitted!' Booth exclaimed, 'But you let McCullough in!' and His Gateship replied, 'Oh, he's no actor!' I might exclaim, 'He's no

journalist; jess one o' them dam' literary fellows!' Only I know you are a journalist; which leads me to suspect they may make a fight on you in the Senate. In that event — in case you count noses and need reinforcements — I still have a little pull here and there and am ready at command.

I recall the fight I had to make for my uncle Stanley Matthews — won by a single vote — and somehow I fancy there are dogs enough to try to give you trouble.

Tell your new President that between him and Wilson the two of them have almost made me a Republican. . . .

Affectionately

HENRY WATTERSON

The appointment of Harvey created little surprise, though it naturally commanded much attention and called forth much comment, *pro* and *contra*. The partisans of Wilson uncorked their vials of wrath, in the Senate and in the press, in a frenzy of rage which Wilson himself did not seem to share. On the contrary, some of his old regard for Harvey was apparently revived. Some time later, when Harvey was showing much initiative and activity, at the Grand Council and elsewhere, Wilson remarked with a smile: 'Harvey has no more love for intrigue than a cat has for cream!' One of the most savage — and incidentally untruthful — attacks upon Harvey was made by 'The Louisville Courier-Journal,' from the editorship of which Watterson had retired and which was being conducted by an extreme partisan of Wilson; which shrieked aloud that he was chiefly known throughout the world 'for his consuming hatred and persistent, malignant, personal abuse of two Presidents of the United States — Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt.' This roused Marse' Henry to a reply which was none the less effective because it was couched in always courteous and often jocular terms. In a letter to the editor of the paper he 'ventured to suggest' as 'an old hand at the bellows' that in such 'frivolous much ado' 'they discredit themselves and their calling.' 'It is my opinion,' he proceeded, 'that the President could not have chosen a more likely representative to the Court of St. James's. . . . You speak of Colonel Harvey as "a journalistic roughneck." Must an upright and accomplished writer be so described for telling the truth, as he sees it, and for calling a spade a spade? Why, it was because

of such a habit that "The Courier-Journal" attained its celebrity and influence. . . . Do you think it perversion of talent to differ from you? Can independence be fairly stigmatized as lack of conviction? Is the well of English undefiled paved only with brickbats?'

It would be superfluous to repeat here even a tithe of the commendatory and enthusiastic expressions which were published and which were addressed to Harvey personally. But a few samples will serve to indicate their extraordinary variety, coming literally from 'all sorts and conditions' of persons. Prompt and conspicuous among them was a note of congratulation from Colonel E. M. House, the very *fidus Achates* of Woodrow Wilson, who was sure that he would 'fill this important place worthily' and in a way that would meet the expectations of his friends and well-wishers. Another, particularly appreciated, was a long letter from Professor Bunker, Harvey's old preceptor at the head of Peacham Academy. 'Amid the multitude of congratulations,' he wrote, 'is there room and time for a word from the old time schoolmaster? All the vast number of others, I know, are of infinitely more importance; but I also know none are heartier than those I extend to you. . . . I know, for you have abundantly proved, that you are able to perform all the duties of this exalted position, and so I feel like congratulating England and the United States, as well as yourself, upon your appointment to the highest honor which this able and promising Administration could bestow—Ambassador *from* one of the two greatest nations, *to* one of the two greatest nations, on this old earth of ours.'

His old employer and friend, ex-Senator James Smith, despite the fact that Harvey had been compelled to take sides against him for Woodrow Wilson's sake, or, rather, for the sake of his own lofty and unselfish purposes for the national good, which were to be realized through the agency of Wilson, wrote him a most affectionate letter: 'I am not writing to you my congratulations,' he said; 'that would be absurd and ridiculous, because you well know that anything that you believe is best for you, that brings honor to you, is a great pleasure to me. I wish you every success and can only add that now I am sure we Irish will be free. But, bear in

mind, I don't mean Irish Men, I mean Irish Women. When you arrange to have England turn over Ireland, I want it to go to the Irish Women; let them rule and govern the country. I promise you it will be well done, and much better than if the men did it.' In this was a curiously prescient, though of course entirely unwitting, forecast of the very essential part which Harvey did have in the establishment of the Irish Free State. The reference to government by the women suggests that another letter came from the devoted arch-protagonist of 'votes for women,' Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, who described herself as 'just one of many Britishers who rejoice that you are the United States Ambassador. There never was a time when it was so necessary to have in that position a man who could combine ardent patriotic devotion to his own country with knowledge and appreciation of the nation in which he represented his country's interests. . . . I am sure,' she continued, 'that your appointment will do much to bring about closer union between your country and mine and so defeat the unscrupulous efforts that are being made to destroy civilization by creating dissension and conflict between the Great Powers who are responsible for maintaining and securing the peace and prosperity of the whole world.'

One of the earliest and most cordial personal greetings came from John D. Rockefeller, who wrote:

Allow me to congratulate you on the news which reaches me through Mr. Inglis of your appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain. I also congratulate our President on his wise judgment. You are entitled to this position. I join heartily with our citizens in expressing appreciation for the invaluable services you have rendered your country. I bear testimony not only to the good statesmanship you have shown, but to your patience and forbearance under the very trying circumstances of these late years. But all that is past now. You have triumphed, and we all rejoice with you.

Elisabeth Mills Reid, whose husband had been one of Harvey's most distinguished predecessors in the Ambassadorship, sent her 'heartly congratulations and best wishes.' Lord Bryce, who had been British Ambassador to America, was prompt with a pleasant note of welcome. Bramwell Booth, then head of the Salvation Army, said: 'I believe your appointment will, by the blessing of God, still further advance

all that belongs to a good understanding between these great peoples.' Justice Pitney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, wrote: 'I congratulate you very heartily upon your appointment, and at the same time thank you for the pleasure and instruction I have had in reading "Harvey's Weekly" from its beginning to its final issue.'

CHAPTER XXIX

'MORITURUS SALUTO!'

THE one cause of regret, profound and sincere, which Harvey's friends and a vast popular constituency felt on his acceptance of the Ambassadorship was that it necessarily involved the demise of 'Harvey's Weekly.' It was impossible for him to edit it while he was Ambassador, and for it to continue without his editing was impracticable. 'Hamlet' without Hamlet could never hold the boards. Of course, he might have disposed of it to some one else. This he had more than one opportunity to do, as I personally had occasion to know, and as my friend and Harvey's very close friend of many years, Joseph S. Auerbach, has strongly affirmed in detail. In response to my inquiry upon the subject, Mr. Auerbach courteously enriched this narrative with this authoritative statement:

Shortly before Colonel Harvey's departure for Europe, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, an intimate friend of mine wished to know whether 'Harvey's Weekly' could be bought. Inquiry by me of Colonel Harvey disclosed him to be in doubt as to his proper course; but, having obtained his approval, I consulted with a member of President Harding's Cabinet, who saw no objection to the sale, and later with a distinguished Senator of the United States, who was of a like view.

There was no intention on the part of the proposed purchaser, as was explained to Colonel Harvey, to retain the name of 'Harvey's Weekly' except for a limited time. The amount offered was large, running into scores of thousands of dollars; and Colonel Harvey's position financially was such that the offer must have been appealing to him. Still hesitant, he later told me that it was impossible for him to consent to the sale; and when I asked him why, he said, with enigmatic smile, that the reason would be found in the next and final issue of 'Harvey's Weekly,' then about to appear.

This last issue contained one of the most peculiar concepts ever born in the brain of man, for it was a kind of Obituary written by 'Harvey's Weekly' itself! 'Harvey's Weekly,' *moriturus*, in reminiscent mood and in stirring words thanks its creator, and all others identified with its upbringing and existence — being even more gracious to them than to Colonel Harvey himself. And at the end were these words:

'To my Editor, also, I must add in fairness, I owe one debt of the deepest gratitude. When he decided that for various reasons he would change his vocation, he refused to treat me as a commodity.'

Thus he smote me, hip and thigh!

When I taxed him with the desire to gratify a whim at the sacrifice of so much money, he said that — though some such nonsense may well have been in his mind — he had become unalterably convinced that 'Harvey's Weekly' ought to come to a timely, dramatic end when he ceased to be its Editor and was leaving his country for a long absence. And perhaps this was a wise decision.

Yet the number of men in his position who would have come to a like conclusion are not many; and those who could have conceived and written the Obituary can be counted on the fingers of one's hand; provided always that a reasonable number of them had been amputated.

Well did Mr. Auerbach add that this episode indicated the 'unstereotyped character of the man.' He never performed an act more characteristic of himself. So on the first page of 'Harvey's Weekly' for April 23, 1921 — Vol. 4, No. 17 — appeared a leading article entitled 'Good-Bye! A Brief Autobiography,' with the credit line 'By Harvey's Weekly'! For personal reasons, apparent to the reader, I should have hesitated to reproduce that article here. But Mr. Auerbach made my doing so an all but imperative condition of his giving me the narrative which I have just cited; and besides, it is really an integral and indispensable part of Harvey's own history; so here it is:

I sprang into being in the first week of January, 1918. My purpose was single. It was to help the Allies to win the war. My creator had no commercial aim. I was to be his contribution to the great cause.

The outlook was black. France, Great Britain and Italy were fighting desperately, with their backs to the wall. A mighty spring drive by the enemy was impending. Nine months before the American people had compelled their Government to align the Republic with the forces which were battling for the preservation of civilization, but no help had been given.

The eyes of those in authority were blinded by perverseness, and their perspectives were beclouded by their determination to justify their shocking neglect to make ready for such action as might be required at any moment while the world was aflame. The Secretary of War and the Publicity Agent of the Administration were still thanking God that we were unprepared. On January 1, 1918, but a few days before my first appearance, the President himself wrote this confession in a proclamation to the country:

'It is now nine months since this Republic was driven to accept the aggressions of the Teutonic Allies as constituting a state of war. . . . In order that our acts might not give the lie to our words we necessarily avoided even the appearance of hostile measures while we offered them peace. We waited until peace was impossible before we reluctantly began to prepare to defend ourselves.'

Although actually issued to the Press, this statement was quickly recalled and has never before been published. But the spiritless, deadly sloth remained. 'Reluctance' continued to be manifest all along the line. Languor and self-complacency, induced by a false conception that the mere pointing of a finger would fetch the Central Powers to their knees, still pervaded every branch of the Executive Administration. Despairingly, in my very first number, I cried out the words of John Paul Jones: 'We have not yet begun to fight!'

We had not, and we did not for months to come. Not until April, 1918, a full year after war was declared, did the Commander-in-Chief revise his first expressed judgment that an army of 500,000 would be sufficient and, in a speech at Baltimore, demand 'force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit,' only simultaneously to break the effect of his utterance by announcing to the Germans that he stood 'ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time.' Yet another month was required to extort from his lips the final declaration:

'We are not to be diverted from the grim purpose of winning the war by any insincere approaches upon the subject of peace.'

Thenceforward the whole country, aroused from lethargy and straining at the leash, lashed the laggard Pacifists in control into permitting our eager Army and Navy and no less zealous civilians to prosecute the war as it should have been prosecuted during the year that was past and lost.

I helped along as best I could, without particular consideration for the feelings of the mighty since fallen and with no heed whatever to the menace of silly statutes enacted in disregard of the Constitution. Week after week the puissant Postmaster-General was sorely tempted to deny to this 'vile sheet,' as he most impolitely dubbed me, the use of his atrocious mail service, as he did deny it to scores of others far less obnoxious, and the unrestrained Attorney-General possessed ample technical authority to put my Editor in jail whenever he pleased; but both, happily perhaps for all concerned, considerably refrained, and I went my way.

On November 11 the Armistice was signed and I expressed my solemn thanksgiving in these beautiful words written by Willis Fletcher Johnson:

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Thanks and praise to Almighty God, Who of His great mercy has shown salvation to this Republic and to all nations!

Thanks and praise to Belgium, the hero nation, who at cost of her own martyrdom stood steadfast at Liège!

Thanks and praise to France, who for four long, weary years dammed back the tide of Hunnish barbarism with a rampart of the bodies of her glorious sons!

Thanks and praise to Britain, who made at Ypres a new Thermopylæ, and who for four long, weary years made all earth's seas a greater Marathon!

Thanks and praise to Italy the renascent, to Japan the newly-risen, to Portugal and Greece, to Brazil and Cuba, blazing the way of Latin America into the council chamber of the world, and to every nation, great or small, that stood for freedom!

Thanks and praise to the peoples who were not yet free nations, Poles, Czechs, Slavs, Jews, and who not else, who from their bondage struck with fettered hands brave blows for freedom and humanity!

Thanks and praise to the sons and daughters of this Republic, who gave their all to guard its rights and freedom, and to aid all neighbor nations to win a like estate!

Thanks and praise and everlasting glory to Almighty God, Who, of His infinite mercy, hath brought salvation to this Republic and to all nations of mankind!

Truly, then, I felt that my work was finished, and that as a good and faithful servant I might be permitted to depart in peace.

But it was not to be. After having been denied by more than a million majority in the Congressional elections sole authority to make peace as he might see fit, the President contemptuously turned his back upon both Senate and people and sailed away to Europe in truly royal fashion, with his mannikins and jazz bands, to assume management of the world. Evidences multiplied that the unrivalled power of the United States was to be used to further a purely personal ambition, and that the great, free Republic was to be deprived of its individualism and dumped into a pot of internationalism.

On December 14, 1918, instead of retiring gracefully, as I had intended, I announced my determination to 'continue publication through another year.'

The great battle for American independence then began against tremendous odds, and continued, with unprecedented vigor, verging upon bitterness, for two years and more before a resolute band of Senators were able to stem the tide of shrewdly guided sentimentality.

Even then the contest was not won. Direct appeal to the whole country was demanded and was readily granted. The final test came in the National campaign, and when the votes were counted, the glorious news was heralded that America had redeclared her independence by a majority of nearly eight millions. It remained only for the new President to clinch the nail already driven into the coffin of the wretched League—and this, with fidelity to his pledge

and with characteristic finality, he did in his first Message to Congress.

So: The War is won; the League is dead; autocracy is no more; the nincompoops are out. 'All of which I saw; a part of which I was.' How trifling that part may be deemed, concerns me not at all, since the result is conclusive and complete. And yet a few facts may interest my friends; to wit:

I have never permitted expenditure of large sums of money for the getting of subscriptions or the 'promotion' of sales.

I have never printed an advertisement, except at rare intervals, without charge, of the contents of my venerable godmother, 'The North American Review,' in appreciation of her kindly sponsorship.

The number of my first issue, for the week ending January 5, 1918, actually sold, was 269.

For the week ending December 28, 1918, it was 17,611.

For the week ending December 27, 1919, it was 28,459.

High-water mark was reached just before election, in the last week of October, 1920, when the actual net sale exceeded 42,000.

How many are being purchased now, my publisher cannot inform me because of the time required by the news companies to obtain unsold copies from distant points. It doesn't matter, anyway.

On this, my 173rd weekly birthday, I stop. I am not run down, like a clock; I am not even tired. But, for good or for ill, I have finished my work. I have nothing more to do. Our Government may not be wholly satisfying to all minds, but taken as a whole is it not about as good as could be devised? Already the President has demonstrated his possession of the 'bigness, breadth and boldness,' supplemented by uncommon prudence and humanness, attributed to him by my Editor long ago; his Cabinet has proved itself as a capable team-working body past the most hopeful expectations; the Senate is stronger today than ever before in its history; and the House of Representatives is confronted by a surpassing opportunity. What more could be desired or at any rate in reason expected? Already our Government has been reëstablished through revival and mutual recognition of the full powers, no more and no less, conferred upon its three great branches by our fundamental law. While appreciating, as none should fail to do, the immensity of the tasks which confront it both at home and abroad, I find ample justification for hope and confidence in the spirit of coöperation already brought into effective being through the tolerance and resolution of our new Chief Magistrate.

I pass to my final resting-place in the bosom of Father Abraham without a qualm. Three years and four months do not constitute a long period of existence, but few, I surmise, would deny that my life has been a busy one.

I have made enemies; indeed, yes. You cannot realize ideals without smashing idols. And this business of the past three years has not been play for children. It has been work for grown-ups. Even I, by

instinct and inclination a placid philosopher, have been accused of indulging in expressions savoring at times of stern denunciation, of savage attack, of 'vitriolic' and 'vehement' assault, of satire, ridicule, and, in playful moments, of gentle though not inevitably acceptable humor.

There shall be left no ground for dispute or quarrel here. The charges are true. I have drawn upon all my resources. I have given freely and I have accepted cheerily. A fight's a fight. I maintain simply that I have told nothing but the truth, that I have set down naught in malice or vindictiveness, and that I cherish no resentments now when I pass on as quietly as may be, upon the fulfilment of what I conceived to be my mission.

My gratefulness goes out in full measure to the many thousands who have read my pages and cheered me on my way. A more devoted band of readers, I verily believe, never lived.

Nor can I fail to pay tribute to those who have adapted their talents so admirably to my needs, meaning in particular Willis Fletcher Johnson, Charles W. Tyler, Lawrence Gilman, John Kirby, and that remarkable artist, Boardman Robinson.

To my Editor, also, I must add in fairness, I owe one debt of the deepest gratitude. When he decided that for various reasons he should change his vocation, he refused to treat me as a commodity.

I cannot say, truthfully, that I die happy, because I love life, indeed I do; but the fact remains that my work, such as it has been, is finished, and I rest content in the arms of my maker.

On the whole, I am not sorry that my friend Mr. Auerbach insisted upon my reproducing this. It was not merely the valedictory of 'Harvey's Weekly'; it was a valedictory of Harvey's own career as a political journalist and controversialist, which, save for a brief but brilliant epilogue, ended at that time. It displays, in epitome, the whole range of his protean powers, of support and attack, of argument and invective, of wit and humor and of profound philosophy. Nor should I omit to add that it also finely reveals his always generous appreciation of and his eagerness to pay tribute to those who were associated with him in his work.

It was necessary, according to the judicious rules of the State Department, for Harvey to relinquish his editorial connection with 'The North American Review' before entering upon his Ambassadorship, and this he of course did. During the period of his separation from it — which was actual and not merely nominal — that magazine was most competently and with entire independence conducted by Miss Elisabeth B.

Cutting, who for some years had been its Managing Editor, while the business of its publication was entrusted to the efficient hands of George M. Gottfried, who had sustained a similar relation to 'Harvey's Weekly.'

CHAPTER XXX

THAT FIRST PILGRIMS SPEECH

'ONCE, in the dear, dead days beyond recall,' when the most joyous and not least frequent occupation of the then rival cities of Chicago and St. Louis was to heave verbal brickbats at each other, a clever writer in 'The Globe-Democrat' of the latter city printed a story about Eugene Field, then the bright, particular star of 'The Chicago News.' There was not a word of truth in it. Yet it was so impishly ingenious and plausible as to approach, if it did not actually lap over, the danger line of credulity. And if believed, it would make Field to appear in an intolerably ridiculous light. For once in his life I believe the gentle humorist realized what it was to have something 'get under his skin.' At any rate, he wrote me a little note of S O S, invoking my fraternal aid in repudiating it.

'I suppose,' he wrote, 'you have seen this in the G.-D. I may be a fool; yes, and I *may* be a damned fool; but I protest that I am *not* a God damned fool!'

Many years later I wondered if George Harvey might not well have adopted that epigrammatic denial for his own, in rebuke of the wild hullabaloo that was aroused in America by his first important public utterance in England when he went thither as Ambassador.

It was in May, 1921. Shortly before he left New York, he was appropriately entertained as the guest of honor at a Lotos Club dinner, where many high tributes were paid to him by many eminent men, and where it was felicitously pointed out that a line of his distinguished predecessors in diplomacy had also been members of that club, including John Hay, White-law Reid, Stewart L. Woodford, Myron T. Herrick, Horace Porter, and Henry Morgenthau. On the very eve of his sailing the officers of the Cunard Company gave him a most brilliant dinner aboard the steamer Aquitania. And on his arrival at Southampton, on May 10, he made a brief response to an official welcome by the Corporation of that city. But his first

real speech was reserved for a dinner which was tendered to him by The Pilgrims in London, on May 19.

It was a noteworthy occasion. The great dining-hall of the Hotel Victoria was crowded with a company containing many of the foremost men in British public life and of the American colony in London. The Duke of Connaught presided, and proposed the health of the guest; and at the same table were the Duke of York; the Prime Minister, David Lloyd George; the Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead; the Foreign Secretary, Earl Curzon of Kedleston; the Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Beatty; while elsewhere in the room were Lord Byng, Lord French, the Earl of Durham, the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Ampthill, the Reverend Prebendary Gough, Lord William Cecil, Sir Thomas Lipton, Admiral Inglefield, Viscount Templeton, Lionel de Rothschild, J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of 'The Spectator,' and a multitude more of comparable worth. In proposing the toast to 'His Excellency the Honorable George Harvey, American Ambassador,' the Duke of Connaught referred to the fact that that was their guest's nineteenth visit to England, and the Prime Minister in seconding it claimed him 'not merely as the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's but as the representative of the great democracy of the West in the councils of the world.'

Harvey's extended speech in response was of high literary and statesmanlike merit, but I shall not repeat it here, save for two salient passages. It was remarked in the press the next day that he resorted to the practice, unusual on such occasions, of delivering his remarks from manuscript. We shall presently see the significance of that. The identical manuscript which he held in his hand at that dinner now lies before me, and it is from it that I copy the identical words which he spoke. After denying the truth of the old English folk-adage, 'Fair words butter no parsnips,' and insisting that fair words, so they be true, clear the way for deeds which alone in the end can produce enduring results, and after declaring that he would miserably fail in his mission if he did not so greatly strengthen the bonds of friendship and mutual helpfulness that the British and American Governments would thereafter not only prefer durable agreements to tentative compromises, but would also instinctively approach all world problems from

the same angle, as of common and inseparable concern, he said:

Precisely as your Ambassador went to Washington as an unalloyed Briton, I come to London as an unalloyed American. That, I have no question you will agree, is as it should be. We would not have it otherwise. Nor of course would you.

Nothing could be more futile, more delusive or more mischievous than to pretend that, however deep and true may be our affection for the Mother Country, our proffer of a helping hand is attributable primarily to a tender susceptibility. It is not. My country stands ready to work with yours, first, because it is to her own interest to do so, and secondly, because it is to the advantage of both. We do not resent being called idealists, even, as sometimes happens, by those whose anticipated reward for extolling our altruism is transparently material. But we have come to realize quite sharply during the last few years that ideals only too often resolve into illusions, and illusions we have found to be both dangerous and profitless.

We deceive ourselves occasionally, of course — pray, who does not? — but generally to our own amusement, just as other folks delight in calling one another names but do not encourage the practice on the part of outsiders. Even to this day at rare intervals an ebullient sophomore seeks applause and wins a smile by shouting that 'we won the war.' Far more prevalent was until recently the impression — and this was and still is in a measure sincere — that we went into the war to rescue humanity from all kinds of menacing perils. Not a few remain convinced that we sent our young soldiers across the sea to save this Kingdom and France and Italy. That is not the fact. We sent them solely to save the United States of America, and most reluctantly and laggardly at that. We were not too proud to fight, whatever that may mean. We were afraid not to fight. That is the real truth of the matter. And so we came along toward the end and helped you and your Allies to shorten the war. That is all we did, and all we claim to have done.

Later, and near the close of his speech, he referred to the League of Nations:

There still seems to linger in the minds of many here, as indeed of a few at home, an impression that in some way or other, by hook or by crook, unwittingly and surely unwillingly, the United States may yet be beguiled into the League of Nations. Now let me show you how utterly absurd any such notion is. . . . Finally, as you know, the question of America's participation in the League came before the people, and the people decided against it by a majority of seven millions out of a total vote of twenty-five millions. Prior to that election there had been much discussion of the real meaning of the word mandate. There has been little since. A single example pro-

vided the definition. A majority of seven millions clearly conveyed a mandate that could be neither misunderstood nor disregarded. . . . I need hardly add that my Government would not dream of criticizing, much less of objecting to, the League as now constituted of other nations. I only wish to dispose definitely and finally of these strangely prevalent and utterly baseless suppositions respecting the attitude of the United States.

Never, probably, was an American Ambassador's first speech dealing so frankly with so controversial questions so favorably received by the British press and public as was this. 'The Times,' of London, hailed it as of happiest augury that here was an Ambassador who frankly stated that 'we shall get nowhere until we abruptly put aside academic discussions of theoretical proposals, and manfully face, without mincing or wincing, the actual realities.' 'The Telegraph,' recalling President Harding's tribute, that Harvey had 'more to do with awakening the soul of America than anyone outside of official life,' commented upon the reference to America's reasons for participating in the war by saying, 'This is frankness of a kind that goes straight to British hearts.' Mr. J. L. Garvin, in 'The Observer,' said: 'No American Ambassador on taking up his office has ever been welcomed in a more brilliant scene; and when Mr. Harvey sat down after his speech, history had happened. . . . Every one knew that we had listened to an address at once the least conventional and the most momentous that an American Ambassador in this country had ever made.' 'The Morning Post' commended particularly his declaration concerning the League of Nations, reminding its readers that 'the idea of membership of a European Committee is wholly repugnant to the whole tradition and alien to the living spirit of America.' Mr. Strachey in 'The Spectator' reckoned that the Pilgrims' dinner might well prove one of the milestones in the history of the English race. 'We are delighted,' he continued, 'that Colonel Harvey has made it so abundantly clear that the new American policy is not a policy of doles, moral or political, to England out of love or affection, not a sentimental preference based on blood being thicker than water, not an eleemosynary diplomacy. . . . We do not want a gift from America, but an exchange of benefits.' 'The English Review' observed that 'Sheer pres-

sure is enforcing sanity, and at the Pilgrims' dinner, where Mr. George Harvey made his bow to the public, sterling words were spoken.' 'The National Review' deemed it 'a gain to both countries that the new American Ambassador should express himself in language that leaves no loophole for misunderstanding, as he did in his brilliant debut at the Pilgrims' dinner, whose audiences are usually "fobbed off" with mellifluous flapdoodle.' Its only exception was to his possible intimation that crafty Europeans had tried to beguile America into the League of Nations; 'whereas it was an American President who "beguiled" Europe into this wretched trap by threatening to break up the Paris Peace Conference unless the Covenant of the League of Nations were incorporated in a treaty with which it had nothing to do, which it began by emasculating and ended by ruining.'

But if the address were thus appreciatively and gratefully received in England, far otherwise was its reception by a large and noisy part of the American press and public. In the enchanting phrase of 'The Citizen,' of Tucson, Arizona, there arose 'the cacophony of the ki-yi chorus.' Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, followed by the whole mongrel pack, were in full cry; hoping, said 'The Citizen,' that their yelps might be heard across the sea. I should doubt if ever a speech of any Ambassador, or for all that of any public man, was ever made the target for so much reviling and verbal mud-slinging. Perhaps I might say, too, of so much lying; for his detractors did not scruple to report him — in quotation marks, to pretend that they were his exact words — as saying that 'we went into the war only to save our own skins.' The entire Wilson-Democratic press became little less than rabid at what it pretended was a slander upon the United States and upon the American Expeditionary Forces. Some posts of the American Legion were actually persuaded to adopt resolutions of censure and of demand for Harvey's recall. Attempts were made to secure action by Congress, for his impeachment or for the withholding of his salary. Even many pulpits, especially those inclined toward Pacifism, resounded with 'Apostolic blows and knocks.'

Now the bitter irony of it all, and the greasy hypocrisy of those who most furiously assailed him, lay in the fact that

Harvey had merely said, in simple and temperate terms, precisely what his critics themselves and their political leaders, and indeed pretty much the entire American people, had been saying only a little while before. President Wilson, in his message to Congress announcing America's diplomatic break with Germany, dwelt upon the destruction of American ships and American lives, and the necessity of our protecting our own people; and his later message asking for a declaration of war emphasized the same circumstances as a reason for entering the conflict. The Act of Congress declaring the existence of a state of war was to precisely that same effect. And that was the burden of our prophecy against Germany, not that she was making the world unsafe for democracy, but that she was making the seas unsafe for our commerce. The appeals for subscriptions to the Liberty Loans were made chiefly on the plea that Germany was attacking us and that we must defend ourselves.

The astounding self-stultification of those who railed at Harvey's words because of what they pretended to be their repudiation of the lofty ideals and motives of Wilson was made most evident from a review of Wilson's own utterances. When the war began, and it was perfectly obvious that it was a war against democracy and humanity, in the disregard of international law and treaties and in the invasion and oppression of the neutral State of Belgium, President Wilson did not suggest our going into the war for the sake of humanity and to make the world safe for democracy. On the contrary, he bade Americans to be 'neutral in fact as well as in name, impartial in thought as well as in action.' And as it went on, from bad to worse, with all the rights of humanity outraged, he continued to tell us concerning the war that 'with its causes and objects we are not concerned; the obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore.' But when 'our own rights as a nation, the liberties, the privileges and the property of our people have been profoundly affected,' then it was, he held, time for us to be more and more concerned with it.

Now this is not the place for a discussion of President Wilson's policies. But it is pertinent to point out that in his speech to The Pilgrims the American Ambassador was ex-

pressing directly and tersely precisely what the former American President had expressed a little less directly and with more turgid rhetoric. Therefore the partisans of Wilson who, for his sake, denounced Harvey for 'insulting and libeling his country,' in fact directed that indictment against Wilson himself. Seldom in the record of blind partisanship and hatred has there been cast a more deadly boomerang.

One might fill a volume with testimonies from various sources, all confirming the correctness of Harvey's words. I remember an address made by Harry Lauder to a regiment of American soldiers as they were about to embark for France, in which he said: 'Boys, you are not going over to save France, nor to save England, nor to "make the world safe for democracy." Get that out of your heads. You are going over there to save your own skins, your own homes, your own wives and children, and you know it, and we know it. So cut out the gush. The Allies have their backs against the wall. If they go down, you are next in line. If you don't go over, you will have to face the Boches alone, on your own soil, instead of over there with England, France and Italy helping. That is why you are going over.'

There were many such avowals in Congress. Senator Dill, a Democrat, said: 'The worst humbug that was put over about the war was that we went to war because of the invasion of Belgium or the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We did not go to war over that. We went to war because our commerce was interfered with. It was a commercial thing that brought about our action.' Senator Swanson, one of the foremost Democratic members of that body, said: 'President Wilson gave notice to the German Government as to what the result would be if they resumed unrestricted submarine warfare. . . . Three hundred and six American sailors and citizens were destroyed after that; and President Wilson called Congress in extra session to defend American honor, the American flag, American integrity, and the freedom of the seas; and Congress responded.'

There were, of course, many utterances, public and private, in hearty commendation of Harvey's speech, such as that of 'The Chicago Tribune,' which said with its own terse directness: 'We are glad our Ambassador took this first occasion to declare that the American Republic entered the European

war in the defense of its own interests, and not for the sake of the beautiful eyes of France or the kindred blood of England. American youth were conscripted in that war. No government could have justified itself for ordering them to die for any other country or on any other cause than our own.' And 'The Kansas City Journal': 'The speech was a State document eminently worthy of the source whence it emanated — the President of the United States speaking through the registered will of the American people.' And 'The Boston Transcript,' which spoke of 'the candor and sincerity with which our Ambassador interpreted the spirit of America's traditional foreign policy in general, and, in particular, the bearing upon it of the mighty mandate resulting from "the great and solemn referendum" of November last.'

Among the innumerable letters of support, approval, and congratulation which Harvey received, first place must be given to that from his official Chief. On June 2, President Harding wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I was very glad to have your letter and I can well understand from the hurried recital you make how extremely busy you have been. I take it that you have been very cordially received and that you have made a very favorable impression.

I am grateful for the clippings which you have sent and am frank to say that the reception which has been accorded you has been more than pleasing to me personally and officially. Quite a little hubbub has been kicked up here over your speech at the Pilgrims' dinner. I do not know how long the petty folks mean to keep it up, but I think the embittered criticism will pass in a little while. There is no suggestion that you have in any way distressed the world in general, but the frankness of your expression has been very shocking to some of those who dwell in the clouds with the sponsors for the League of Nations. I may say to you that there is little if any criticism among those whose support you have a right to expect.

I realize that you have entered upon an extremely important work. Perhaps no individual in the diplomatic service has ever been placed in a position with such marked responsibility or given such an opportunity for accomplishment. I know you will meet the situation with credit to yourself and your Government. Some of the experiences you are having I should like to share with you. I know they must be very interesting, indeed. I take it that you are almost as busy as a new President with his endless and varied problems.

It is a joy to have your thoroughly typical and highly interesting letter. I do not want to be a burden upon your time, but I do want you to know how delighted I shall always be to hear from you.

Very sincerely yours

WARREN G. HARDING

What will strike every reader most about this simple, friendly letter is, that the President was not in the least annoyed or disturbed by Harvey's speech; a fact the significance of which we shall presently see.

Characteristically frank and outspoken was a letter from ex-Senator Beveridge:

BEVERLY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS

June 21, 1921

DEAR GEORGE:

Herewith I enclose my American Legion speech on Memorial Day. It may interest you in an especial manner at this particular time. At the suggestion of Lieut.-Col. Carter of the 150th Artillery, Rainbow Division (which was in absolutely all the fighting that took place), I am inserting three or four paragraphs, stating, as you will see, that the payment of our prodigious and prodigally lavish loans to the European Allies depends entirely upon the fact that we made war on Germany because Germany made war upon us; and that if we went to war as a common enterprise with the European Allies, then there is no moral obligation for the repayment of that enormous debt.

In this connection, Colonel Carter told me that he and other officers and men are militantly championing your much-discussed assertion as to why we went to war.

As nearly as I can find out, those who are your chief critics over here are the same people that wanted the League so badly that they abused everybody who opposed it. Also, of course, there are certain timid souls who believe just as you and I do, but who think that it was not expedient to make the forthright statement you did under the circumstances. I am satisfied that, when the people become aware of the big fact that your speech served plain notice on the shifty and resourceful European politicians that the debt must be met, the country will be overwhelmingly with you.

At all events, I think it would be unwise for you to back down or in any way minimize or weaken your original statement. To do so would merely be to give the enemy occasion for saying that you admit that you were wrong. . . .

Believe me, my dear George, with all faith and affection,

Devotedly

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Now for the pertinence of the letter from Eugene Field and its objurgatory protest, which I recalled at the beginning of this chapter. Many, perhaps a majority, of the hostile critics of Harvey's speech supposed, or pretended to suppose, that he had made it 'off his own,' without consultation with anybody, and thereby had 'made a break' which would anger the President and Secretary of State, and perhaps result in his recall — in which, of course, the earnest wish was father to the shallow thought. It was such egregious blether as that which, as I have suggested, might have driven Harvey to protest that he was not a — well, not that kind of a fool. For certainly he would have been a fool in the *n*th degree, had he made such a speech in such a fashion. The fact is that the speech, precisely as he delivered it from a carefully typewritten text, was composed in this country, before he sailed for his post, and was thoroughly discussed by him with the President and others at Washington, and received full official approval. Moreover, the special purpose of making it was also understood at Washington, and was heartily approved.

And what was that purpose? It is plainly suggested in the letter from Beveridge which I have quoted. It was still more plainly expressed by Harvey himself in a personal and confidential talk which I had with him shortly before he sailed. He had honored me with a request that I should accompany him to London in a somewhat important official capacity, but I was compelled to tell him that it would be impossible for me to go.

'I'm sorry,' he said; 'for I'm going to have some interesting work over there.'

In my reply I probably indicated curiosity as to the chief work that he had in mind.

'What is the greatest material need of the world today?' he asked.

Doubtless, the financial and economic rehabilitation of Europe.

'Yes; and what is the greatest requisite to that end? Why, to adjust their debts, so as to see just how they stand. Very well; how are they to go about that? What was done when we rehabilitated Harper and Brothers? Why, the first thing was to make terms with the biggest creditor. Now apply that example to Europe. Who is their biggest creditor? Obviously

the United States. So the first definite step toward the rehabilitation of Europe, and the restoration of normal conditions throughout the world, is to make a definitive debt settlement between Great Britain and America. And that's the little holiday diversion that I've got to tackle!'

He went on to say that the British Government and people seemed obsessed with a vague idealism which prevented them from a practical realization of what was before them. Perhaps they had a notion that America would cancel the debt. They were in need of being awakened to a recognition of existing facts — that because we went into the war in our own self-defense, primarily, we were morally as well as legally entitled to full repayment of our loans to Great Britain and her Allies; that we expected such repayment to be made; and that the sooner definite arrangements were made for the funding and eventual amortization of the loans, the better it would be for all concerned, and particularly for the debtor nations. An awakening was needed, just as it was needed in America in 1917 and 1918; and he was going to try to produce that effect in the first important speech he made in England.

And that is precisely what he did.

Perhaps, after all, Eugene Field's letter would more appropriately have been used by some of Harvey's passion-blinded critics and calumniators. Only, they would have had to omit the negatives!

CHAPTER XXXI

'ADMINISTERING TO THEIR WANTS'

HARVEY's mind and heart were supremely set upon the debt settlement, and it had been his hope to engage in that work as soon as he was fairly established in the Ambassadorship. It was the most important thing to be done, and it should be done first. It was with that purpose that he devoted his attention during his voyage to England chiefly to drafting a tentative plan for such settlement, a plan which did in fact form the basis for the agreement which was effected two years later. But before he could take up that matter in earnest, there were other things of pressing urgency to be dealt with. It was necessary for him to take a hand in various negotiations among the European Powers, in fulfillment of Washington's rule, that America should 'administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels.' The delay in debt settlement was irksome to him at the time, but in the end it proved advantageous, because of the change in the British Ministry which meanwhile occurred.

At the very beginning of his Ambassadorship, by virtue of a message from the President through the Secretary of State, dated the very day after his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner, he was designated as the President's representative in the deliberations of the Supreme Council; so that, through a strange touch of fatalistic irony, he was made to fill the identical place formerly occupied by Woodrow Wilson. He was instructed to participate in the consideration and disposal of 'matters of world-wide importance' (and therefore of deep interest to the United States of America), but to refrain from those of 'distinctly European concern'; and in case of doubt as to which category any particular matter concerned, he was to 'play safe' by non-participation. Questions relating to the ownership of property accruing to the Allied and Associated Powers as a result of the war were to come within his cognizance where for any reason this country had existing interests to conserve, and not with any view to obtaining territory or

disturbing arrangements not prejudicial to our welfare. Economic questions were practically all of interest to America, whether they related to the adjustments underlying the rehabilitation of Europe or directly to the trade of this country. He was to exert the influence of the United States for the recognition and maintenance of the open-door policy and equality of commercial opportunity. But of course the United States would retain its traditional policy of not becoming implicated in any purely European concerns. Moreover, it was to be understood that the American Government was not to be committed to any action by him, without imparting to him special authority to that effect. And as it was assumed at Washington that the chief function of the Supreme Council would be to settle the matter of German reparations to the Allied Powers, in case Germany acceded to the Allied demands, occasions for the meeting of the Council would not be frequent. It was especially desired that the United States should not be involved in any way in the dispute regarding the ownership of Upper Silesia.

Concerning the matter of German reparations, Harvey had already played a decisive part. The Chancellor and Foreign Minister of the Reich had in April written to President Harding, asking him to mediate between Germany and the Allied Powers and to fix the sum which should be paid by way of reparations; solemnly declaring that the German Government would pay whatever sum he might prescribe. Upon this, Harding sought Harvey's advice, which was given; with the result that he declined thus to act as mediator or umpire, though he expressed his deep concern 'with the question of obtaining an early and just solution' and his strong desire for 'an immediate resumption of negotiations' in which he hoped that Germany would 'formulate such proposals as would present a proper basis for discussion.' This wise and prudent decision may be considered as Harvey's first important contribution to the rehabilitation of Europe.

It may be added that, apart from his close personal relations with the President and his rank as the premier Ambassador, there was a special reason for the selection of Harvey as the American representative on the Supreme Council, which may not have been generally understood at the time. That

was, his leadership in the opposition to American membership in the League of Nations. There was a not inconsiderable — though unfounded — feeling that American participation in the Supreme Council was tantamount to participation in the League itself; an impression that Harvey's appointment to the Council would and did effectively dispel.

A few days after his formal appointment, Harvey wrote to the Secretary of State that there would soon be a meeting of the Supreme Council, and that the Silesian question would probably be the first to be taken up. There was no doubt in his mind that it should come under the classification of non-participation by the United States. But he was likely to be invited and indeed urged, by the British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, to take part in the sessions at least as a spectator, so as to keep the American Government perfectly informed of what took place; and he asked if that would be in accordance with the President's and Mr. Hughes's wishes. He added that it was quite clear that the Germans were shifting upon the Allies the responsibility for the Silesian troubles; chiefly because of the protests of the ex-service men against any more fighting.

The Secretary replied, approving Harvey's participation in the Council sessions as an observer, and saying that, while the Government of the United States did not wish to interfere in the determination of mere boundary questions which concerned Europe only, it recognized that the Silesian dispute might rise to serious consequence of world-wide importance. It therefore earnestly desired that a peaceful settlement might be reached, and believed that the American Ambassador might materially contribute to that end without committing his Government to any action at variance with its established policy. Unhappily, disagreement between the French representative and the British and Italian representatives in the Council nullified the influence of that body and sacrificed the good offices which Harvey might have employed; much fighting occurred in the disputed territory; and in despair the Council turned the whole matter over to the League of Nations.

Another meeting of the Supreme Council was held in Paris in August, at which there was brought up the question of the interpretation of neutrality in Asia Minor, between the Turk-



DIPLOMATS IN PARIS

Guests at a luncheon of the Council of Ambassadors; from left to right as follows: Sig. Bonomi (Italy), Lord Curzon (Great Britain), President Millerand (France), M. Camerlynck (French interpreter), M. Hynans (Belgium), M. Jaspas (Belgium), _____, M. Briand (France), Colonel Harvey (U.S.A.), Baron Hayashi (Japan) (in the background), Sir Robert Horne (Great Britain), Sig. della Torretta (Italy) (in the foreground), Mr. Herrick (U.S.A.), Sir Maurice Hankey (Great Britain), Count Ishii (Japan), Mr. Lloyd George (Great Britain), Lord Hardinge (Great Britain), Mme. Millerand, _____.

ish Nationalists and the Greeks, and the proposed mediation by the Allies; upon which Harvey declined to express any opinion, deeming it outside the interests of the United States. On the matter of Russian relief, however, he declared that the American people were doing all they could to avert starvation, and he would be glad to lay before the Council the scheme of future aid which the American Relief Commission had prepared. It was at that meeting that the Silesian dispute was referred to the League of Nations; upon the announcement of which Harvey said: 'The President of the United States had felt from the beginning that this matter was one of distinctly European concern. It will be with a sense of relief, therefore, that he will hear of the confirmation of this view by the Supreme Council, in referring the question to a body with which the United States is not associated. Consequently, as representative of the President, I shall refrain from participation.' Probably not the least satisfactory part of this statement, to its maker, was his reminder to the Allies that America had no part in the League of Nations.

On the question of the maintenance of the Anti-Typhus Commission in Poland, Harvey stated that he felt sure that the American Government would in no way resent the proposal that the Conference should appeal to the contributory Powers of the preceding year for assistance in that work. (The United States had not, as a matter of fact, been one of those contributory Powers; but that circumstance was not mentioned in the deliberations of the Council.)

With reference to the question of relief for Austria, Harvey was requested to give his opinion as to whether a direct appeal to the American Government might not result in its waiving its claim to any Austrian assets, in accordance with the Treaty of Trianon. This, he replied, he was not authorized to do, but he could inform the Conference that the American Congress was at that time considering a bill which would authorize the President to extend the time of payments due from debtor Governments; and he would have no objection to transmitting to the President a resolution of the Conference to that effect.

Finally, on the question of reducing the expenses of the Armies of Occupation and the various Inter-Allied Commis-

sions in Germany, Harvey and the Japanese Ambassador, Viscount Ishii, agreed in regretting that they had not known that it was to be raised and had therefore secured no instructions from their Governments concerning it; but they would be glad to receive, *ad referendum*, any resolution which the Conference might adopt. Then, just before adjourning, M. Briand proposed a resolution declaring that 'In ending its labors the Supreme Council affirms once more its will to maintain the full agreement of the Allies, which it holds is more than ever indispensable for the maintenance of the peace of the world.' This Harvey cordially supported, though he was compelled to confess that he felt that his share in the proceedings of the Council had been very small — for which he hoped the Council would accept his excuses, realizing that it was not possible for him to do more.

It will be appropriate at this place to cite a letter to Harvey from Walter Rathenau, indicative of the extent to which Germany, as well as the Allies, looked to America for material aid in the settlement of the problems left by the war and in the rehabilitation of Europe. It was written in Paris, on January 6, 1922, just before the meeting of the Supreme Council at Cannes:

DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

I am very sorry that I cannot shake hands with you in Cannes as proposed. In fact I found out on Tuesday last that France would not be in favor of my journey, so I gave it up and leave Paris probably tonight in order to get home.

All I experienced during the last weeks shows that no definite plan for European renewal can be carried through without America's help. It would make things look so much more hopeful if any American statement of the probability of such help could be made.

In the meantime Cannes could do a great deal of good if at least the year 1922 may be settled on a reasonable basis. . . . My own idea of reparations, as I had the privilege of pointing out to you, is still this:

- 1 — Reasonable settlement for 1922 to be found in Cannes.
- 2 — World's economic and financial situation to be studied by international economic conferences.
- 3 — Settlement — if possible in 1923 — of universal international indebtedness with help of America.
- 4 — Big peace loan to be raised by Germany with moral assistance of all countries as the ultimate and definite act closing all economic war policy, bringing on real world's peace, and settling reparation

question. This loan will by the way anonymize German indebtedness instead of permanent tributes to be paid to neighbors.

This of course is my simply personal and private view.

Believe me yours faithfully

RATHENAU

The year 1922 was a busy one in European diplomacy, and consequently an arduous one for Harvey, partly as a participant and partly as a mere official observer of affairs. His attendance at the brief conference of the Supreme Council at Cannes early in January was interfered with by a slight automobile accident, which disabled him for a few days. A month later he wrote to the Secretary of State that to a quite casual inquiry from the Foreign Secretary (Lord Curzon) as to whether he had heard if his Government had replied to the invitation to be represented at the Genoa Conference, he had replied that he had received no information on the subject, and then countered with the return question whether he (Lord Curzon) thought there was any occasion for a reply while 'everything was up in the air.' To this Lord Curzon answered, no; and then expressed himself as most despondent concerning the whole outlook, in Europe, India, and Egypt; saying that the only light he could see came from Washington.

At the middle of March, Harvey called attention to the reports then current in the British press, to the effect that Sir Robert Horne was the author or sponsor of the amazing proposal of the Conference of Finance Ministers, that the demand of the Allies for sixty-five billion gold marks reparations from Germany should be pressed only in case the United States insisted upon repayment of the loans which it had made to the Allies; the implication being that if America would cancel those debts, the Allies would cancel their demand for reparations. He was unable to interpret this otherwise than as an attempt to 'shame America into cancellation of debts,' and he was apprehensive lest a wave of resentment at this 'impudent request' should sweep through America such as would imperil ratification of important pending treaties. To avert this danger he suggested some official expression, temperate but unmistakable, of surprise at such a suggestion, which would be intolerable to the people of the United States and which the Government would, of course, wholly ignore.

The question then became acute of America's right to be reimbursed for the costs of her Army of Occupation in Germany before German reparations were made to the Allies. Concerning this Harvey had a talk with Lord Curzon, whom he found quite ill and very much worried and despondent over the European situation. Curzon did not hesitate to admit, however, that the United States was entitled to full payment of the army costs, and he regarded its reasons for asking it, as set forth by Harvey, as entirely satisfactory and convincing. In the face of further agitation on the subject in the press, Harvey rather grimly suggested that if the Powers should ignore the American right to payment of the army costs, it might be effective to remind them that the American Government had never yet renounced its right to a share of something like five billion dollars of the German reparations!

In the latter part of March he wrote an informal but most informing letter to the Secretary of State, about the general political situation in Great Britain; in which he said:

Conditions here, especially during the last six weeks, have been so chaotic that no one could make even a guess with any degree of confidence as to what might be forthcoming on the following day. The whole business, of course, revolves around Lloyd George, and as he, himself, remarked the other day in a little speech in Wales, he has been living alone on the mountain-top, and actually in the past few weeks has confided in nobody. One evening last week, for example, in the course of a quite intimate conversation after dinner, Chamberlain told me that, although he felt no certainty about it, he was convinced that the Prime Minister was going to carry on for a few months longer at any rate. Less than an hour later, at the Lord Chancellor's reception, J. H. Thomas, the Labor leader, an intimate associate of Lloyd George, told me that the Prime Minister had declared to him positively, just before he left for Wales, that he was going to resign within a fortnight. This is a sample of the many seemingly authoritative but contradictory statements that come along day by day from various sources.

The truth of the matter I believe to be that Lloyd George did not himself know what he was going to do. He was excessively wearied and worried by the aggregation of onslaughts on himself and the Coalition Government, and lacked his usual mental and physical buoyancy. He has held autocratic power so long that he not only dreads but fears to put aside his authority, as others have done in similar instances before, even though all signs should point to his being called back within a short space of time. Philip Kerr, who knows him probably better than anybody else, told me last summer that

Lloyd George's state of mind was such that he did not believe that he would ever drop the reins of power until actually compelled to do so; and all the inferences I have deduced from many conversations with him have tended to confirm Kerr's judgment. Consequently, when he regained his mental balance, and in a measure, though only in a measure, I am informed, his physical strength, he reverted to type and evolved the ingenious scheme of getting from the House of Commons a vote of confidence sufficient to serve as a pretext for making a characteristically dashing and daring bid for British popularity at Genoa. There is no precedent for the procedure which he invented, but there is also no inhibition in previous practice, and even his most bitter opponents concede the cleverness of his move.

The one defect which I seem to perceive in his tactics lies in his announcing his programme so far in advance. The ten days which he thus affords all of the opposing elements make for unlimited opportunities to effect powerful combinations. The mere framing of the unprecedented resolution in a way to hold the various factions is, admittedly, an extremely difficult task. A materially reduced majority would be fatal. He must make it appear beyond reasonable doubt that, in so far as Genoa is concerned, at any rate, he has a practically united country behind him, or his fat would be in the fire. Personally, I think he will obtain a sufficient majority to justify his claim, but the debate will surely fetch forth an avalanche of bitterness and denunciation that cannot fail seriously to impair his prestige.

Knowing him as I do, I doubt that he has formulated any very definite plan with respect to the work of the Conference. He never does. It is his policy always to keep free from restrictions through the use of vague ambiguities, in order that he may utilize at any moment his extraordinary resourcefulness in his favorite rôle as an Opportunist. Generally speaking, however, I am convinced that I was not far wrong in surmising that he would endeavor to create for Europe a basis of common understanding, modelled upon the Pacific Pact, which still holds the admiration of Europe as the one outstanding success attained since the Armistice.

How well-advised Harvey's views were may be seen in the fact that Lloyd George's principal proposal at Genoa was for a Pan-European Pact for Peace, which, however, failed of adoption, and that he continued in office until the following October, when he was forced out because of dissatisfaction with his Irish and Turkish policies.

Writing to President Harding on April 11, the day after the opening of the Genoa Conference, Harvey said:

Obviously the key of the Genoa Conference is the Russian situation. What will transpire cannot of course be foretold. One point,

however, I feel ought to be emphasized, namely, that great care should be exercised to prevent any further commitments of our Government, pending the result of the deliberations of the Conference. While our official attitude, as originally set forth by Secretary Colby, and since reiterated even more definitely, may be regarded as correct, I have no sense of surety that the time is not approaching when a certain modification may prove advisable. Everybody, of course, condemns the violent practices of the Soviet Government, but the realities arising from constantly changing conditions are bound to merit grave consideration.

Fundamentally, of course, it is a part of our traditional policy to refrain from interference with any form of government set up by a people, so long as it does not transcend the rights of others, especially of ourselves. I think I am right in my recollection that in dealing with changes in South America we have held any Government worthy of recognition after approximately two years of freedom from internal disturbances and of proper heed to its just obligations to the United States. It is only fair to note the fact that the Soviet Government has maintained this position, in a broad sense, for four years. That Government, as everybody recognizes, was notably harsh and tyrannical at the outset, and was guilty of innumerable crimes, but whether even as the result of so vast a revolution its performances were more iniquitous than those of the autocracy which it superseded, is a question. In any case, we cannot fail to recall the frightfulness of the rule of the Czars, which nevertheless for more than a hundred years retained our official tolerance. Moreover, that was a type or form of government most hateful to all of the fundamental principles which our people have professed since they themselves set up a government vested in the people.

Theoretically, it must be admitted that the Soviet basis of the conduct of affairs more nearly approaches the American idea than that of its predecessors; consequently both in logic and in morals it is the better entitled to our sympathetic consideration, so long as it seems to be progressing along lines not incompatible with the requirements of civilization. It is only in its practices, therefore, that we can find justifiable grounds for complaint.

The situation clearly resolves into a question of tendency and of degree. If real progress is observable, there would seem to be every reason why our attitude should be one of encouragement, rather than of obdurate disapprobation. Moreover, the possible alternative cannot be ignored. A radical change at the moment could not fail to produce either a complete dictatorship of a military nature, or utter chaos. Are we warranted in these circumstances in requiring perfection in government or administration when, as seems quite probable, the lending of our moral support, through some form of recognition, might accelerate a growing movement in the direction of sanity?

This is the one mighty question which now confronts you, and it is one which necessarily involves a tremendous responsibility. He

would be a most presumptuous man who would presume to venture a positive judgment. Personally, although fairly well informed from innumerable sources with respect to conditions, I would not attempt it. Nevertheless I feel most strongly that your Government has gone as far as it should go at the moment, in outlawing a vast number of distressed and suffering people who unquestionably are as honest and sincere as our own, and who instinctively and traditionally have been unwaveringly friendly for more than a century. Indeed, I am coming almost to believe that the time may not be far distant when the United States, acting prudently but firmly, may be confronted by an opportunity to render a greater service to mankind than ever before in its history.

Nothing can be more manifest than the fact that America holds the key to the entire situation, European opinion is more than divided, it is chaotic. A resolute lead at the right moment from your Government would be followed instantaneously, to the utter exclusion of all existing hatreds and prejudices. For these reasons I do not hesitate to suggest cautious waiting, and openness of mind, with scrupulous avoidance of any pronouncement which might tend to close a door which subsequently could not be opened without flagrant and distasteful inconsistency.

That is all that one could wisely recommend as the basis of a policy at the present time. All depends inevitably upon the outcome at Genoa, or in the event of a remote possibility, of something transpiring during the deliberations of the Conference that could or would be construed rightfully as of sufficient importance to force the hand of your Government. All I am seeking to do is to induce you to put your mind upon the subject, with a view to being properly prepared to meet promptly and positively any contingency which may suddenly arise.

The question of recognition of and relations with Russia was indeed paramount at Genoa. But determination of it was seriously interfered with by the making of the Treaty of Rapallo, between Russia and Germany, less than a week after the Conference opened; after which Belgium's insistence upon the integral restitution of foreign-owned private property in Russia interposed an insurmountable obstacle to settlement.

The sentiments concerning Russia which Harvey thus expressed, and which he very sincerely cherished, made it eminently appropriate that he should a little later be looked to for a solution of the Russian recognition problem through direct personal action. One of the foremost members of the United States Senate sent him an urgent message, by cable, suggesting that he resign the Ambassadorship and accept —

what the Senator was sure the President would offer him — a High Commissionership to Russia, with plenary diplomatic powers. This proposal, which took indeed the form of an urgent request, although it strongly appealed to him in some respects, Harvey was compelled to decline, for at least two perfectly compelling reasons. One was, that he was in the midst of diplomatic transactions at London of the most important character, which he could not abandon without being derelict in honor and duty. The other, of which the Senator was apparently either unaware or unmindful, was that at that very moment ex-Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, was in Russia on a special mission from the President almost identical with that which was suggested for Harvey. To that there was a doubly tragic sequel. It was intended that Goodrich should return to America by way of Panama, and should meet President Harding there on the latter's return from his tour in the Northwest and Alaska. Had that plan been fulfilled, it is not only possible but probable that on the strength of Goodrich's report and recommendations the President would have decided to recognize the Russian Government and establish diplomatic relations with it. But Harding did not live to reach Panama on his last journey, and with his death the prospect of Russian recognition faded for years to come into nothingness.

Harvey went up to Scotland for his summer vacation, but kept closely in touch with affairs on the Continent as well as in Great Britain, and at the end of August he wrote at length concerning them; giving what he described as 'the rock-bottom facts':

The Germans outwitted, out-manœuvred and over-matched the segregated Allies, in translating into actual settlement the terms of the Versailles Treaty. They began to inflate their currency by degrees so slight as to create no particular alarm; but they continued the process gradually, with amazing skill and ingenuity, until the Allies suddenly awoke to the fact that they had been duped, and that a condition had been created which they were powerless to control.

This was the situation when Rathenau came to London last December, and tried to negotiate a loan. None realized better than he that while they had succeeded in their shrewd endeavor, there was danger of the situation getting out of their own control. He came to

see me privately several times during that visit, and both frankly and apprehensively conceded this to be the fact. He did not, of course, admit that they had deliberately adopted the method which had produced this result, but when pressed for a truthful answer he would make no positive denial — because so far as my experiences with him were concerned, Rathenau was a truthful man — but he would merely shrug his shoulders and ask the unanswerable question as to what else they could have done.

Disregarding, however, the motive which had actuated their course of action, he saw clearly where continuance was bound to lead, and he dreaded the inevitable outcome. His unhappy anticipations have been realized to a degree which even his far sight could not visualize. That is to say, in making their great gamble, and striving successfully as they did to over-match their adversaries, they over-reached themselves. I do not mean that their effort has yet proved to be a complete failure. Far from it. When you consider that Great Britain is now eager, and even France is nearly willing, to accept the final settlement which would leave Germany as a competitor with both of them — and incidentally of course with us — with an external debt of only twelve billion dollars as against approximately forty billion dollars owed each by Great Britain, France and the United States, it is impossible to withhold admiration of their daring and their skill.

Nevertheless, the situation has now clearly passed out of the control of the Allies or of themselves, or perhaps of both combined, and an entirely new condition of utter chaos has arisen in the face of the problem, which for the moment, at any rate, in view of the deadlock between Great Britain and France, seems to be insoluble. Of course, it cannot be; the world is not coming to an end, and civilization will now, as in the past, find a way. It may be it may come from the United States, as both France and England as well, I surmise, as Germany herself, consider possible, and indeed the only practicable solution, for the exercise of what they call our moral, meaning our financial, support. Frankly, even though we felt that the obligation rested upon us to assume this tremendous undertaking, I am at a loss to see how in the present condition of affairs we could do so with any hope of success.

So it may come through revolution, arising from a state of anarchy in Germany, following a like catastrophe which really does seem to be imminent in Austria. Many here believe this to be highly probable. The Prime Minister is one of them. Quite recently he uttered his forebodings at a small party which I attended, with a seriousness such as I had never seen him display before. You can imagine how horrified he and indeed one or two others were when Mr. Bonar Law calmly remarked that he saw no objection to letting nature take her course. You can picture to your mind, also, the dead silence which followed this somewhat cynical observation, and the promptitude with which the subject was dropped. Personally I have not shared

and do not share the apprehensions of Mr. Lloyd George, because I have yet to be convinced of the willingness of the Germans to commit hari-kari; although, as we all know, as a race of individuals they are more prone than any other to suicidal mania.

France at the moment holds the key to the situation, but does not know which way to turn it. One faction, personified by Foch, is determined to break and dismember the German Empire absolutely, at all hazards and at all costs. The other, headed really by Poincaré, would be satisfied to permit resuscitation of Germany as a unit, in order to obtain for France the products of German toil, in the form of gold, for which the French have a greed more insatiable than any other people; provided, however, that France be guaranteed by the other Powers absolute security beyond the possibility of a doubt. Now, as the Hindoo remarked, 'What to do?' God may know. I don't, and I don't believe anybody else does.

The whole world at the moment is a mere Opportunist, with nothing better in hand or in sight than a Fabian policy. I do not wish to indulge in levity, but I cannot help recalling the remark of Mark Twain, to the effect that 'Everybody is talking about the weather, but nobody is doing anything about it.'

That is the situation as I perceive it, and a dreadful one it is; but I see as a possibility the effect of the outcome of a settlement of England's indebtedness to the United States, on a basis which will be not only satisfactory to both peoples, but will fetch the two into an inevitable and irresistible companionship, as the two creditor nations of the world, and thereby inspire all the peoples of the Continent with confidence that stability is in process of attainment.

This may strike you as a strange and even incomprehensible surmise, but I firmly believe that I can put before your mind reasons to justify it. In any case, it is the only light I can perceive in the murky heavens. It is to my mind now simply a question of time. Can Austria hold, can France be held, till such a settlement between the United States and Great Britain as I have in view be accomplished?

How accurately prescient Harvey's 'strange and incomprehensible surmise' was is seen in the historic fact that no substantial or significant step was taken toward a solution of the problem until his scheme for the settlement of the British debt to America was effected; and that that epochal achievement was promptly followed by the Dawes Plan, and that by the Pact of Locarno; thus fulfilling precisely the sublime conception with which Harvey entered upon his Ambassadorship, as he imparted it to me one morning in the spring of 1921, as we sat at breakfast in his apartment at the Ritz-Carlton, New York.

On his return to London in the fall of 1922, he had an inter-

esting conversation with Austen Chamberlain, which began with the British statesman's expression of gratitude for American official approval of Great Britain's attitude toward the freedom of the Straits. Chamberlain said that he would like Harvey to impress upon his Government the fact that British statesmen would always warmly welcome the coöperation of the United States in any international matter, in the form of suggestion or otherwise. All British statesmen were convinced that, however much the two countries might differ in regard to details or procedure, they inevitably and irresistibly approached world problems from identic viewpoints, and they frequently refrained from consulting America where they felt that consultation might be of mutual advantage, only because they did not wish to appear importunate or to arouse a suspicion that they might be endeavoring to inveigle America into situations into which she might not wish to be drawn.

After the Anglo-American debt settlement, in January, 1923, hope for American influence in Franco-German relations was greatly quickened, not alone in the matter of reparations, but also in that of the French occupation of the Ruhr, which at that time was an acute question. Concerning this, Harvey had a conversation with Lord Curzon, who was earnestly desirous of American coöperation. 'Of course,' he said, 'the time has not yet arrived. But it may come. It is sure to come. . . . France is getting more deeply involved every day; so much so that she cannot get out even though she should wish to do so. Germany is helpless, incorrigible and sullen. Great Britain between the two is in a most hazardous position. . . . Surrounded as we are, and looked upon with suspicion on every side, our influence seems to have waned entirely, and therefore my only hope of a solution is through the voluntary intervention in one way or another of the one great disinterested Power, the moral authority and physical dominance of which are without question. At present I can see the salvation of the world in that course alone.'

Lord Curzon added that the idea of bringing the League of Nations into the case was 'utter nonsense.' Such a proposition would not be listened to for a moment. Doubtless he realized, as certainly Harvey did, so clearly that it was not necessary to make mention of the fact, that 'the one great

disinterested Power' was thus capable of effectively intervening for the 'salvation of the world,' for the very reason that America had refused to enter the League of Nations. Had she been seduced into that fatal step, her influence for good would have been automatically nullified. It was only through not being engaged in their quarrels that America could administer effectively to the wants of her European neighbors.

The first Bonus Bill, which was under consideration at Washington in the summer of 1922, gave Harvey much concern, because of the effect which it might have in Europe, and especially in Great Britain. He wrote to President Harding a long and serious dispatch upon the subject, pointing out that the strength of both our legal and our moral claim for repayment of our loans to the Allies would be seriously impaired by such an enactment. American subscribers to Liberty and Victory loans, he argued, were the real lenders to the Allies and thus their real creditors. Our Government had acted merely as an agent in the matter. But it had urged the making of those subscriptions on the ground of the ample security provided by the obligations of the Allies which were held by the Treasury. For that reason, any cancellation of Allies' debts by our Government would be an impairment of security and thus a flagrant breach of faith toward our own people. But equally any diversion of funds received from the Allies, whether principal or interest, from the purpose of redeeming the Liberty and Victory bonds, would be a similar breach of faith. 'If the United States flouts or evades its own,' he asked, 'how can it consistently hold other powers to the fulfillment of their pledges?' At a time when Great Britain, to say nothing of France, seemed to be succumbing to the temptation to evade payment of just debts, a peculiar responsibility rested upon the United States to maintain with rigidity the inviolability, even the sanctity, of a National obligation.

A fortnight after the date of that earnest message, the President vetoed the Bonus Bill.

To this I must add some account of an incident which was held in confidence at the time, but which may now properly be told, and indeed should be told as an admonitory reminder of the embarrassment in foreign relationships which may be and too often is caused by careless if not malicious statements,

public or private. In the fall of 1921, when a portion of the American Legion — and others outside of that estimable body — were seeking the enactment of the Bonus Bill, to which the President was known to be opposed, Lord Beatty, Admiral of the British Navy, was about to make a visit to America, to be the guest of the Legion at its annual assembly and afterward to be an expert adviser to the British Commissioners at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. A personal friend in America then wrote to Beatty, telling him that the American Legion was engaging in domestic politics in active opposition to the Administration, on account of the President's attitude toward the bonus. This caused Beatty much concern. Obviously, for him to come to America as the guest of the President's active opponents, and then at Washington come into intimate contact with the President, or with the Conference which he had called, would be highly embarrassing. So he consulted Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, and Curzon consulted Harvey about it; wondering if it might not be best for Beatty to cancel his visit to the Legion. Harvey replied that he had no information that the Legion as a whole was hostile to the Administration — as it certainly was not. But he at once reported the case to the State Department at Washington, with the result that three days later he was able to write to the Foreign Secretary:

MY DEAR LORD CURZON:

I have pleasure in informing you that the visit of Admiral Lord Beatty to the American Legion will cause the President no embarrassment whatever. On the contrary, the President is very glad it is to be made, and he will be most happy thereafter to welcome the Admiral to Washington.

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

CHAPTER XXXII

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

HARVEY was not, of course, a member of the Conference on Limitation of Armament, which was held, at the initiative and on the invitation of President Harding, at Washington in the winter of 1921-22. With the exception of Secretary Hughes, however, he had more to do with the preparations for that memorable meeting than any other person. In some respects his labors were more arduous and certainly more trying than those of the Secretary. It was for him to deal through direct contact with the Government of that Power which regarded itself as having a paramount interest in the subject, and the status of which, because of its Dominions and their claims, and its alliance with Japan, was one of peculiar complexity and difficulty. Apart from the questions of the date of meeting, the number of Commissioners from each country, etc., the settlement of which was chiefly entrusted to Harvey, in consultation with the British Government, several others of more than nominal importance arose.

The first of these concerned the holding of a preliminary conference, or 'consultation,' as Lord Curzon preferred to call it, of the Powers directly interested in the Pacific Ocean and the Far East. By the direction of the British Cabinet, Curzon as early as July 8 requested Harvey to express to President Harding a desire for such a meeting. The tacit understanding was that such a conference would have much to do with the delicate question of the renewal of the treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan. Curzon had no hesitation in telling Harvey that necessarily one of the results of an understanding among the Pacific Powers would be to do away with any special arrangement such as that alliance. Lloyd George also said plumply that one of the chief reasons for desiring the conference was to get rid of that alliance without offending Japan. The King himself expressed to Harvey much interest in the matter, saying that the position of his Government was a very difficult and delicate one. During the war, Japan had

done everything that Great Britain had asked her to do, and it would be most distasteful to be made to appear ungrateful by affronting her. The difficulty had also been increased by the visit of Prince Hirohito, the heir to the Japanese throne, who had as a matter of course been invited to England as a part of his European tour, and had been entertained there with the fullest measure of royal courtesy. It would not look well, immediately after that, to denounce the treaty of alliance. Yet King George told Harvey plainly that the treaty must and should be ended, though just how or when he could not say. What was clear in his mind was that until Great Britain was rid of that Japanese alliance, she could not expect whole-hearted and unsuspecting coöperation from the United States. His hope was that this could be accomplished without hurting anybody's feelings. It seemed to him that that was the time above all others when all the Powers should coöperate in every proper way to help each nation to 'save its face,' and he trusted that the American Government, appreciating Great Britain's perplexity, would help her in that way.

Another question of no little importance was that of credit for the initiative. That in fact belonged to President Harding. But no public announcement had yet been made, and Lloyd George was being pressed with questions about it in Parliament, to which he would very soon reply; and there was a strong probability that his reply would be couched in terms which would make it appear that the British Government was the author of the scheme. This point was discussed in Harvey's conversation with the King, His Majesty asking the Ambassador what the effect of such a statement by the Prime Minister would be. Harvey replied frankly that if the President were made to appear to be acting at the instigation of the British Government, the result would be unfavorable in the United States and probably also in France. With that the King agreed, and he declared that the President should certainly be the one to take the initiative.

Upon this point Harvey felt very deeply. 'Although it is a fact,' he wrote, 'that the Premier is being pressed for a reply, I presume he does not object to acquiring credit for initiating a movement which may prove to be the most far-reaching and effective ever known for universal peace. It is

clear that if the United States gives a favorable reply to the British proposal (for a Far East and Pacific conference) and the Prime Minister makes an announcement to that effect in Parliament, he will achieve that distinction, whether purposely or not, and the President will be in a position which I consider to be harmful and distasteful by acting at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George, thereby not only depriving himself of his rightful credit, but antagonizing all elements in America hostile to Great Britain.' Therefore he suggested that the President issue a statement in advance of Lloyd George's, if only by a few hours, to the effect that he had decided to issue invitations to such a conference, as soon as the time, place, and other details could be arranged. Then Lloyd George's statement in Parliament would necessarily consist of a reference to the President's action and a declaration of the British Government's acquiescence therein; which was exactly as it should be. The desired end was, however, attained in a different way. There is reason to believe that King George, following his conversation with Harvey, himself took a hand in the matter, through Lord Curzon. At any rate, the Foreign Office promptly announced, with reference to the Prime Minister's promise to make a statement which would depend 'upon the replies received from the United States, Japan, and China,' that no 'reply' was expected from the United States, as there was nothing to which to reply; and that clause in Lloyd George's promise relating to 'replies' was stricken from the official record. The result of Harvey's shrewd and resolute action was that the President received the credit that was his due for the conception and initiation of the Conference.

At this same time an incident occurred which illustrated the furtive and sinister efforts which were made in some quarters to create dissension and distrust between the two Governments. The Secretary of State in a conversation with the British Ambassador at Washington intimated to him plainly that a renewal of the British-Japanese treaty of alliance would not be regarded with favor by the American Government. This the Ambassador reported to London Government, and was informed in reply that Harvey had given Lord Curzon an exactly opposite impression, saying to him that the United States was indifferent to the renewal or to the creation of a

special arrangement between Great Britain and Japan. The Secretary of State reported this to Harvey, for explanation, and Harvey at once went to Curzon and read to him the Secretary's dispatch. Curzon exclaimed, emphatically: 'This is absolutely monstrous! You never said anything like that, of course, and I have never so quoted you.' And the text of his dispatch to the British Ambassador fully supported his denial. The fact was that Harvey had told him that he was unable to say what the attitude of the American Government would be toward renewal of the treaty, as he had received no instructions concerning it; but that his personal opinion was that the American people would regard it with mistrust and disfavor.

After the invitations to the Conference had been issued and accepted, and interest was turned toward the probable composition of the various delegations, Harvey wrote to the Secretary of State a long letter about the prevailing political conditions in Great Britain in September, 1921, as a preliminary to consideration of the attitude of the British Government toward the Conference; in which he said:

To begin with, Mr. Lloyd George is not merely the head of the British Government. He *is* the Government, in full and absolute control. His position of autocracy is attributable to the fact that he was enabled during the war period to designate and elect a majority of the Members of Parliament who would be wholly subservient to his wishes and whose political futures are dependent upon the continuance of his favor. A very large number are inexperienced men, who came to the front during the war, and of whom many might be classed as profiteers in one form or another. They were hand-picked throughout and they fully realize that they must stand or fall with their creator. Consequently, he has complete mastery of the House of Commons and there is no possibility of his antagonists' obtaining an adverse vote upon anything which he might propose. Thus the formerly cherished constitutional prerogative of appealing to the country, while still maintained in theory, is nullified in practice.

Inevitably, as a consequence of this unprecedented situation, the Cabinet is equally docile. Every member, without exception, holds his place upon the sufferance of the Prime Minister. Everyone realizes that upon the first sign of revolt upon his part, he would be superseded. More than once Lord Lee, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has told me that the Cabinet no longer assumes to do anything more than to register and approve the Prime Minister's proposals. Even Winston Churchill said to me that, but for Lloyd George's favor, he would be down and out as a political factor. Lord Curzon

is equally under his thumb. The fact, indeed, is notorious and has been noted more than once sarcastically, by the Tory 'Morning Post,' that the Foreign Secretary does not dare to make any move whatever without first having obtained the sanction of his chief. That Curzon himself, the most proud and haughty of British statesmen, chafes under this restraint, you can readily imagine. His passion for public office, however, is such that he will put up with anything rather than resign. This feeling naturally dominates the lesser lights. Consequently the Cabinet has degenerated into a purely clerical body, as impotent as the Cabinet of President Wilson when he was at the height of his authority and arrogance.

Lloyd George has a kitchen cabinet of exceptional capacity. It comprises Sir Maurice Hankey, one of the most astute and suggestive minds I have ever met; Lord Riddell, who is a master hand at publicity; Sir Edward Grigg, who is nominally his secretary but really, conformably to British custom, his confidential representative; and Philip Kerr, who formerly held Grigg's place and was Lloyd George's guiding spirit throughout the peace negotiations and is now one of the directors of 'The Daily Chronicle' and the most brilliant of them all. Lloyd George also has intimate relations with very shrewd and powerful Jews, headed by Sir Philip Sassoon, whose mother was a Rothschild, and who acts as the Prime Minister's Parliamentary secretary. He is supposed to have formed a syndicate which furnished no less than one million pounds for the purchase of 'The Daily Chronicle.' These men, with the exception of Sir Philip, are with Lloyd George all the time, wherever he may be, and each of them in turn has his satellites and clever, trained helpers. Contrast this aggregation of real talent, skill, resourcefulness and experience, with a single secretary such as the President has or you have, for the performance of like tasks, and you will readily understand how the Prime Minister is able to keep his own facile mind free from drudgery of any description.

Lloyd George himself is an Opportunist, pure and simple. He thrives upon crises. So many menacing problems have confronted the Empire since he became Prime Minister that he has had plenty to feed upon and dispose of or prolong at pleasure, as might best serve his own convenience, his purpose being always to keep something on the carpet which, to the mind of the British public, nobody else could handle. He never lets go of one menacing situation until he can supplant it with another. His methods are becoming, naturally, more and more dramatic. His dragging of the Cabinet to Scotland is the latest of many manifestations. I have no doubt that the fantastic proposal of a dash from the Supreme Council in Paris in a fast cruiser to Bar Harbor originated in his own fertile brain. His abrupt and unexpected departure from Paris, ostensibly to meet a crisis in the Irish situation, which in fact, as it subsequently transpired, had not arisen, was part and parcel of the same procedure; although there is good reason to believe that his movement was accelerated by the

unveiled personal hostility of the French, which had become so manifest that there were grave apprehensions for his personal safety, although the French Government had him guarded at every turn by every device known to their extraordinary Secret Service.

I became convinced some time ago that Lloyd George would not go to Washington, although my opinion was based upon a mere deduction. He was asking me who I thought would compose the American delegation at the Conference. I replied that I knew no more about it than he, but that it was a reasonable supposition that the President would appoint you as the head of the delegation and quite likely would include one or more representatives of the Senate. He remarked reflectively that he thought he might get along very well with the President, who seemed to have a broad and generous mind, but that from all that he could learn he thought that you would be extremely *difficile*, somewhat dogmatic, very tenacious of your opinions, and not easily swerved from a position which you had assumed by arguments such as he was accustomed to use. Where he obtained the information on which he based this judgment, I have no idea. . . . In any case, I felt called upon to say to him merely that he would find you quite as open minded and quite as fair minded as, and not a whit more resolute in adherence to a carefully formed judgment than, the President. I fear, however, that my view was not as convincing to his mind as it deserved to be.

He regarded Mr. Root most favorably, but in that respect he was only voicing the universal sentiment here to the effect that in Mr. Root the British have a very strong and favoring friend in any court. He grieved sorely and shook his head sadly at his own mention of the anti-British proclivities of Senator Lodge, and literally raised his hands in horror at the thought of Borah, although he did not feel sure that Knox would not be even more intractable in negotiations. He was polite enough to link me with the President, as a type of mind and temperament that he could readily do business with in a coöperative way; but in as much as I fully realized that, to his mind, no less than to Lord Curzon's, coöperation spells acquiescence in their own judgments, I experienced no undue sense of elation or gratification.

The fact of the matter is, in dealing with British statesmen of either the Lloyd George or the Curzon type, one is obliged to recognize that he is treating with representatives of what is commonly described here and is literally, the ruling class. That this should apply to one of the antecedents and vice-regal experience of Lord Curzon is easily understood. It is less obvious in the case of Lloyd George. His development along these lines is a direct consequence, not of tradition but of personal experience. He has been so dominant during the last few years that he has become almost unduly conscious of his power. He is a totally different Lloyd George from the Lloyd George I knew when he was a Radical on the outside, trying to break into the inner circle of authority. In Paris, for example, although Briand was in the chair, he assumed full charge of all the pro-

ceedings in a quite matter-of-course manner, which was a complete revelation to me. He was able to do so in the most high-handed, yet in the most genial and almost ingratiating way, because there at the table were Italy and Japan at his mercy, and perforce ready and willing to follow his lead, wherever he might go. Moreover, with the aid of his extremely capable staff, supplemented by his own amazing fertility of thought and facility of expression, he almost invariably had the better of any argument, and all the French could do in any case was reluctantly to acquiesce, or stubbornly refuse to agree. It was quite obvious that he was somewhat discomfited by my refusal either to approve or disapprove of the referring of Silesia to the League of Nations, but he passed it over quickly with a shrug of his shoulders, and stopped and shook hands as cordially as ever when he left to catch his train.

I think I have indicated sufficiently the reasons for my suggestion that Lloyd George is really afraid of you. He does not like to face a fact, and he has got it firmly fixed in his mind that you are a fact.

My general theory received unexpected confirmation yesterday when, by chance, I met Philip Kerr at luncheon. He said to me, with the utmost outspokenness, that while there were, and would continue to be, very good reasons why Lloyd George should not leave the country, he would not go to the Washington Conference at the outset in any case, because he could not afford to do so. He had reached the point where the maintenance of his prestige depended upon actual achievement, and he could gain nothing by merely helping to inaugurate the proceedings, if nothing noteworthy was accomplished to the advantage of the British Empire. Any such happening as that at the present stage of his career would be in the nature of an anticlimax, and might affect his political control to his injury. If at some later stage of the game he should perceive a possibility of going over and resolving an *impasse*, and returning 'with his pockets full of good things' for the Empire, he should keep himself in readiness to act accordingly.

That is the whole situation in a nutshell, as far as Lloyd George is concerned. The British Government, as at present constituted, is simply playing a game for nationally and personally selfish purposes. This statement does not, however, apply to the British people, from the King down to the most humble citizen capable of seeing beyond the end of his nose, who are wholly sincere in their expressed desire to stand in with America. That is the only one vital, preponderant fact.

When at last the composition of the British Commission and its auxiliaries of experts, correspondents, and the like, was determined, Harvey wrote to the President concerning them:

I judge from a note from the Secretary that M. Camerlynck is

likely to act as one of the interpreters in the Conference. I have already remarked upon his exceptional qualifications, in a note to Mr. Hughes. I may add, for your information and Mrs. Harding's, that M. Camerlynck is a highly bred French gentleman, eminently fitted to sit in at any dinner or other party. In any conversation you may have with M. Briand or other delegates who do not speak English, you would find M. Camerlynck invaluable. His is one of those rare, cultivated minds that can convey instantly from one to the other the finest shades of meaning.

Colonel Repington, who acted as 'The Times's' military specialist during the war, and whose predictions almost invariably went wrong, is a great society man. I met him here during the war at luncheons at the houses of rich American women, all of whom he made more or less ridiculous in his recitals of such affairs in his book on the war. He has considerable ability, which however is submerged in his flair for high society, and his tendency to exploit his intimacies in his writings is irresistible.

Mr. H. G. Wells lunched with me just before he sailed to write for a syndicate of papers. He is, as of course you know, a genius in his way, and extremely interesting in conversation, despite the obtrusiveness of his amazing conceit.

I heard last night that Arnold Bennett, the author of 'Old Wives' Tales,' a very clever novelist, is going over for 'The Daily Express,' the most sensational paper here, controlled by Lord Beaverbrook, who was Max Aitken, of Canada. I have known Bennett for years and used to publish his books. He is a kind of intellectual bounder, but really intellectual and most clever in presenting new and individual points of view.

I have referred in a previous communication to Sir Maurice Hankey, Lord Riddell and Sir Philip Sassoon, who, along with Sir Edward Grigg, constitute the Prime Minister's kitchen cabinet. Hankey is as astute as any one I know. . . . He has a pleasing personality and is quite delightful in conversation. Riddell was Sir George Newnes's right-hand man on his various publications. He was Sir George when I used to play golf with him at the famous Walton Heath course, but is now a Peer by grace of the Prime Minister, who never fails to reward a useful helper through bestowal of a title or otherwise. Riddell has grown rich through the success of his paper called 'The News of the World.' It is quite a discreditable if not disreputable sheet, published once a week, and deals chiefly with reports of a salacious nature, of divorces and similar cases. Personally he is quite attractive, possessing really comprehensive information, and having interesting and unusual opinions.

Sir Philip Sassoon, as I mentioned previously, is very rich, and enormously vain. . . . Sir Edward Grigg, whom also I have mentioned before, is a thoroughbred English gentleman in every respect.

A week after the opening of the Washington Conference and

Secretary Hughes's momentous proposals, Harvey wrote to him:

Your bombshell, as they depicted it here, produced a natural reaction of hesitation, but for only a day, and the settled opinion as at the beginning has become even more substantial. . . . Nothing now, in my judgment, can change it. The people are more determined than ever to avail themselves of this opportunity to establish enduring coöperative relations with the United States, which of course means that the alliance with Japan is becoming more and more distasteful. Upon the growth of this sentiment I feel you may depend with surety.

At this moment, as I have indicated, all minds are concentrated upon the Irish business, in the hope of getting it out of the way, so that the Prime Minister can seize upon an opportune moment to cut his customary dash, by rushing across the Atlantic to resolve a crisis which, you may rest assured, Hankey and Riddell are even now striving to prepare for him. The simple fact is that you took the wind out of his sails, and the fact perturbs him mightily.

This same letter contained a passage on another theme, which showed the particularly gracious courtesy which Harvey manifested toward the representative of the Power against which a few years before he had every week launched almost incredibly fierce philippics:

I have just returned from my first formal call upon the German Ambassador. The peculiar conditions made for some doubt as to the exact proprieties, but it seemed to me desirable to waive any minor points of official etiquette, and I went to the bat straight away. This was comparatively easy, because I made it a point to have personal though unofficial relations with Herr Stammer since I first met him at Buckingham Palace months ago. He received me with open arms, and we had a most friendly conversation. As doubtless you are aware, he is not a Prussian diplomat of the old sort, but is a Hamburg merchant, and his wife is partly American by descent. They have been practically ignored here by the English and have been treated very shabbily by the Diplomatic Corps. Consequently we shall give them a dinner of suitable distinction at an early date.

The impression produced in England by Secretary Hughes's proposal at the opening of the Conference, formed the theme of a long and interesting letter to the Secretary of State:

By chance I dined last evening with a small party comprising Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor; Winston Churchill, Sir William Tyrrell, the Duke of Sutherland, and Sir George Younger, leader of

the Unionist party. The occasion resolved instantly into a general acclaim amounting almost to an ovation over the proposals from Washington. The wives of those mentioned, no less than themselves, made no attempt to restrain their gratification and admiration. It was really a remarkable episode. Nothing else was talked about during the entire dinner. Churchill said he could not find words to express his rejoicing as an Englishman and his pride in his American ancestry. His hat was not only off, but as high as he could throw it. Birkenhead was equally exuberant. Sir William, though less effusive, simply radiated his happiness. In fact, he talked so freely and so rapidly that when I said that I should like to communicate their joint response to my Government, there was a universal shout of approval. Churchill said that it was impossible to put it too strongly. Birkenhead eagerly acquiesced, and so did each of others.

Incidentally, after the dinner, Birkenhead requested me to make his most particular felicitations to you, whom he said he knew and admired tremendously. He added, and Churchill agreed, that the pronouncement from Washington would have an immediate and telling effect upon Irish negotiations, even to the point of turning the scales for a settlement. The thought, of course, was the great relief felt by the entire world as a consequence of a bold and businesslike endeavor to achieve universal friendliness of spirit that would render it most hazardous for any man or any group to incur a suspicion of willingness to make or renew fighting anywhere. The phase which impressed him most deeply was the courage of the President in blazing the way for his own people, regardless of the attitude of apprehensive and disaffected elements.

There was also quite manifest a profound admiration of your sagacity in putting disarmament to the front at once instead of yielding to the insistence of the British Government upon first taking up the problem of the Pacific.

Ambassador Hayashi telephoned early this morning, asking for an appointment. He came in with a beaming countenance and, seizing me by both hands, expressed the utmost pleasure at the great news from Washington. 'It was splendid,' he declared with fervor and, I believe, with full sincerity, and he repeated the word many times. The precise percentages, he said, constituted a question which necessarily would require careful study by all experts, but this he regarded as a matter purely of detail and easily susceptible of satisfactory agreement. The great point was that the principle was absolutely sound, and having been enunciated by the most powerful nation in the world, should and must be regarded as already established.

Confidentially, he remarked to me when leaving that the constant references appearing in the newspapers here, to Great Britain as the inevitable arbitrator between Japan and the United States, were quite as disagreeable to him as he surmised they might be to us. He could see no reason why our two countries could not adjust any

differences that might arise between themselves without outside assistance.

Sir William Tyrrell confided to me his own opinion that it was just as well that Lloyd George was prevented from being present at the opening. In this he was undoubtedly reflecting the views of Curzon.

Some weeks later, when the results of the Conference were beginning to take tangible form, Harvey met Lloyd George at a house party. The Prime Minister remarked that his greatest desire then was to induce America to take hold and help settle all world affairs. The Ambassador responded that America had apparently already done fairly well along that line. 'Yes,' said Lloyd George, 'that is quite true. But that is only one phase of the whole problem. We need her help all along the line.'

A little later, when the Four Power Treaty was being considered by the Senate, and some opposition to it was shown by some of the prominent members, Senator Lodge, who of course had charge of it, wrote to Harvey concerning the attitude of Senator Brandegee, who was one of his and Harvey's closest friends and had been their comrade in the fight against the League of Nations

Brandegee is somewhat worried about the Four Power agreement and believes dangers lurk in the word 'adjustment.' I am so fond of him and depend upon him so much that I earnestly hope he will finally see the situation as I do, and that is that we have achieved by that treaty the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which to my mind is one of the most important things that we could do, for that Alliance was a cloud which darkened the horizon and it was a breeder of suspicion. I had something to do with the drafting of that (Four Power) treaty, and there is not one word in it which justifies calling it an alliance or which binds us to do anything whatever, except if controversies arise to talk the matter over and try to avoid carrying the differences any further. This is absolutely all. . . .

I am sure from your position that you feel as we all do about it, for I know from the Secretary how much valuable service you have been rendering to the cause we all have at heart, and I think you know me well enough to be sure that I am not engaged in making alliances; so if you happen to be writing to Brandegee, and without of course mentioning my name, I hope you will say a word to him about supporting that treaty on account of its very great value in regard to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. I have no reason to suppose that he will not go along with us, but he is in doubt, and of course nobody's opinion would weigh with him as much as yours.

I believe the Conference is going to achieve some very substantial results which will help the world, and in time will demonstrate the wisdom of keeping wholly out of the League of Nations or in any way involving ourselves in the troubles in Europe. I have been brought by the Conference very close to the currents of European feelings and the hostilities and hatreds just under the surface which are discouraging, and which assure me that we can do a great deal more in our present position, as the Conference demonstrates, than in any other way. We should have been helpless if we had got ourselves entangled in the League.

The news of the Senate's ratification of the treaty reached Harvey in the midst of a dinner party at his house. When he announced it to his guests, the Japanese Ambassador made an earnest speech of congratulation, which was heartily seconded and applauded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Sandwich, J. St. Loe Strachey, and others; all of them begged him to convey their cordial felicitations to the President, the Secretary of State, and Senator Lodge. In reporting this, with his own congratulations, to the Secretary of State, he said: 'The actual completion of the undertaking will now make the bewildered and distrustful world comprehend the magnitude of the achievement and be encouraged by this demonstration of the fact that the United States, after all, is not so hamstrung that she cannot do big things in the right way.'

Harvey made haste to write his congratulations personally to Senator Lodge, who had successfully performed the double task of serving as a member of the Conference and drafting the treaty, and then, as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, securing ratification by the Senate:

DEAR SENATOR LODGE:

First and foremost I beg you to accept my most hearty congratulations upon your great triumph. It is a favorite notion of mine that to achieve ideals one must first smash idols. You have done both in an incredibly short space of time, and with a thoroughness which I believe to be without precedent in the political history of our country. Who would have believed it possible that the animosities engendered by the bitter Presidential campaign could have been overcome so quickly as to enable you, the most hated and abused of leaders within my recollection, to have drawn into your net the terrifying total of two-thirds of the Senate membership? Yours, after all, was the hardest task, and as I cast my mind back to the time of the inception of the undertaking and recall how dubious I felt

regarding the outcome of your being drawn inevitably into that desperately trying position between the upper and nether millstones, I become more and more appreciative of the magnitude of your achievement. I do more than take off my hat to you. In a few moments I am going to take a beautiful lady from Massachusetts for a drive, and as soon as we reach Chelsea Embankment I am going to hurl that headgear into the Thames, while she shouts for joy and pride in the Senator who has realized so magnificently her conception of what a Senator from her beloved Bay State should be!

Now it seems to me that we pro-British ought to get together. I infer from the public prints that you are going to try to wind up this Session in June. Surely you will then need a bit of fresh air and recreation to put you in fighting trim for the contest which awaits you. How better could you accomplish that essential purpose than by stepping upon a steamer and coming straight over here, even though your stay should be limited to only a few weeks? I have ample facilities to make you wholly comfortable, and I fondly guarantee just such a holiday in both city and country as I am confident would send you home fully charged with the dashing, knightly spirit which I took the liberty of attributing to you at the Balfour dinner. Now do please take this proposal seriously, and if you can only induce that not wholly incorrigible colleague from Connecticut to come also, my cup of happiness will be filled to the brim. The good Lord will bear me witness that I shall explode if I do not have somebody to talk to and with before long.

Again, my dear Senator, to yourself all admiration, pride and gratitude from a moderately humble but thoroughly loyal Yankee!

To this Lodge replied:

I have just received your letter, and I assure you that I am made to feel very proud by what you are good enough to say of what I have lately been doing. I like to have my work described in the way you describe it, of which very few people are masters. I suppose you are too young to remember the farce of 'Poor Pillicoddy,' in which Warren, who was a great actor, in speaking of his wife, who he thinks has abandoned him, uses this phrase, 'Oh, that style of saying "Thank you"!'. Your style of saying some pleasant things about my battles reminds me of the quotation.

I not only got two-thirds of the Senate, but I had thirteen to spare on the vote on the Four Power Treaty, where the fight centred, and all the other treaties passed unanimously, with the single exception of one vote against the Naval Treaty. I must say, without regard to imputations of vanity, that it was on the whole pretty well done.

He added his deep regrets that he would be unable to accept Harvey's invitation to visit him, as the Senate would not adjourn before July, and then there would be his campaign for

reëlection to the Senate. Brandegee he reported to be just recovering from a rather serious illness. But it was in fact an illness from which the gallant and loyal Connecticut Senator never fully recovered, for it left him with a nervous and mental lesion that two years later culminated in tragedy. The Three Musketeers of the great fight against 'the evil thing with a holy name' were never to have the joyous holiday together which Harvey had suggested and which they all three greatly desired. But in the ratification of the Washington treaties was the triumphant epilogue of their four years' campaign for the vindication of American sovereignty and the integrity of the American Republic. It was with profound satisfaction that Harvey could then recall for the thousandth time his favorite citation from Hamilton:

'Let Americans disdain to be the instruments of European greatness! Let the States, bound together in a strict and indissoluble Union, concur in erecting one great American System, superior to the control of all transatlantic force or influence, and able to dictate the terms of connection between the Old and the New World!'

CHAPTER XXXIII

SETTLING THE DEBTS

OF a truth, 'the first shall be last.' The most important of all Harvey's achievements, the one upon which his heart was most set, the one which he first thought of doing, came near the end of his Ambassadorial career. Amid all his varied activities he never lost sight of that paramount issue, the economic rehabilitation of Europe and therefore of the world through the settlement of international indebtedness, and particularly and fundamentally the British debt to America. He repeatedly cited the words of Harding, that America was deeply interested in proper economic adjustment and a just settlement of matters of world-wide importance. His incessant efforts, direct or indirect, were exerted toward that end, whether upon his own Government or that to which he was accredited. From the spring of 1921 to the fall of 1922 he was busy sowing the seed. Others would reap the harvest. But the credit would — does for all time — belong chiefly to the sower.

During his visit to London in the summer of 1922, ex-President and then Chief Justice Taft was entertained at luncheon by the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and among other guests were Harvey; Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Bonar Law, the Unionist leader who was presently to become Prime Minister. Conversation turned upon the debt (of Great Britain to America), and Harvey was asked for his views concerning it. He replied that he hoped that the British Government would expedite action in the matter by fixing an approximate date for sending Commissioners to arrange a settlement, because if it did not he feared it would find itself in a less favorable light in the eyes of the American people, particularly by contrast with the French Government, which was about to take action.

Sir Robert Horne observed that the chief cause of delay was their inability to see what could be done under the terms of the resolution which had been adopted by Congress; to which

Harvey shrewdly replied that the resolution certainly did not prevent them from sending Commissioners who might frankly state their objections to the terms prescribed. Great Britain, he continued, could never again have so favorable an opportunity as that which was then presented, while further delay would be likely to create the injurious impression that they did not regard the matter with sufficient seriousness or were trying to evade payment. Asked for advice, he urged that they should put an end to idle rumors with an authoritative announcement that the debt would be settled, that the only question to be determined was one of method, and that a Commission would be sent to Washington at the earliest date mutually convenient. He also advised an announcement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would in person lead the Commission; and emphasized the great desirability of taking such action before the French Commissioners arrived in America. This very plain talk was gratefully received and was promptly acted upon.

Pressed for suggestions as to the method of settlement which it might be found feasible to adopt, Harvey told them that that was a matter to be determined in conversations with the American Commissioners, precisely as had been done at the Conference of Limitation of Armament. He reminded them that, in view of possible future fluctuations in values of securities to facilitate liquidation, their credit was their greatest asset. It should be strengthened by every possible means, particularly by manfully facing the situation in a way that would avoid the need of paying huge sums in interest. But their credit would be impaired, certainly in America, by further delay. It is noteworthy, in view of what happened a few months later, that Bonar Law was very deeply impressed by these points; more, in fact, than the others, though Lloyd George and Sir Robert Horne accepted them. Harvey's purpose in speaking so plainly was to bring out an official public declaration of Great Britain's purpose to pay the debt, instead of continuing the shillyshallying that had prevailed for a year; and in that he succeeded. His remarks at that luncheon marked the first definite and irrevocable step toward the funding of the British debt.

An unfortunate controversy was injected into the case on

August 1, when the Earl of Balfour, Foreign Secretary, issued to the representatives of the European nations which were Great Britain's debtors a note in which he made the extraordinary statement concerning their debts to America that 'Under the agreement arrived at the United States insisted in substance, if not in form, though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it.' This provoked severe criticism and resentment in France and elsewhere, it was disapproved by Sir Robert Horne, and it nearly caused a crisis in the British Cabinet. Secretary Mellon promptly issued a detailed statement disproving it and declaring that 'It appears to be quite clear that the respective borrowing nations each gave their own obligations for the money advanced by the United States, and that no guarantee of the obligations of one borrowing nation was asked from any other nation.' Semi-official explanations were offered in London in an attempt to justify Balfour's words and to reconcile them with Mellon's, which were not convincing. Harvey was inwardly indignant, but kept quiet, biding his time. He did not wish to engage in a controversy which might disturb and perhaps defeat the progress of the negotiations upon the prompt success of which his heart was set. But he at once sent to the Treasury at Washington for the completest possible record of all negotiations and transactions bearing upon the matter. Then, being thus 'loaded for bear,' when all was done, the debt settlement effected, signed, and ratified beyond recall, he 'had his say' about it.

It was seven months after the Balfour note, at a great dinner given by The Pilgrims to Stanley Baldwin, who had then become Chancellor of the Exchequer, in honor of his part in the debt settlement. In the midst of a profound and almost painful silence, Harvey in his address quoted Balfour's statement, and said:

I cannot and do not for a moment doubt that at some suitable time the British Government will, with equal formality and no less explicitness, remove the misapprehension created by this unfortunate allusion. The simple fact is that, barring Russia, which could not get our products, the Allies owe the United States more money than they owe Great Britain.

This was a daring defiance to the deadliest dialectician and

debater in Great Britain. But it was no rash tilting of Gareth against Lancelot of the Lake, in which he would go down —

. . . at one touch

Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the world.

For once Balfour had met a foeman worthy of his steel, and for this occasion at least a little more than worthy. For the honors of the clash indubitably rested with the American Ambassador.

A valuable contribution to the negotiations, though indirect, was an address made by Secretary Hoover at Toledo, Ohio, on October 16, in reply to and rejection of the proposals which were persistently being made, on grounds of sentimentality or marplotry, or sometimes in the assumed interest of economic stability, for the partial or entire cancellation of all the war debts due to the United States. In great detail, and with a wealth of pertinent citations of facts and figures, on grounds both of ethics and of commercial and economic interest, he argued convincingly against such cancellation. 'America,' he said, 'greatly wishes to be helpful to Europe' — of which fact he was himself personally the supreme exponent — 'but economic matters require a degree of realism that will do justice to the American people as well as be helpful to peoples abroad.' That masterly address did not, it is true, make an end of the cancellation propaganda. Nothing, not even braying with a pestle in a mortar, could have done that. But it had a powerful influence upon public sentiment in America, and it emphasized to Great Britain the proposition which Harvey had been presenting from the outset, that the debt must be paid.

A week after Hoover's address, there was a change of Ministry in England. Lloyd George was succeeded by Bonar Law as Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Horne by Stanley Baldwin as Chancellor of the Exchequer; a change on the whole decidedly favorable to Harvey's campaign for settlement of the debt. Bonar Law, as already stated, had been most of all impressed by Harvey's urgent advice at the Taft luncheon, and his mind and point of view were vastly more in accord with Harvey's than were Lloyd George's. The British Commission came to Washington, and entered into conference with

the American Commission. There arose near the end of January a slight hitch over the misunderstanding from which both Bonar Law and Sir Robert Horne seemed to suffer, that Harvey had expressed to them his confident belief that a debt settlement on a two per cent interest basis would be acceptable to America instead of the three and three and a half rates proposed by the Commission. There was also started in the American press an unfounded and presumably malicious story to the effect that sharp disagreement had occurred on matters of foreign policy between Harvey and the Secretary of State, in consequence of which Hughes was likely to resign. This antagonism was said to have arisen during the brief visit which Harvey paid to Washington a few weeks before, when he came over, for obvious purposes, at the same time with the British Debt Commissioners. This Hughes instantly denied, and Harvey cabled from London that 'Such statements or insinuations are absolutely false. I am in full and complete accord with Secretary Hughes, and I have not uttered a word that could by the wildest stretch of the imagination be construed to the contrary.' And he denounced the story as an 'infamous fabrication transparently designed to make mischief.'

The negotiations were by this time drawing toward their culmination. Harvey was back in London, and Stanley Baldwin had also returned thither, leaving his colleagues on the Commission at Washington, to be directed so far as necessary at long range. On the afternoon of January 29, Harvey had a long interview with the Prime Minister, and urged upon him with all the arguments at his command the expediency of promptly accepting the terms offered by the American Debt Commission. This Law was strongly disinclined to do. Such acceptance would probably, he thought, meet with popular approval in Great Britain at that time; but there would be grave danger that in a few years he, as Prime Minister, would be severely censured for accepting terms which would cripple Great Britain financially and prevent for many years any decrease of taxation. Yearly payments of \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 for sixty years would impede if they did not altogether prevent any revival of trade and industry. Besides, he still clung to the hope that in a few years, with the improve-

ment of economic conditions in America, the people there might come to regard this debt as really a part of their own contribution to the prosecution of the war at a time when their military and naval contribution to it was negligible. Moreover, he said, America had caused much of the economic trouble in Europe by her action in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and thus enter the League of Nations. The situation on the Continent was going from bad to worse, so that there seemed little possibility of Great Britain getting anything from her debtors there as an offset to her own debt to America. From France she would get little, from Italy still less, and from Germany next to nothing at all. The Allies would default upon their debts, Germany would default upon her reparations, and Great Britain alone would have to make heavy payments to America, whose withdrawal from the Treaty of Versailles was the chief cause of the existing difficulties. His inclination was therefore to take the risks involved in non-acceptance of the American terms, rather than those which would be involved in accepting them.

That was a sufficiently pessimistic view of the situation to discourage any man except George Harvey. Him it put upon his mettle, to conquer what seemed unconquerable. So that evening he got Law and Baldwin to give him a final and definitive interview. The three met at the historic Number Ten, Downing Street, and there, over their pipes, they determined in large measure the fate of the economic world.

Harvey began that momentous dialogue by warning Law and Baldwin plainly that no consideration could be given to any proposal to modify the terms which the Debt Commission had expressed its readiness to recommend to Congress. Those terms were final. Any attempt to alter them would be futile if not mischievous. To this Law assented with obvious reluctance, but Baldwin without hesitation; and they agreed that the simple question of Yes or No must be presented to the Cabinet for its determination. A point was raised as to the possibility of Great Britain's expediting payment of the debt by a bond issue: If such bonds were issued and sold largely in America, would there be any possibility of having them exempted from American taxation, as were American Government bonds? Harvey thought that would be impossible, ex-

cepting that British bonds issued and sold to pay off Liberty and Victory bonds might enjoy the same measure of exemption that was enjoyed by the bonds which they replaced.

During this interview Harvey brought up the matter of his having been reported as saying that the debt might be funded on a two per cent interest basis, and Law and Baldwin both testified that he had never said any such thing to them. The only thing at all relating to that subject had been Harvey's expression of opinion that if the settlement were made as proposed, its effect would be so advantageous to Great Britain that she might build up her credit to a point where she would find her actual interest cost approximating two and a half instead of four or five per cent.

At the end of two hours, the three knocked the ashes out of their pipes and, with cordial hand grips, separated; each with the confident consciousness that he had participated in the making of history for Great Britain and America, and through them for all the world.

And the next day the Cabinet met and voted to accept the terms proposed by the Debt Commission.

Upon this achievement, Chief Justice Taft wrote to Harvey:

I write to felicitate you on bringing about a satisfactory adjustment of the British debt, for I conceive that without you it would not have come about. The arrangement is not as satisfactory as the one you had on your mind, but I query if it is not possible in the future, when the situation is more favorable, to engraft on the present plan something like it, by which the United States might float these English bonds, with its endorsement, and divide the premium with England in wiping off the debt.

I suppose you have observed the discussion in the Senate, in which McKellar and Heflin took part. Heflin was advised by an article in 'The Waukegan Sun' that you and I had gone to Downing Street and promised that the United States would accept bonds at two and a half per cent. He protested against this, and said that I had no authority; and when Wadsworth questioned the sources of his information, he grew angry and intimated pretty freely that either Wadsworth or I represented Wall Street and the bond sharks there. Wadsworth resented this as reflecting on him, and so the matter had to be expunged. Of course if the Chief Justice had been reflected upon it would have been quite within the rules of the Senate. You didn't get your share of the opprobrium in this discussion. It was resumed the next day, and Heflin got into a row with Couzens, of Detroit, and Couzens said something quite disrespectful of Heflin, and both

Couzens and Heflin had to be expunged. I was lost in the shuffle; and you were not in it at all. You have my sympathy.

I assume, from what I see, that there will be no very great difficulty, except some yawps . . . in securing the confirmation of the British debt agreement.

There was little difficulty; so that on February 19, Secretary Hughes was able to cable to Harvey:

British debts settlement at last approved by the Senate, and means, I trust, the dawn of a better day.

At the dinner given by The Pilgrims to Stanley Baldwin, on February 28, in honor of his share in the debt settlement, Harvey proposed the toast to his health, and said in the course of his speech that they were met to celebrate a great achievement, the first conclusive settlement of a really vital world problem since the Armistice. It involved far more than the greatest financial transaction recorded in history. It bore with it the enhancement of mutual respect and, he firmly believed, the everlasting friendship of the two great nations to which the entire world looked for the preservation of the solvency and stability which were essential to the prosperity and happiness of all mankind.

'It has been said,' he continued, 'that we singled out and "dunned" Great Britain. We did neither the one nor the other. The expiration of the three years during which we had agreed to bear the entire burden was approaching, and on the same day our Government gave notice to all of our debtors to that effect. Every lender and borrower knows that this is no more than the customary preliminary to payment or negotiation of terms. One or two appeared in Washington and talked about the weather. Great Britain arrived and talked business. The outcome was a completed settlement of this greatest of financial transactions in less than a month.' And he expressed the gratification and joy of America as well as of Great Britain that 'the United Kingdom continues to rest upon the rock of financial integrity and national honor.'

Soon after the completion of the debt settlement, Harvey requested his friend Louis Seibold, one of the ablest political observers and reporters of the American newspaper press, to study the effect of that achievement in the United States, and

give him a written report thereon. This Mr. Seibold did, judiciously seeking not so much official opinion at Washington as that of the average citizen outside of Government influences. His conclusion was that there had been effected a most complete and drastic reversal of popular opinion regarding Great Britain, and of course of sentiment toward that country. Great Britain's acceptance of terms which were frankly admitted here to be 'rather hard,' had resulted in the silencing of the professional politicians whose stock in trade was the promotion of prejudice against that country, and had convinced the average citizen of the good faith of Great Britain and the sincerity of British professions of friendship for America; and it had thus removed from American politics the most disturbing irritant consequent upon the reconstruction processes following the war. Onerous as it was to the debtor, the benefits of it to both countries made it well worth the price. 'American officials and volunteer observers like myself,' added Mr. Seibold, 'know and appreciate the tremendous services rendered to your respective Governments by you and Mr. Baldwin.'

This report was transmitted by Harvey to the King's secretary, to be imparted to His Majesty, and in due time he received this response:

DEAR AMBASSADOR:

It was very good of Your Excellency to send under cover of your letter the summary of Mr. Louis Seibold's report on the effect in the United States of the British debt settlement.

The King has read it with much interest and satisfaction; for you know His Majesty's unswerving faith in the closest possible friendly relations between our two countries and, whatever be the sacrifices entailed in fulfilling our engagements, the results as set forth in Mr. Seibold's observations should be of the utmost value in securing that end.

Yours very sincerely

STAMFORDHAM

Harvey had been, naturally, desirous that Great Britain should take practical steps toward debt settlement in advance of France or any other nation: and his desire was intensified to keen anxiety when the French Government seemed on the point of acting. But though France did move first, her motion was a futile gesture. Negotiations for a settlement were con-

ducted and concluded. But like the story of the Prince of Abyssinia, the conclusion was one in which nothing was concluded. The Government at Paris would not or could not execute the terms which were agreed upon at Washington. In all these negotiations Harvey had taken no part. But later, after his retirement from the Ambassadorship and his return to editorial pursuits, he commanded international attention for his severe though just criticisms of France's practical default. Particularly pertinent and telling was his reminder of a similar performance at Paris nearly a century before, when the French Parliament repeatedly and obstinately refused to appropriate funds for paying an award to the United States which the King of France in a solemn treaty had agreed to pay, and when, after some years, President Jackson was compelled to consider and even threaten summary and forcible measures, before the contumacious defaulters would redeem the honor of their country. He was the more concerned in the matter because M. Loucheur, formerly Finance Minister, told him frankly 'that France considered all her debts political and not financial, and had not the remotest intention of ever paying any of them.' But six years later, nearly a year after Harvey's death, the masterful genius of Raymond Poincaré at last secured from the French Parliament ratification of the terms of settlement which had been agreed upon at Washington.

Two other major achievements of Harvey's Ambassadorship must be recorded here, though not directly related with the debt settlement. One, of incalculable service to both America and Great Britain, was his action in respect to the establishment of the Irish Free State. For many years before, the struggle for Irish home rule, independence, or whatever it was at various times called, had been largely conducted in America. It more than once formed an issue in American national politics and was often a cause of irritation in Anglo-American relations. Harvey perceived the danger of a renewal of those practices. The intransigent enemies of the Free State Treaty with Great Britain, as a last desperate resort to defeat that arrangement, planned a vast anti-British campaign in America, for the agitation of popular prejudices and for the raising of funds to serve as 'sinews of war.' It was

intended also to supply the irreconcilable Irish revolutionists with arms and ammunition from this country.

Realizing the immeasurable mischief which such performances would do to Ireland itself, as well as to Great Britain and America, Harvey quietly but most effectively exerted himself for the defeat of the movement. He informed President Harding of what was being planned, and pointed out to him the eminent desirability of balking it at once. The result was that the campaign gained no material foothold in the United States, and that the representatives of the Irish people and the British Government were enabled without serious interference to complete the work of ending an age-long feud in the successful establishment of the Free State.

Still further to anticipate the narrative, the final achievement of his diplomatic career may be recalled. Harvey was no believer in the purposes of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and thoroughly detested the petty tyranny of the Volstead Act for its enforcement, with its inquisitorial interference with those natural and inalienable rights of man which had been proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence as God-given. But he recognized, with however much regret, that these were the law of the land and must be enforced until such time as the people should be redeemed from their obsession. There was danger, he saw, of international complications and friction over the surreptitious importation — in brief, smuggling — of liquors into the United States, especially along the North Atlantic seaboard. If liquor-laden vessels could come freely up to the three-mile line which limited our territorial waters, it would be practically impossible to prevent them from 'delivering the goods.' He therefore took the matter up with the British Government, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty, under which the American Government would have the right of search and — if warranted — seizure of British vessels not merely within the three-mile line, but within the distance of twelve miles from the coast; a measure which went far toward abolishing the practice of 'rum-running.'

In return for this extraordinary concession, British vessels were to be permitted to carry supplies of wines and other liquors when in American waters and ports, provided that they kept them securely locked up and under seal; and of course the

British Embassy at Washington was to be permitted to import supplies for its own use. In this treaty Harvey secured for America far more than was granted to Great Britain. The extension of the three-mile limit to twelve miles was a new departure in international law and practice; while the right of British ships to carry supplies of liquor was one which the American Government had no business to challenge.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SOME HARDING-HARVEY LETTERS

DURING much of his Ambassadorship Harvey maintained a personal as well as official correspondence with President Harding, and also with Mrs. Harding. Some of the letters were of purely personal and transitory rather than of public and permanent interest. But others give some important information concerning public affairs, as well as delightfully intimate and informal views of Presidential and Ambassadorial life and doings. Thus as early as May 24, 1921, shortly after his arrival in England and only five days after that famous speech at The Pilgrims' dinner, Harvey wrote:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

You may think it a bit strange that you have not heard from me before this. The fact however is that I am just beginning to see daylight, as you will perceive from the following record of a sample day's engagements:

- 9 A.M. Breakfast with the Prime Minister. (This lasted 1¾ hours.)
- 11 A.M. Mrs. Marshall.
- 11:30 A.M. Mr. Marcosson.
- 11:45 A.M. Italian Ambassador.
- 12:00 A.M. Spanish Ambassador.
- 12:30 P.M. General Churchill.
- 12:45 P.M. Short drive in the park.
- 1:30 P.M. T. P. O'Connor at luncheon.
- 3:00 P.M. Brazilian Ambassador at Brazilian Embassy.
- 3:30 P.M. Mr. Lamont.
- 4:30 P.M. Polish Minister.
- 5:15 P.M. French Ambassador.
- 5:30 P.M. Counsellor of Embassy, correspondents, etc.
- 8:15 P.M. Dinner with Butler Wrights.
- 11:00 P.M. Home and to bed.

Barring the breakfast with the Prime Minister, this is a fair sample. They rushed me from the start. Two days before reaching Southampton I received a wireless message from the Foreign Office; so that instead of having a full week after arrival before presenting credentials, the Government wished to hasten the formality in view of the possibility of an immediate session of the Supreme Council.

On the day following arrival, as per arrangement made, I waited upon Lord Curzon, and spent a very satisfactory hour or more with him. On the following morning the Ancient and Royal Barouches came for me and my staff and conveyed us to Buckingham Palace, where I was received with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, and was escorted by the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps into the presence of the King and Lord Curzon. I remained about half an hour, conveying in my most finished palaver your greeting, wishes for the continuance of His Majesty's good health, etc. He responded in kind and desired me to communicate to you his warmest regard and hope that you would live long and prosper, or words to that effect. I beg you to consider that I have conveyed the substance if not the form of the message. It was an extraordinary interview. . . . By previous arrangement I had quite a chat with Mr. Asquith in the afternoon. . . . On Tuesday Lord Curzon sent for me again, and explained the Silesian situation, having come in from his country place expressly for that purpose. . . . The next day the Duke of Connaught requested my presence at Clarence House, and I had a very pleasant hour with him, in the course of which he expressed some vigorous views on the Irish situation. . . .

The Pilgrims' dinner was quite an affair. It was the largest and most distinguished ever given, and my observations were well received. The press also has expressed universal approbation. . . . I judge that it received some attention at home. . . .

With love to you both

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Promptly upon receipt of this, on June 3, Harding replied, with a brief reference to The Pilgrims speech, in terms quite stultifying to the Smart Alecks who had been owling about the President's embarrassment and displeasure, and probable recall of the indiscreet Ambassador:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I was very glad to have your letter, and can well understand from the hurried recital you make how extremely busy you have been. . . . Quite a little hubbub has been kicked up here over your speech at The Pilgrims' dinner. I do not know how long the petty folks mean to keep it up, but I think the embittered criticism will pass in a little while. There is no suggestion that you have in any way distressed the world in general, but the frankness of your expression has been very shocking to some of those who dwell in the clouds with the sponsors for the League of Nations. I may say to you that there is little if any criticism among those whose support you have a right to expect. . . .

Very sincerely yours

WARREN G. HARDING

Harvey was always inclined toward few and brief letters — when he had to write them — but he made some noteworthy exceptions to the rule in favor of Harding; as on June 24, when he wrote voluminously about his Pilgrims speech, the League of Nations, and other matters:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

So far as I can judge at this distance the yapping over the few truths which I uttered at The Pilgrims' dinner has come almost entirely from the Pro-Leaguers . . . who seem to be laboring under the impression that Mr. Cox was elected President and Mr. Wilson's platform was adopted at the last election. . . . One cannot blame the Leaguers for getting mad. I found upon arrival that they had engaged in a subtle propaganda so successfully that people here, within and without the Government, were actually convinced that your scrapping the League in your address to Congress was purely perfunctory, and that, working through various influences, they would get you over into supporting the very thing you had explicitly discarded. Naturally my somewhat explicit pronouncement tended to dispel that impression, and left the New York conspirators in a somewhat uncomfortable position in the eyes of their fellow conspirators here. I must say of the latter that they took their medicine most gracefully. Naturally, Lord Robert Cecil stood by his guns, though rather pitifully, in a brief statement; but even he took not the slightest offense, such as has been manifested by the New York gang. He came almost immediately to a luncheon given in my honor by the French Ambassador, and later to a dinner given to my wife and myself by Lady Astor . . . and seemed to be quite as happy as he certainly was agreeable. Lord Bryce also gave me a luncheon, at which I sat between him and Lord Hugh Cecil, and we had a capital discussion of international affairs, all frankly assuming that, of course, it was the privilege of the United States to determine its own course. Instead of feeling aggrieved, each of these League leaders seemed, like the entire press, to be relieved at being informed precisely where America stood. . . .

Lord Curzon grinned in his most sardonic fashion when I blandly inquired why the League had not settled the Silesian problem. 'Personally,' he replied, 'I consider it most fortunate from the standpoint of those who uphold the League that it did not have the opportunity to undertake the job. If it had done so, its backbone would have been broken long before this.'

Last night, replying to a question, Curzon deftly expressed the same view that you uttered over and over again during the campaign, that the attempt to entwine the League proposal with a straight out and out treaty at Versailles was disastrous. . . .

Lloyd George simply roared when I breakfasted with him on the morning after the dinner. He said that of course I would realize

the inadvisability of the Government's irritating any faction in the present critical domestic situation, but that no doubt was left in his mind that the League as constituted on its present basis had received its death blow, and that the ultimate outcome would be something quite different — along the lines you had suggested, of an Association. . . . This would meet with his approbation, and support from him could be counted upon when the time should come for action.

Incidentally he told me how the Covenant originated. He said that some weeks before Wilson came over, he was talking with Smuts, not very seriously, about something along the line of general understanding, and that at the end of their conversation he suggested to Smuts that he make a sort of draft of it. Then he virtually forgot all about it until Wilson arrived and he had a talk with him at Buckingham Palace, during which Wilson said he wanted to make a great World Peace League, but that he had nothing formulated. Whereupon Lloyd George told him that Smuts had been working on something of the sort, and perhaps he would like to see what he had prepared. Wilson said he would, and Lloyd George had Smuts send it over to him in Paris. A few days later Wilson gave notice that he was prepared to submit a framework of his proposition, and to the amazement of both Lloyd George and Smuts himself, solemnly produced the identical document which Smuts had drawn. Lloyd George added that Wilson seemed really to think it was his own product, and that he, Lloyd George, had all he could do to keep his face straight when he read it. . . .

As ever

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Mrs. Harding wrote him a playful little note, asking why he did not write to her occasionally, as well as to his other 'best girls,' who boasted of hearing from him, and thus secured from him an answer in kind. 'Those "best girls,"' he said, 'who ever they may be, are trying to "put one over." I have not written to them; and besides, they are not my "best girls"! In the course of a long and chatty letter he referred to Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, who had just been entertaining Mrs. Harvey and himself at a garden party:

Between you and me, I do not mind going to see the Dowager Queen, because I have quite a crush on her daughter, the Princess Victoria, who lives with her and who is a true game sport. I sat with her at the polo matches and at her earnest request said 'Damn!' for her whenever she nudged me to do so. . . .

The President's call for a Conference made the greatest hit that I

have any recollection of. The whole crowd here, from the highest to the lowest, suddenly awoke to a realization that there was a man in the White House who knew what he was doing. I did not have much time to spare myself in carrying out this end of the job, and the ice I skated over for a few days between Lloyd George and Curzon was altogether too thin for comfort. . . .

At this point I was interrupted until I had to go and see Queen Alexandra. She is certainly a wonderful person, although deaf as a post. She was as quick and alert as you can imagine, and showed us all of her mementoes with almost girlish satisfaction. . . . The whole performance was quite characteristic. Whenever Queen Mary has a function on hand she (Queen Alexandra) invariably arranges something on her own account, to get in ahead. Undoubtedly she shrewdly arranged this reception at the last moment, to precede her successor's garden party, which she did not herself attend. . . .

The 'catty' women here have a new name for our mutual friend Mrs. ——. They used to call her the 'Queen of America,' but as soon as they discovered that she really liked it they changed it to the 'Kingfisher.' I fear she is not having a very good time.

A member of the Cabinet told me a new one last night on Lord Curzon, who nearly wept on my shoulder the other day when 'The Times' said he should never attend the Washington Conference because of his pomposity. The Cabinet member said that he was with His Lordship on the banks of the Somme during the war, when a number of *poilus* were in bathing. His Lordship looked at them with great interest, and remarked in accents both surprised and sympathetic: 'I had no idea that the lower classes had white skins. How interesting!'

At about this time a story was current concerning the sensation which had been caused by Harvey's driving a Ford car through Hyde Park, and it formed the theme of a brief letter from Harding, in which he said:

It was my fortune to spend the week end in camp with some Ohio friends, and in the party was Henry Ford. By happy chance Mr. Edison brought up the story of your having driven your Ford in some manner to the astonishment of the British public, and Ford was so amused and delighted thereat that he talked of sending you a special product of his wonderful factory as a testimonial of his esteem. I thought this would be interesting to you because of the fact that 'Harvey's Weekly' used to say some things about Mr. Ford and his son, Edsel, which would tend to discourage the making of any gift — even a Ford!

To this Harvey replied:

I dislike to deprive so imaginative a genius as our mutual friend, Mr. Ford, of any satisfaction he might derive from originality, but

as you are well aware stern duty is the one compelling force which I am never able to withstand. The first I knew of my famous ride, through Hyde Park in a car that I knew would get me to the Brazilian Ambassador's house on the minute, having achieved publicity, I had from the Prince of Wales in the form of some illustrated verses from some American paper, which amused him greatly. A day or two thereafter I sat next to him at some show, and he remarked that that was the greatest advertisement the famous car had ever received in Europe, and that if he was Mr. Ford he would show his appreciation by presenting to the American Ambassador immediately a fine limousine, suitable to the dignity of his exalted position. So you perceive royal and great minds sometimes run along the same channel, but that in this instance the royal got ahead of the great.

Incidentally I, somewhat to my surprise, had an idea myself yesterday, while motoring to Southampton to meet my granddaughter. It is this: Mr. Ford ought to design a touring car on entirely new lines. The driver and one other should ride in front, as at present. But the two passengers behind should be seated in comfortable, high-backed armchairs, with their backs to the driver. The back of the car should be of wood or metal in the lower part and glass in the upper, but so built that the glass could be slipped down into the wood when desired, thus leaving the upper part open. The advantages are obvious. The passengers would be saved the constant bumping which comes from riding over axles. Their eyes would be relieved of the strain which comes from looking constantly forward at the road, and they would have the delight of gazing restfully upon a receding panorama of landscape with unimpaired vision. Just how the car would be balanced is a matter of detail. In any case it is none of my business. You will immediately recognize, however, that this is one of the most striking ideas evolved in the present century, and again demonstrates to a nicety that Mr. Ford has not yet a monopoly on originality. My sole regret is that under the Revised Rules and Regulations of the State Department I am prohibited from accepting royalties or other remuneration for the happy suggestion!

The question of Panama Canal tolls, already mentioned in a preceding chapter, caused Harvey much concern. There was pending in Congress a bill, to which the Republican Party was pledged in its platform, and which seemed sure to pass, exempting American coastwise commerce from tolls, and this the British Government regarded as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty — which it obviously was, since that treaty provided that the tolls should be uniform on the vessels of commerce 'of all nations,' and it was explicitly understood by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote in making the treaty, and by the Senate in ratifying it, that 'all nations' included

the United States. Harvey regretted that he had not been granted an opportunity to seek a diplomatic solution of the problem in advance of legislation by Congress, but since he had not, he manfully undertook to do so under the serious disadvantage of having a bill on the subject at the point of enactment. He wrote to the President a long letter on the subject, on September 19, 1921, in which he told of his ineffectual suggestion to Lord Curzon that Congress might be prevailed upon to include Canada's coast-to-coast commerce in the same exemption, that being the only coastal commerce besides our own which was likely to use the Canal. He continued:

Unfortunately, Lord Curzon was in a somewhat peremptory mood, and flatly refused to discuss the matter further, saying that so far as the British Government was concerned it was settled by the unanimous opinion of their law lords that their original interpretation of the treaty was correct. Moreover, it was not Canada alone for which they had originally demanded absolute equality in toll charges; it was also for all the nations of the world, whose interests Great Britain was bound to conserve. The unexpected abruptness of this declaration nettled me somewhat; and I made this rejoinder:

'I fear, Lord Curzon, that I should have difficulty in convincing my Government of the right of Great Britain to speak for the nations of the world in their relations with the United States, unless she could produce specific authority so to do.'

Lord Curzon was obviously surprised and shocked by this observation and demanded to know precisely what I meant. I replied simply that so far as I was aware the other nations had not constituted the British Government their agent in dealing with the United States, and that I had reason to surmise that if they had occasion to make a trusteeship, some of them, at any rate, would prefer to entrust their interests to the keeping of America.

I have to confess that this statement did not make a favorable impression. Lord Curzon seemed, in fact, to be slightly dumbfounded; but after a moment of hesitation, said with an air of finality:

'In any case, we stand definitely and finally upon our original position, and the United States must assume entire and undivided responsibility for whatever its Government may do.'

To this I replied: 'There is no difficulty about that. The United States always has assumed full responsibility for its own acts, and I imagine always will.'

'Very well,' he replied; and that ended the conversation.

From the day of that interview to the present, not a word approaching acrimony has passed between Lord Curzon and myself. We have had many talks, and he has invariably been most gracious,

considerate, and friendly. I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, the interview tended to clear the atmosphere. . . . Needless to say, the passage of the bill on the eve of the Conference would be most unfortunate. Could it not be averted without impairing in any degree our rights? . . . The ideal thing, to my mind, would be to induce Borah to let the business rest and slip by without publicity.

This wise counsel of the Ambassador's happily prevailed. The Exemption Bill, which had been introduced by Senator Borah and which was supported by Senator Knox, was indeed passed by the Senate, but was shelved by the House, and never became law.

The bestowal of the American Medal of honor upon the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey gave Harvey occasion for another long and interesting letter, in the course of which he said:

The ceremony in the Abbey was the most impressive I have ever beheld. There was not an empty place in the whole great edifice, and our country was adequately represented. . . . I had some difficulty in keeping my face straight when Lloyd George was speaking. With characteristic foresight he got from me on Sunday a copy of my remarks, and took his cue therefrom, both as to line and length. He had his speech before him as usual, but soon betrayed certain evidences of embarrassment which were quite obvious to me. It is his custom when speaking to interject casual and humorous observations as they occur to his extraordinarily facile mind, and he started several times unconsciously on this occasion, only suddenly to realize that it was not a fitting thing to do; so consequently he was constantly dropping or fumbling his glasses in getting back to solid ground and staid utterance. On the way out he confided to me that it was the first time he had ever spoken in Westminster Abbey, and this new experience had clearly bewildered him. However, he got through very handsomely. For myself, I have to admit frankly that I was quite gratified by the compliments that were showered upon me by the Royal Duke, Winston Churchill, Lord Lee, Worthington Evans, the Dean and many others. In fact, to tell you the truth as modestly as may be, my simple expression constituted the chief topic of conversation at the Duke's luncheon.

Let me here interject that Harvey's 'simple expression' was widely esteemed, by those well fitted to judge, to be his own masterpiece and one of the supremely felicitous utterances evoked on such occasions by the World War. I have therefore reproduced its complete text in another chapter of this volume. The letter continued:

The important fact is that this performance came at precisely the psychological moment. The prospective Conference was slipping in interest here, in the Government and in the Government press. Curzon's nose was considerably out of joint, because his every nod was not accepted as a command, and more than once he had remarked to me that President Harding could not expect to have his own way about everything; all of which I accepted most placidly, with the observation that I was unable to perceive wherein my Government had not gone to the extreme in consideration and in courtesy; remarking only once in a half jocular way that the President was certainly entitled to considerable say about matters, for after all it was his party.

Lloyd George, as I have intimated before, was playing battledore and shuttlecock from the beginning, and deliberately tried to manoeuvre things in such a way that he would be the king pin of the whole business. He got his first jolt when Briand took the bit into his teeth and remained steadfast. Since that time he has emulated 'B'rer Rabbit' to a considerable extent, but as this ceremony approached he obviously got some kind of word from the King, and began to realize that he was getting into deep water and had better look sharp. . . . As a consequence of the tremendous outburst of pro-American sympathy in connection with this ceremony he can be relied upon, I am positive, to go straight ahead without swerving, in full coöperation. I am equally confident that as a result of my conversation with him last night, Curzon will do likewise. Altogether, things are in vastly better shape than I dreamed would be possible, a month ago. The King is as square as a die, and as steadfast as they make them, and, when all is said and done, the people follow the King pretty closely in international matters, so long as he keeps scrupulously within his prerogatives, and this he does with amazing skill. Take, for example, that silly misquotation about his ordering Lloyd George to stop killing his Irish people. Anything of that sort is the last that he would dream of saying. What he did say to Lloyd George, after he had made his speech at Belfast, was: 'Now I have done my part, I have a right to expect that you will do yours and carry this matter through to a successful settlement.' Those were his exact words. I happen to know, because he told me so himself.

Harding frequently referred, in his letters, to the attacks that were made upon him in the press, and the need of philosophy to endure them, and this moved Harvey to write to him in the course of a long letter on November 8:

I may have recounted to you a bit of conversation I had along this line last summer with Lord Curzon, when he was so broken up by the assaults upon his pomposities by 'The Times' that he almost wept on my shoulder in search of consolation. I told him that in the course of constructive criticism, to which I had been somewhat addicted in the past, I had discovered that from the moment the pub-

lic suspected that a public journal was actuated by sinister and unworthy motives, even fully warranted unfavorable comment, to say nothing of virulence, not only failed to injure, but actually benefited, the object of attack. It could safely be regarded, I said, as 'water on a duck's back.' He was puzzled by the simile, possibly because in the course of his existence in the highly rarefied atmosphere of statesmanship, his attention had never been drawn to the humble members of the quacking family, except when duly served with suitable sauces at Buckingham and other palaces. Nevertheless, after he had meditatively repeated the remark two or three times, he professed comprehension of the idea, and seemed to be relieved in his mind.

Then, turning to a more important matter:

Just a word about a few remarks of my own the other evening at Liverpool, in the course of which I gently intimated the improbability of America engaging in definite alliance with other Powers. I had a distinct purpose in mind. Information had come to me from Paris to the effect that Briand's enemies, headed by Tardieu, were filling the minds of the French with the notion that Briand would return from Washington with a Treaty of Alliance in his pocket, guaranteeing America's support in case of need with force of arms. This suggestion was being conveyed rather subtly but none the less most effectively, through their popular public journals; knowing perfectly well, of course, that such expectation had no hope of realization. They were laying the ground for so great a disappointment at his inevitable failure that upon his return they could wipe him off the political slate.

Having had something to do originally with getting Briand to agree to go, and feeling properly grateful for the sturdiness with which he kept his promise to me in the face of all the obstacles put in the way by his opponents, I was keen for an opportunity to upset their apple cart. Lord Derby gave me just the chance I wanted in expressing at the Poincaré dinner his hopeful anticipation of a specific alliance of Great Britain, France and America. It was at his earnest solicitation that I went to Liverpool, and we were his guests while there. . . . It seemed to me only decent and just to Briand to deprive his enemies of the trap they were setting for him, and, rightfully or wrongfully, wisely or unwisely, I did it without evoking the slightest displeasure from either Derby or any part of the British press. . . . The French clique was discomfited, naturally. . . . I have a strong notion that Briand and Jusserand will understand.

In response, Harding wrote in his next letter:

I have noted the remarks which you made at Liverpool. On the whole they produced a very favorable reaction in the United States, though I realized full well that you designed to have them felt in

other quarters. It may be accepted as well established that alliances are quite out of the question with the United States.

In a long letter on December 9, Harvey discussed the questions of stabilization of European currencies and of German reparations, and gave an account of a visit from Walter Rathenau, the German industrialist and political economist:

Rathenau came to see me the other afternoon, and remained for an hour or more. He recounted his conversations with Sir Robert Horne and the Governor of the Bank of England with respect to the loan he was seeking to meet the reparation payments for January and February, and was dejected by the prospect of getting nothing. His purpose in coming to me, he said, was to get my advice, and I complied to the extent of suggesting that he await a definite response to his application. That seemed safe enough and was, I imagine, all he expected. What he really wanted to do was to put the whole German situation before me, and I was very glad to have him do so, because what he told me bore directly upon the whole matter of readjustments. Somewhat to my relief, he declared at the outset that he had nothing to expect nor to ask from the United States, because the United States was not a participant in the reparations.

What distressed Rathenau most was the possibility of the French obtaining a pretext to occupy the Ruhr Basin. The mere thought of such a happening filled him with horror, and in this, at least, he was obviously sincere. I asked him if Sir Robert Horne had given him any indications as to whether the British Government would protest in the event of the French pursuing this course, and he said that he was satisfied that they would; but he personally feared that might not suffice in the present tense relationship of England and France. If only the United States would join with Great Britain in making such a protest if the necessity should arise, then there would be no doubt about it. So at last he revealed to me the real meat in the coconut as to why he came to see me.

Another long letter just before Christmas related an account of his call upon Briand at his hotel, after his return from the Washington Conference:

He had just dined happily with M. Loucheur and M. Berthelot and was in an exuberant mood. He grasped both my hands, and for a moment I anticipated, with no little apprehension, the traditional French salutation upon my rugged American cheek. Happily, however, I was spared. He was effusive in his praise of the Conference and its success — of yourself, of Mr. Hughes, and of all others who had had to do with it. Characteristically, he could not resist the temptation to have his little joke, and, waving his hand toward a bottle of fine champagne, invited me to join with him in a toast to the illustrious President of

my country; and added, with a twinkle in his eye, that I would find the beverage different from that which he had received at the hand of Mr. Hughes, or even at the White House, but assured me that, nevertheless, of its kind it was in all respects agreeable to the taste.

In the same letter he reported a meeting, at dinner, with Bainbridge Colby, who had been President Wilson's last Secretary of State, and for whom he had always had high regard:

He reported, in common with others who have passed through, that the President had grown immeasurably in public esteem, but that he had in Congress a heavy load to carry through the next Congressional election. Incidentally he remarked that he saw Mr. Wilson immediately after I made my first speech to The Pilgrims, and asked him if he had read it. Mr. Wilson replied that he had read every word of it, and that his only comment was that, if I believed what I said, he greatly respected me for saying it. Colby thought this was quite fine, and asked me if I thought he could have said anything more under the circumstances. I replied simply and truthfully that I thought not. Colby also told me that he had lunched with a friend of his in the Foreign Office, whom he had known in Washington, who informed him that the entire Department, from the Foreign Secretary down, found the present Ambassador a most satisfactory person to deal with, as they had learned to know that whatever he told them was so. Being partly human, I was not displeased.

Speaking of the Foreign Office, I must not forget to relate what Lord Curzon described as a most amusing joke on himself. He told it last summer, when we were in Paris. It seems that His Lordship had found it necessary to discharge his old coachman, who had become his chauffeur, for inattention and inefficiency. Shortly after having given him his notice, however, his tender heart relented somewhat, and one evening as he was sitting alone in his library, he decided to reinstate his faithful servitor and finally pension him off according to custom. While he was indulging in a bit of self-gratification over his generous impulse, the butler announced that the old coachman would like a word with His Lordship. This seemed to the Marquess a quite interesting and pleasing coincidence. Immediately, therefore, old John was ushered in and stood before his master in sturdy British fashion, twirling his hat; whereupon His Lordship said: 'John, I am glad you came. I was thinking of you at that moment. I know what you want, and I am not going to insist upon your asking. I have already decided to reinstate you and retain you indefinitely, with a suitable pension for your closing years.' John did not evince the gratefulness which His Lordship had anticipated. On the contrary, he said: 'I did wish to see you, My Lord, but not for the purpose you mention. I simply wanted to say to you that you are the damndest cad in England! Good day, Your Lordship!' And John walked out.

I happened to pick up Thomas, the Labor leader, for a game of golf the other day. He told me that you had been most gracious to him — so frank and straightforward that he had lost his heart to you completely. . . . He expressed surprise that men of such varying temperaments as those who comprise your Cabinet should be able to get along well together, and he seemed to doubt that all of them did see eye to eye on all matters. The one whom he held in highest esteem was Mr. Mellon, who, as he put it, has 'more above his ears than any three of the others put together.' Thomas himself stands very well over here as a shrewd but absolutely square and broad-minded man. He is the Labor member of the King's Privy Council, and on more than one occasion His Majesty has spoken to me most highly of his ability and good judgment. Nevertheless, I discovered that I could beat him at golf!

By the way, I ran across a new British golf rule the other day in a club book, reading as follows: 'It is forbidden to pick up a lost ball until it has stopped rolling.'

In his reply to this, in a much longer letter than he usually wrote, Harding spoke again of the trials of Presidential life, and said:

Frankly, I think I would rather be an Ambassador. I suspect you get more golf, and probably play better than any President has ever been known to play. . . . You ought to introduce to your English friends the sportive game which we know here as 'ups and downs.' I am sure they do not know it, because I played in the foursome which originated the game. I had the satisfaction of introducing it to Sir Harry Lauder, and he chuckled over it quite happily, especially when he had the fortune to make par in two holes out of eighteen. An 'up and down' consists of a wager that one side of the foursome will make par, and coupled with that is a wager that the other side will not make it. It is what you call in some other sports a 'whip-saw' wager. Of course, it is unbecoming to commend undue wagering on the golf course. Personally I can have as much fun playing for one golf ball as for half a gross. But it is different with 'ups and downs.' You may wager with a contestant that you will make par and that he will not. The stake may be a shilling or a pound. If you make it and your opponent does not, he settles. If he makes it and you do not, you settle. If you both make it, or if you both fail to make it, there is no settlement to be made.

There were, in March, 1922, some rumors, originating in London, that Harvey was to resign, or be recalled, which the President promptly denied. Then Harvey wrote him:

Let me thank you for your quick and crisp denial of the rumor printed in the Bolshevik paper here. It served its full purpose in put-

ting a stop right off the bat to gossip and rumors which, if continued for twenty-four hours, would have been at least annoying and more or less harmful. . . . It may interest you to know that late in the afternoon, while I was in my wife's sitting-room, her evening paper was brought to her, and before she opened it I said: 'Well, see what the President has to say.' She opened the paper mechanically and read your statement in the press dispatch, then laid it down and looked at me, somewhat bewildered and perhaps a little accusingly, as if I had played a trick on her, and asked: 'How did you know there was going to be a statement from the President in tonight's paper?' At which naturally I laughed and replied: 'I didn't. But I know the President!' So you see I was not overwhelmed with surprise. Nevertheless I was greatly gratified, not only at your doing it, but at the way in which you did it. I could not but contrast the inaction of the people here when, immediately following the Conference, the papers were filled with reports from America to the effect that Geddes was to retire. They simply paid no attention to the matter whatever, and as, of course, his hands and tongue were tied, he must have been seriously embarrassed for several days.

In response, Harding wrote:

I had not imagined that the rumor concerning your recall had been taken seriously by anybody in the British Isles. I do not believe anybody took the gossip seriously here. You understand, of course, what impels the disagreeable outcry. It is wholly the feeling that the friendly relations of this country to Great Britain are inimicable to Irish interests and, therefore, unlikely to be helpful in appealing to the Irish vote in this country.

Writing to the President on the very day on which the Senate was to vote on the treaties resulting from the Washington Conference, Harvey assumed that it would ratify them:

I cannot rid my mind of the impression that the magnitude of your achievement has not yet been fully realized in either America or Europe. That this should be the case here is easily understandable. It was only natural that the shock given to Europe by the Senate in rejecting the League in the face of Wilson's positive assurance to the contrary should have created doubts to the last moment respecting the Senate's final action upon your proposals. I look for an immediate and noteworthy enhancement of your prestige as the true spokesman and real leader of the American people, as a consequence of ratification. . . . When I saw Lord Curzon the other evening and obtained the friendly message of reassurance which I cabled, I could not fail to contrast his personal attitude of today with that of some months ago. You will recall how politely condescending and, at times, slightly contemptuous, His Lordship seemed. It was quite interest-

ing, therefore, the other evening to hear him say: 'Mr. Harvey, I have become convinced, both from what Mr. Balfour has told me and from my own observation, that the American people are extremely fortunate in having as their President a man of Mr. Harding's temperament and breadth. It is, in fact, a matter of congratulation upon all sides, because of the universal recognition here of the dependability and consideration of the American President with whom we have to deal in these trying times.' I am not prepared to say that he did not have in the back of his head, by way of contrast, a picture of the Prime Minister, as he certainly did of Mr. Wilson. But the remark was good to hear in any case, because, whatever may be said of Lord Curzon's manner at times, he does not say what he does not believe.

By curious coincidence, in April, 1922, Harvey wrote to Harding, urging him to seek escape from the political turmoil of the coming Congressional campaign by making a trip to Alaska; something which he knew the President would like to do, but which in fact he did not do until the next year, when it proved to be his last journey in life. The response to this came from Mrs. Harding, who wrote:

We are hoping against hope that it may be our good fortune to get off to Alaska, but really know there isn't the slightest chance of it this year, for Congress seems to show not the faintest sign of adjourning. The usual effect of a long session seems to be apparent in outbursts which almost pass the bounds of wordy encounters, as the paper this morning describes rather heated scenes in both the Senate and House. When women come into what some of them feel is 'their own,' I wonder if they will work off their nerves on such occasions by a tear or two!

CHAPTER XXXV

A YANKEE AT A ROYAL WEDDING

'AND now,' said the Duchess, as she finished sipping her coffee, and sat back in her chair contentedly, 'tell me about the Wedding.'

'But surely you have read about it?'

'Indeed I have, columns; but I would like to hear.'

'Very well; shall I begin at the beginning?'

'If you please.'

'I'll work backward.'

'How can you do that?'

'I don't know.'

'Then please proceed!'

Such was Harvey's prologue to the account which he wrote to Mrs. Harding of the wedding of Princess Mary to Viscount Lascelles, which occurred on February 28, 1922. He made of it not so much a letter as a brochure. Plunging at once *in medias res*, this was his story:

Well, then, it was a fine day. It was not a bright day. A bright day in London is when you can see across the street; a fine day is when, if you look sharp and persist, you can get an occasional peep at the sun. This was a fine day.

I got out of bed to go to the Wedding. I had to! I had been in bed for three days; consequently, if I went at all, I had to make my departure from that restful place. But that is another episode to which I shall refer in my process of working backward to the beginning.

It is scarcely a mile from my house to the Abbey, and the going was easy, because we had the right of way through the Palace grounds. The sight was more than interesting; it was impressive, and significant. We had followed the same route when attending the opening of Parliament on two occasions, when also the Royal equipages were brought into evidence for the delectation of the people.

Previously, and especially soon after my arrival, during the coal strike, I have to confess that I was somewhat dismayed by the apathy of the crowd. The atmosphere had been laden with a peculiar sense of downheartedness, relieved to only a slight degree by reconciliation to a rather hopeless situation. But this was quite different. Not only was there a vastly greater number, but there was also an unmistakable spirit of animation, even of buoyancy, manifest upon the countenances of the great masses of those who lined the way, despite the odd stillness which always characterizes an English multitude and with which we are totally unacquainted at home. There

was a distinct challenge of exhilaration in the air, such as you have experienced in crossing the mountain ranges in the Far West.

We arrived in due course, and under the absolutely perfect arrangements of such functions, quickly found ourselves in our most excellent places. It was a truly wonderful spectacle. So many and so resplendent uniforms and gowns have probably never before been brought together; all were new, bright and sparkling. The ceremony itself was remarkably beautiful in its simplicity. There is a legend that some seven hundred years ago the daughter of the King was married in the Abbey; but it is only a legend. There is no record of historical value to that effect. The mere recognition of this fact undoubtedly made a sub-conscious impression upon those present. Moreover, it was quite obvious that even though a like event had taken place at some previous time, it could not have approached this one in either dignity or splendor.

We got away as easily and comfortably as we went, but could not return by the same route, because it was blocked by the Royal procession, and we had to make our roundabout way as best we could through St. James's Street and Piccadilly. It was while we were going up St. James's Street that we had our most interesting experience. Both the sidewalks and the street itself were packed with people. I had not recognized them at first, and in fact was quite bewildered, until suddenly I realized that they were not Londoners at all; they were part of the million or more that had poured in from the provinces. Nine-tenths, I should say, were young women with the red cheeks that you never find out of England, and with the most laughing eyes it has ever been my good fortune to behold. They simply radiated joy and good nature. As my chauffeur was patiently striving to restrain the ardor of his galloping car, the Japanese Ambassador drew alongside in his stunning equipage, about twice the size of mine and most conspicuous. The crowd at first suspected it was a Royal coach, but on closer examination discovered it was occupied by my friend Hayashi, and their interest waned. About that time somebody recognized me, or my spectacles, or something. At any rate the word went round that this was the American Ambassador, and the whole crowd swarmed round us, pressed their faces against the windows at the sides, climbed up the steps, hung on behind, stood in front to prevent the progress of the car, and smiled and laughed, and waved welcomes and joyous greetings to a degree that was really very embarrassing, though I need hardly add most gratifying. It took us a good half hour to worm our way along for a couple of blocks, and it was not until we reached the entrance of Hyde Park that the friendly and gleeful multitude dropped back on one side, and waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted all kinds of friendly messages as we at last began to speed on our way home.

That is about all I find to say about the Wedding. I shall now proceed according to plan, to work backward.

We returned on February 2 from Paris, where we had stopped off

ostensibly to avoid the effects of the very bad weather then prevailing in London, but really to enable my wife to buy a new hat for the wedding. A somewhat interesting episode took place the evening we arrived. I was sitting by the fire, comfortably reading the evening papers, when the new Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Atholl, was announced. His predecessor, Lord Sandhurst, was as fine an old courtier as ever was. It happened, however, that he died about six months ago, and the Duke of Atholl was appointed his successor. The making of all arrangements in connection with the Wedding was his first task, and it was a very severe test, as it was neither quite official nor quite private, but a kind of blend of the two. I had never met him, but of course knew about him; that is to say, I knew he was one of the best of the Scottish Peers, with a title running back a thousand years, and with an army of his own on his estate in Perthshire which he still maintains.

He was ushered in promptly, of course, and appeared before my eyes as about as husky a specimen of Highlander, of perhaps fifty years, as I have ever seen. He squared himself with his back to the fireplace, and after lighting a cigarette turned to me and said, with deep solemnity:

‘Mr. Ambassador, I am having a hell of a time.’

I nodded my head understandingly, and he repeated the observation with even greater emphasis, and added:

‘I have come round to ask you to help me out.’

I intimated my willingness to do whatever I could to that end.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘it’s like this. There are no fixed rules about costumes in connection with this Wedding, and yet it is impossible of course to avoid observing certain customs. Now the whole business is entirely new to me, and I think I have got everybody fixed up pretty well except the Diplomatic Corps, and there I have come to a standstill. I have talked with the Foreign Office, and they know nothing about it, or at least they say they don’t, probably for the purpose of avoiding responsibility. I have consulted others, also, but have arrived nowhere. Finally there was nothing left for me to do but to put the whole matter before the King, and I did so this afternoon, and have come straight from the Palace here. Now this is what the King said:

“You go and see the American Ambassador, and ask him what he is going to wear. Whatever he says, you accept as final, and issue your invitations to the others accordingly.”

‘Now,’ said the Duke, with an air of finality, ‘what are you going to do about it?’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘that is most considerate of the King, and I fully appreciate the motive which actuated him; but so far as you are concerned it looks to me very much as if, as we sometimes say in the States, you are trying to “pass the buck” to me.’

He laughed, and said:

‘That’s right. I am. I told you I wanted you to help me out.’

'Well,' I said, 'I am going to wear whatever costume is prescribed, of course, and I don't care what it is.'

'I know,' he said. 'That is all right. But it doesn't help me out.'

'Very well, then,' I said; 'as I understand it, the Ambassadors or Ministers who have Court costumes or uniforms prescribed by their Governments will wear them, and your question applies to only the German Ambassador and myself, and the Ministers who do not exploit gold lace, and three-cornered hats, and so forth?'

He said that was correct.

'Then,' I continued, 'as I understand it, there are three possibilities for the rest of us. One is the full Court costume, consisting of velvet coat, ruffled shirt, and so forth. The second is the regulation Court costume, such as we are accustomed to wear at balls and other functions attended by the Queen and ladies of the Court. The third is Levee costume, such as we wear when the King receives without the Queen, consisting of evening dress with trousers. It is a choice among these three, as I understand it.'

'That is right,' he said, 'and that is the choice I want you to make.'

'Well,' I said, 'you will have to excuse me from making a choice. But I will tell you what I suppose we should be directed to wear; namely, regulation Court costume, consisting of plain evening dress coat, white tie, white waistcoat, knee breeches, and silk stockings.'

'That settles it,' he said. 'Regulation Court costume it is and will be. I think myself that is exactly right, and know the King will think so also. Mark my words, though,' he added, somewhat gloomily, 'I am still going to have a hell of a time. You see the others want to wear velvet and show off. Some of them have been asking me about it already, and they will be again. But,' he declared, thumping his fist upon the mantelpiece, 'it is settled, and I shall stand by my guns.'

So when the formal invitation came it bore the expected words: 'Court dress for those not in uniform'; and I forgot all about it. Nevertheless, when we arrived at the Abbey, the Duke dropped alongside as we walked to our places, and again whispered his favorite phrase:

'I had a hell of a time, but I stood firm. Two or three asked me if this were a positive order, and I said, No, it was not. I told them that was the costume the American Ambassador was going to wear, and if they thought they ought to wear something else, more showy than the American Ambassador, I should have great pleasure in presenting their applications to the King. They wanted to know if I wouldn't take up the matter with you again, and I said I could not, because it had been settled so far as you were concerned. So,' he added complacently, and with a real Scotch grin, 'I had them there, and that ended it. But,' he whispered finally, 'I shan't forget that you helped me out of my hole, and the King thinks it is exactly right.'

I judge from scraps that have crept into the London papers that

there was some comment in the American press upon my wearing breeches instead of baggy trousers. As to that of course I was technically beyond criticism in wearing the costume prescribed by the Court regulations, and ordered by the State Department instructions, and worn by Choate, and Reid, and Page, and Davis, and several times by myself. In point of fact, oddly enough, as I happened to discover the other evening, looking through an old book of reminiscences, the costume was identical with that worn by John Adams, our first Minister to this Court.

I remarked some time ago that I got out of bed to go to the Wedding. That came about in this way. When I got back from France I found, naturally, an accumulation of matters requiring attention, and a number of engagements made some time before which were unescapable. . . . As hard luck would have it I had promised weeks before to make a speech at Plymouth on Washington's Birthday. . . . That meant a five hours railway journey, into the worst sea fog I have ever experienced, practically no sleep at all, and a big official luncheon party prior to my rushing to the train for another wretched five hours trip to London in order to attend the special Court for Princess Mary that evening. It seemed to me in the morning at Plymouth that it would be a physical impossibility to attend this function, because of the distressing asthmatic cold I had accumulated, but inasmuch as I had begged off from the previous Levees, and really had no time to make proper excuses, I decided at dinner to go ahead at about ten o'clock. And so I did.

I was very glad that I acted on that decision, because it was quite evident as we approached the receiving line that the King was looking for me. He said immediately as I shook hands with him that he had heard that I was at Plymouth and might not be able to get there, and that he was greatly pleased that I had been able to manage it, because, as he put it: 'My mother has been very anxious about you ever since your accident (at Cannes), and she came here tonight determined to see with her own eyes that you had fully recovered. She is there now, waiting for you.' And surely enough, there she stood, fragile but resolute, next to the Queen, and was so eager and gracious and friendly that I should never have forgiven myself if I had disappointed her. . . . When I got my bump at Cannes she was at Sandringham, and the very first telegram I got was from her, reading as follows:

So greatly distressed to hear of your accident. Do hope nothing serious and that you are recovering from any injuries.

ALEXANDRA

Simultaneously there came one from her daughter, who lives with her:

So very sorry to hear of your accident, which I am afraid must have been a bad one. Do hope no severe injuries and that you will soon be able to get about again without any ill effects.

VICTORIA

I do not mean to intimate that these were the only kindly messages that arrived from England. In point of fact, there was a small multitude of them, beginning with the King, who sent his secretary, Lord Stamfordham, every day to inquire, and forwarded a lot of pheasants to encourage my appetite. President Millerand also sent special messages, and the two Prime Ministers came and sat by my bed and made jokes to cheer me up, and so forth. But I will not bore you with all the details of that. I mention this circumstance now simply to indicate why I was glad I screwed up my courage and went to the Court on my return from Plymouth.

The unhappy fact remains, that it came near to being my undoing. I gathered up some more chill, and found myself in the morning with a sky-high temperature and a chest and back that, in the words of the doctor, sounded like a full orchestra. He experienced a good deal of difficulty in combating the fever, but both my wife and myself felt that in the circumstances, if in any way possible, we should attend the Wedding. The doctor would not listen to it at first, but after I had explained the situation, he buckled down to his task, and on the morning of the fourth day the thermometer registered under 100, and the weather, as I have said, was fine; so he reluctantly assented, and off we went, as I have related.

That was a week ago yesterday. Naturally the doctor kept me in bed a few days, until I regained a state of what has been designated by a high authority as normalcy. . . . The real trouble, he tells me, was that I had allowed not quite enough time to recover after the motor shock, and so was an easy mark for the germ patiently awaiting my arrival in London.

And that is the story of the Wedding, told precisely as I promised, from the ending to the beginning, working backwards. You will not have to read it if you do not care to do so. My advice is, not even to make the attempt.

Another of Harvey's long letters to Mrs. Harding was typewritten, but with 'Dear Mrs. Harding' at the beginning written in with pen and ink. He began it with the explanation:

This method of address may look queer to you. It is the latest English style. The idea is, I assume, to conceal from the stenographer the name of the person to whom one is writing; so that he or she will be in the dark as to which of perhaps many of his best girls he is addressing varied terms of affection. The system has no value to me, because all my home girls went back on me as soon as I left, and only you, who stand at the pinnacle, take the trouble to write to me at all. Then, too, Bowen always does my letters to the President and yourself and addresses the envelopes; but that does not impair safety because, having a British-born mind, he would never think of associating the address without with the carefully concealed address within. . . .

The opening of Parliament was the most gorgeous spectacle they have had here since the war began. . . . Incidentally, a funny thing happened. The King's Speech was the shortest on record, and when he finished there was a dead silence, and the whole party waited in most bewildered fashion. His Majesty was obviously ill at ease, and the Queen looked distinctly uncomfortable, while the Lord Chancellor, Birkenhead, on the King's right, was fumbling in his bag for his papers. He finally found what he wanted, came around, and performed his part according to custom. The fact of the matter was that the King forgot to invoke the Divine blessing upon the forthcoming acts of his faithful Lords and Commons, for the first time in history. The next day at luncheon Birkenhead told me about it. He said that he was flabbergasted to know what to do, but inasmuch as the King had rolled up his document, he concluded that he had better go ahead. Not one of the papers here touched upon the incident, as it is a point of honor with them never even to hint at the slightest lapse on the part of Royalties. When the business was over, however, there was no mistaking a very amused smile on the face of the Queen and a distinct scowl on the flushed forehead of His Majesty.

While we were waiting for our car, Mrs. Asquith butted in and politely intimated that, as she could see nothing of her equipage, she would be willing to accept a ride home. So we took her along and were quite cheered along the route by her accustomed monologue. She informed us that she was about to descend upon America to elevate the standard of our people by readings of her literary products for hire; not because she wanted to, but because Henry hadn't a cent and she had to support the family.

CHAPTER XXXVI

KINGS AND THE COMMON TOUCH

ONE of the greatest philosophers of our age, or of the age which is just passing away, has named as one of the chief elements of manhood the ability 'to walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch.' According to that test, the manhood of George Harvey must stand full well approved. It is to be doubted whether any other American Ambassador in Great Britain ever walked more frequently and more closely with the King. It is not to be doubted that none ever retained for himself a larger measure of that common touch which kept him in unimpaired sympathy with democracy, and which enabled him to shake hands with the King as man with man and unobtrusively but most effectively to remind the most glittering galaxy of starred and gartered nobles that 'the rank is but the guinea stamp; the man's the gowd for a' that.'

A noteworthy and quite unique illustration of his sturdy loyalty to democracy — and to America — came early in his Ambassadorial career. In the latter part of June, 1921, he received a formal presentment, bearing the Royal Arms, setting forth that —

The Lord Steward is commanded by Their Majesties to invite His Excellency the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey to a Banquet at Buckingham Palace in Honour of Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians, on Monday, the Fourth of July, 1921, at 8:15 o'clock.

Upon which the casual Visitor from Mars might have observed, 'Here's a state of things!' For of course such an invitation was tantamount to a command. It had to be accepted. Almost anybody in the social world would have given his eye teeth to be honored with such a summons. Decline it? Why, it simply wasn't done. And yet to recall the exclamation at the Trenton hotel many years before, 'George did it!'

A precedent was involved; and where should a precedent, in all the world, be more sacredly regarded than at the British Court, whose very foundation and capstone are precedent?

It had for many years been the invariable rule for the American Ambassador or Minister to attend on the Fourth of July a dinner given by his compatriots in London, and to make an address appropriate to the occasion. And was this patriotic precedent to be set aside, even for the sake of two Kings and two Queens, albeit they were the very four most favorably regarded by the stern and unbending democracy of America? Not if George Harvey knew it. So, talking of precedents, he then and there not only maintained the old one, but set a brand-new one, such as never had been so much as dreamed of in all the history of the British Court. Promptly and unhesitatingly he returned to the Master of the Household at Buckingham Palace his reply:

It is with the deepest regret that the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey find themselves unable to accept the gracious invitation with which they have been honored by Their Majesties to meet Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians at a banquet at Buckingham Palace on Monday, the Fourth of July.

For more than a century it has been the custom of citizens of the United States both at home and abroad to celebrate the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, as the natal day of the Republic.

For many years such celebration on the part of Americans residing in London, as in many other places throughout the world, has taken the form of a banquet, at which the United States Ambassador, in his official capacity, invariably makes an address to his fellow countrymen and invited guests.

Conformably to this tradition, an exceptionally large number, including many official representatives of other countries, have signified their intention of attending the annual banquet, for which invitations were issued some weeks ago.

With full appreciation of the great courtesy proffered, therefore, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey cannot but feel constrained to forego the distinguished privilege with which they have been honored by Their Majesties.

How would this be received? Harvey did not worry. It is quite possible that he 'knew his King,' for it had been observed that at his very first reception at Court the King had engaged him in conversation two or three times as long as he ever had any other foreign envoy. However that may be, the answer came back from the Master of the Household in the most cordial terms:

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

I have submitted to the King your difficulty about July 4th, and His Majesty, while regretting your inability to come to the Banquet, nevertheless perfectly understands the circumstances and is graciously pleased to excuse Mrs. Harvey and Your Excellency.

Pray believe me, yours very sincerely

DEREK KEPPEL

To which Harvey replied:

MY DEAR SIR DEREK:

I have your cordial note and I beg that you will kindly convey to His Majesty an expression of my deep appreciation of his most gracious courtesy.

Believe me, my dear Sir Derek, faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Of course this 'case unprecedented' was not made public at the same time, so that there was no general comment upon it. But Harvey wrote about it privately to President Harding, who mightily enjoyed it, and wrote:

I need not tell you that I had noted some reflexes of your Fourth of July speech, and I do not know of an instance in which there was not a note of approval sounded. I had a most agreeable chuckle over the embarrassment of the Royal invitation for that date, and think you handled it most admirably, indeed. As a matter of fact, I think you are naturally disposed to do all things well.

In the course of that Fourth of July speech, made in such unique circumstances, Harvey referred to the King's famous Belfast speech for the conciliation of Ireland, in words which attracted much attention at the time, and which he himself was worthily entitled to recall some months later, when the Irish problem was at last settled, and when he wrote to the King's secretary:

MY DEAR LORD STAMFORDHAM:

At the risk of your writing me down a bore, as well you may, I really cannot refrain from asking you to seek from His Majesty, on my behalf, the honor of extending my most earnest congratulations upon the fruition of his high hopes for distracted Ireland, fruition not merely of his deepest desire but of his own personal initiative; because, my dear Lord Stamfordham, I happen to know whose was the originative, constructive and royally courageous thought voiced in such vivid and impelling phrase in Belfast last summer. I not only know now, but I knew as long ago as the Fourth of July, when I

spoke these words to my fellow-countrymen at their National celebration:

'If George the Third had put forth a proclamation even approximating in eloquent sincerity and appealing force that uttered the other day by George the Fifth in his faithful endeavor to reconcile a nation, there would have been no ringing of bells in Philadelphia a hundred and forty-five years ago tonight, nor for many years thereafter.'

From the moment when, a few evenings later, His Majesty graciously and trustfully confided to me the directions he had given to effect a realization of his lofty aspiration, my faith has never wavered that accomplishment was assured.

To the enlightened mind and resolute spirit of George the Fifth belongs the credit of resolving the tragedy of seven hundred years. No King of England ever rendered greater service to his country or to the world. None ever can.

I realize that this will be one of many like tributes from the uttermost ends of the earth; but somehow I cannot but feel that my gratefulness, like that of my President, I know, is deeper perhaps than that of some, in that at last the seemingly impassable barrier between the two great English-speaking peoples is now finally and forever removed. . . .

Your faithful and obedient servant

GEORGE HARVEY

To this an appropriate reply was promptly made:

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

It would have been impossible for the King to read without emotion and gratitude Your Excellency's most generous words of congratulations upon the happy settlement of the momentous Irish question, which has been reached at almost the eleventh hour; thereby averting what would have been a crisis too terrible to contemplate.

His Majesty deeply appreciates all you are kind enough to say of himself personally, though he feels that you attribute to him more than is his due. But in his thankfulness for what has been accomplished and what he believes will be mercies powerful and far-reaching, he counts as one of the most important the dispelling of the misunderstandings and difficulties interfering with those complete friendly relations between the American and British Peoples which it has always been His Majesty's earnest desire to secure.

Believe me, my dear Ambassador, yours most truly

STAMFORDHAM

Harvey also congratulated the Prime Minister, saying: 'Yours is indeed a triumph of genius and patience such as the world has seldom if ever beheld. How much it may mean to both our countries and to all mankind!' And Lloyd George

wrote in reply: 'I trust that this settlement will remove forever an old misunderstanding which has hampered all the great human causes which your people and ours have so closely at heart.'

There was much personal correspondence between Harvey and the King, the Prince of Wales, the Queen Mother, and other members of the House of Windsor, which was continued after his retirement from office and to the end of his life. From the mass of it, which has courteously been placed at my disposal by His Majesty's secretary, Lord Stamfordham, a few citations must suffice. In December, 1923, Harvey, then a guest at the White House, wrote to the Prince of Wales:

MY DEAR PRINCE:

It was most kind and characteristically thoughtful of you to send me the admirable photograph and to express a liking of the little book.

Best appreciated of all, however, is your written message, breathing, as it does, both perfect sincerity and that peculiar touch of friendly feeling which never fails to reach the heart of the recipient.

I am glad, indeed, that I may be recalled as having helped in some measure to tie closer the bonds of kinship and mutual aspirations which now constitute the only salvation of a perplexed and staggering world. Anyhow, I did my best, and I shall be quite satisfied to deserve our famous cowboy's epitaph; to wit:

'He seen his duty and he done his damndest;
Angels could do no more.'

Again thanking Your Royal Highness most cordially for both my wife and myself, for many courtesies and particularly for this latest signal kindness, I am, Sir, with great respect and warm esteem, as ever,

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

On Harvey's departure from England, at his retirement from his Ambassadorship, the King made known to him his wish that he would occasionally write to him, as friend to friend, and this Harvey did; as in the following:

To His Most Excellent Majesty George the Fifth,

SIR:

I have refrained from availing myself of the high privilege of communicating with Your Majesty since my return, primarily because the condition of my wife's health was such that absolute rest was

essential. Consequently we isolated ourselves for several months on Jekyl, a beautiful island off the coast of Georgia, which Queen Elizabeth had thoughtfully placed at our disposal by taking it from the Spaniards some years ago. Happily, the effect upon my wife's and incidentally upon my own less important well-being was all that could be desired, and we are now very fit, indeed.

Necessarily, however, during this period I was quite out of touch with public affairs, and only recently have resumed a somewhat intimate acquaintanceship. There was much excitement in the winter months over 'exposures' of political corruption in Washington, chiefly for political purposes, with the result that the Republican party has been damaged seriously upon the eve of a national campaign without, however, touching at any point President Coolidge, who will be nominated next month with virtual unanimity.

In this connection I take the liberty of enclosing advance proof-sheets of a sketch of Mr. Coolidge which I have written for publication in my 'North American Review,' simultaneously with his nomination. Your Majesty will observe that he comes from a sturdy stock that has stood the test of time, I think, fairly well. He is the truest example of the real 'Yankee' (a term corrupted by our Indians from 'English,' which they could not pronounce, first to 'Yengees,' then to 'Yangees,' and finally to 'Yankees'), who has ever served as President — a type well known to me, as we are natives of the same little State of Vermont on the Canadian border.

Surmising that Your Majesty's faithful subjects may be drawn to him by his lineage, and that a personal introduction may strengthen 'the tie that binds' our countries, I shall send the sketch to Geoffrey Dawson and Lord Burnham, in the hope that they will print it at the suitable time.

Mr. Coolidge wished me to take a post in his Government at Washington upon my return, but I felt that a wider opportunity was afforded in another sphere, and I have just now agreed to assume the editorship of 'The Washington Post' on June 1, with an aspiration to make of that newspaper a truly National journal capable of serving the great cause of Anglo-Saxon civilization and unity. Appreciating how close this high purpose is to Your Majesty's own heart, I feel warranted in conveying this bit of personal information.

I must crave Your Majesty's kind and unvarying indulgence at my having this slight message typed — a real necessity due to peremptory demands upon my time while preparing to assume my new post.

I have the honor, Sir, with most grateful remembrances from my wife and myself of the many kindnesses of Her Majesty, to remain
Your Majesty's most obedient servant

GEORGE HARVEY

One of Harvey's most striking contributions to 'The North American Review,' after his resumption of its editorship, was

an article entitled 'Uncle Shylock Looks Abroad.' This was an unsurpassed piece of wit and satire, combined with sound economic and diplomatic philosophy, provoked partly by reports that because of the British debt settlement and the American attitude toward the French debt, 'Uncle Sam' — the traditional embodiment of America — was being renamed and denounced in Europe as 'Uncle Shylock,' and partly by the extraordinary efforts of certain Americans to promote in France a propaganda for the cancellation of the American claims upon that and indeed all other countries. He sent advance proof-sheets of this, also, to the King's secretary for presentation to the King; which Lord Stamfordham acknowledged:

DEAR MR. HARVEY:

It was good of you to send me an advance copy of your article, 'Uncle Shylock Looks Abroad,' which I read with interest, amusement, and satisfaction. In spite of sporadic outbursts of ill-humor on the part of our two countries, I believe that *au fond* there exists a spirit of mutual respect and esteem, and that we may learn much from each other. God grant that with coming years there may grow a stronger and an everlasting friendship between us.

The King desires me to thank you for your kind message. His Majesty is very sorry to hear of Mrs. Harvey's long illness, but hopes the steady improvement you mention in her health will be maintained.

I heartily reëcho His Majesty's sentiments, while I am greatly touched by your friendly allusions to my dear wife. I never forget that the last time we dined out together was under your hospitable roof.

Believe me very sincerely yours

STAMFORDHAM

CHAPTER XXXVII

DIPLOMATIC MISCELLANEA

THE visit of Chief Justice Taft to Great Britain in the summer of 1922 afforded Harvey a joyous diversion from the routine of affairs, and the not inconsiderable labor that was entailed upon him in making arrangements and in entertaining his distinguished guest was a source of unalloyed pleasure. Taft wrote him at the beginning of April of his purpose to sail on June 10 and to spend fifteen or twenty days in England, living at a London hotel. He said:

My visit is chiefly for the purpose of learning the procedure in the English courts of first instance, which I understand has now been reduced to the simplest form and brings about the greatest dispatch. We need such a system in the Federal District Courts. I am very anxious, if possible, to induce Congress to authorize such a system, but before bringing the matter to our Court and having a draft of the needed legislation made, I am desirous of getting the benefit of English experience. . . . I hope you will not think I am writing with the idea of bothering you with respect to my stay in London, but I conceive that I have no right to invade your jurisdiction without letting you know in advance and telling you what my object is in coming, so that I shall have a proper standing with the English Judges when I seek their assistance. . . . Some two or three years ago Lord Curzon as the Chancellor of Oxford, offered me a degree as Doctor of Civil Law. Mr. Balfour advised me that the degree had lapsed, but that he had a note from Lord Curzon saying that he would guarantee, if I came, that they would confer the degree this year. Of course that would be a great honor, but I do not count on it and shall be quite content if it does not come.

This prospect delighted Harvey, who wrote:

DEAR MR. CHIEF JUSTICE:

As I telegraphed you, I was enchanted to receive notice of the impending visit of Mrs. Taft and yourself. . . . As it happens you are about to arrive just two days before the Prince of Wales, so you will step immediately into an interesting whirl of excitement and patriotism. As soon as it becomes known that you are to pay England a visit, you will be flooded naturally with all kinds of banquets and other invitations. My humble suggestion is that technically, at any rate, you place yourself in the hands of your Ambassador, who will

see to it that you are relieved from all embarrassment from conflicting demands which are bound to arise, and who will take upon himself the burden of any complaints that may ensue. . . . Generally speaking, you will be prepared, of course, to feast at the Inner Temple, or Middle Temple, or both, and make the annual Fourth of July oration to the American Society. The Pilgrims will be after you, also, as well as the English-Speaking Union, and other societies, but these can be submitted for your consideration as they come along. Perhaps you will indicate to me how many speeches you would care to make. I do not think that you really need to make more than three or four, including Oxford. . . .

I remain, my dear Mr. Taft, as ever, faithfully

GEORGE HARVEY

Taft replied, most appreciatively, and said that he would prefer to make only three or four speeches while in England. Toward the end of May, Harvey cabled him a tentative programme, comprising a welcoming dinner and speech at The Pilgrims, Garden Party and Court at Buckingham Palace, dinner at the Embassy, luncheon and speech at the English-Speaking Union, Oxford degree and speech, fancy-dress ball at Albert Hall (the chief social event of the season), visit to Sulgrave Manor, and dinner and speech at the Middle Temple. That was all most satisfactory; but Taft wanted to know something about the clothes he would be expected to wear, and for a time the cables were kept busy with a new 'Sartor Resartus':

Will cutaway do, or must I order Prince Albert?

Cutway only required for day functions, but knee breeches and stockings required for Court.

Will not Garden Party suffice without Court? No stockings in London big enough for my newel posts!

I fear there would be disappointment at failure to appear at Court, especially in view of Mrs. Taft's presence here. I can arrange your habiliments if you desire.

Then, upon the heels of this latest, followed a message that brought profound relief to the judicial mind:

Breeks and stockings not required. Suggest you bring judicial robes.

There then arose, chiefly at Buckingham Palace, the important question of the status of an ex-President of the United

States. Merely as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Taft would have been presented at Court in the usual way. But the King felt that some special consideration should be given to him as a former President, and he referred the matter to the Lord Chamberlain and the American Ambassador for recommendation of a suitable procedure, which would, of course, establish a precedent. Harvey and the Duke of Atholl discussed the matter in the same frank way in which they had settled the matter of dress at the Royal Wedding, with the result that they suggested, and the King readily agreed to it, that Mr. and Mrs. Taft should be accorded the same honor that it had been customary to pay to former Chiefs of State of European Powers. In brief, an ex-President was as good as an ex-King.

Consequently, instead of waiting in line and thus passing before Their Majesties and making the prescribed bow and courtesy, Mr. and Mrs. Taft were received privately by the Royal Family half an hour in advance, and accompanied them to their places in the Throne Room. There special places were assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Taft at the right hand of the King. The Chief Justice wore his judicial robe, and Mrs. Taft was in full Court dress. Immediately after the reception of the others who were to be presented at Court, and Mr. and Mrs. Taft accompanied the King and Queen to the supper room. Thus George V established a precedent, which fixes the social status of a former President of the United States and his wife at the Court of St. James's, as second only to that of the King and Queen.

Another interesting incident of Taft's sojourn in England was his visit, in company with Harvey, to Sulgrave Manor: the first time a former American President had visited the home of the ancestors of the first American President. In an informal speech at a luncheon given by the Press Club in London, the Chief Justice paid a high tribute to Harvey for his ability as a journalist and publicist and his skill as a diplomat. In a letter after his return home he said:

I need not repeat what I said at the Press Club luncheon, but it expressed exactly my thought then and now. It was not the language of compliment; it was the language of truth, and I have ventured to write a letter to the President saying the same thing. I think you occupy a unique position in London, at a time when it is

very essential to have a man there who shall know the truth of the situation on both sides and not in any sense yield his Americanism to the very luring attractions of English society, but who, on the other hand, by his frankness and his knowledge of what can be done between the two nations, can make it clear to the British Government what should be done. . . .

I ventured to write the President that I thought your plan for an adjustment of the British debt, with its subsequent possibilities, was an excellent one. I did not give him the details, because I supposed that you would wish to present them yourself.

In a long letter in reply to this of Taft's, Harvey referred to the important purpose of Taft's visit, and then spoke at length and with much concern about Lord Balfour's unfortunate note on the debt question, which I have dealt with in a former chapter:

To the best of my recollection, you are the first Chief Justice to take the initiative in a great constructive programme, outside of and beyond the technical requirements of your exalted judicial position. You are thereby making an example of breadth and vision no less than of fidelity and industry, which should inure to the lasting benefit of the country, even though only as an incentive to all others in the public service to reach out in realization of the fact that any public office is only what the holder makes it.

Incidentally, you may have noticed that the prediction that something would grow out of our luncheon conversation in Downing Street was quickly fulfilled. Sir Robert [Horne] lost no time in making the speech in the Commons along the lines that I indicated, and even heeded my suggestion that it would do no harm to let the Press convey the impression that he would head the [Debt] Commission to Washington. . . . But then came along the Balfour note, and the fat was in the fire. This has been most distressing to me, because all hope of carrying through the plan of settlement, which I am confident would have been of tremendous mutual advantage to both countries, and which I was formulating as a result of weeks of hard study when I last saw you, seems to have gone glimmering. The good relationship between the two peoples, which had been quite happily established and was getting better daily, not only suffered a severe shock instantaneously, but is obviously growing worse as time goes on and political considerations of parties and individuals in both countries become involved. To me it all seems very sad, because at the moment I can perceive no way to prevent a renewal of the feelings of distrust which for so long have been the curse of the two countries and consequently of civilization.

One of Harvey's frequent and always interesting correspondents was Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, from

among whose many letters on various topics a few must be selected. In 1917 he was busily engaged in Government war work in the United States, but in November he returned to England. He then, a little later, wrote to Harvey:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

You will perhaps have read that to my great personal regret I am not now returning to my life on the Congressional Limited. It is much better that we Britishers should have one-man control over our affairs in the United States, and we could not find a better man than Reading. My task is to represent him in London; quite a big job in speeding up our many departments. The position also enables me to keep an eye on certain weak members of Lloyd George's Government. When I reached England, he offered me a Cabinet position, which I declined because of those weak members. As members of the same crew, I should have had to row their pace. As 'coach' on the bank I can be effective. I gathered some idea of that ever-present danger to good Anglo-American relations — the cable — from the fact that your cable editors read my letter of 'declination' as an *attack* on the Prime Minister. No one here thought so, and the 'old gang' thought that L. G. had written the letter himself! . . .

I do hope you will send us your 'War Weekly,' and I do hope some good American speakers will come to Great Britain. I am sending British speakers to you. We know little of you; we see only one American — Page — and we overwork him. Come yourself, if the 'Weekly' and the 'Review' permit, but at any rate send us some speakers. We get a good many hot air statements from Washington, but we want to see some Americans.

The war crawls on, alternate hopes and fears, but my conviction of the certainty of the destruction of the Monster was never greater than today.

With cordial greetings for 1918, your sincere friend

NORTHCLIFFE

Why not utilize T. R.? He is an Allied asset, and a very big one.

In the following months matters on both sides of the Atlantic got more vigorously under way, and in September, 1918, he wrote from Nairn, at much length, in a more confident tone;

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I was delighted with your long and interesting letter. I get 'The North American Review's War Weekly,' and it is passed round a wide circle over here — mostly among Americans, of whom I see a great many. I am writing this from the Far North, six hundred miles from London. Here again are American sailors, mine makers and mine layers, doing thus at last the work which was urged nearly

three years ago by the younger officers of our Navy. It was then described as impossible to place a mine barrier across the North Sea.

Since I dictated the foregoing has come the Battle of St. Mihiel — a fine, clean piece of work which has greatly rejoiced everyone in England, where we have been deluged with German and Neutral statements as to the inefficiency of the American Army, its lack of officers, absence of discipline and nonsense of that kind.

From the very first our soldiers at the front have been enthusiastically pro-American, as have also our sailors. Mingling, as I am very glad to do, among them, I find some who tell me that they do not understand the silence of the Scottish people, which your fighting men regard as stand-offishness. As you know, it is nothing of the kind. I play golf with Scottish partners and they hardly speak a word during the whole round.

What I am so pleased about regarding your 'Weekly' is that it reaches every part of the Union. I cannot conceive a more difficult task than that of trying to spread the light over the vast territory of the United States. Here, in the United Kingdom, we get as a rule nothing but Eastern opinion. I see from the correspondence of the 'Weekly,' and also from that of the 'Review,' that your seeds of thought are blown all over the United States from your library at Deal and develop into promising plants where they fall.

I have always thought it a great mistake to suppose that Washington and New York rule the United States as Paris rules France and, to a far lesser extent, London rules Great Britain. That is why it is so important that there should be some acting link, and why the 'Review' ought to be published more frequently than once a month.

I suppose that when your national effort reaches its maximum, you will come to Europe. Indeed, I expect that, if you had not hammered so hard at the door of the Cabinet Room at the White House, you would be coming to London now in an official capacity. I always think that the appointments of the representatives of London and Washington are matters of extreme delicacy and of the utmost importance. Page did uncommonly well. You can imagine the difficulties of a Democratic Ambassador in a very large and influential American community which is entirely Republican. Only yesterday an American woman said to me: 'We had to give up reading your paper because you supported that man Page.' It is very obvious to outsiders that Mr. and Mrs. Page were, though officially absolutely neutral, detesters of Prussian foulness. There was a time when the influence of the United States in Europe was down to zero, and when Americans who felt keenly would not dine out in London, or in Paris. But today, thanks very largely to your effort, to which I must say the President and Government of the United States have responded superbly, America now stands as she has never stood before.

The war seems to have reversed estimates of countries' national

character. The English, who have always appeared to be silent and taciturn, have been the most loquacious, as the utterances of their politicians prove. The British soldier has all the gayety and *elan* supposed to be peculiar to the French troops, who, as a matter of fact, have turned out to be the grimmest of warriors. The American, who was supposed to be boastful, is comporting himself in Europe with great modesty. I never did believe in what was called the 'stolid German,' having lived among them too much. I was not, therefore, surprised to see their officers weep like school girls when taken prisoner, and the men squeal like pigs when chased with bayonets. . . .

I reflect greatly on the future of our race, my dear George, which I regard as the only hope for the liberty of the world. . . .

Your affectionate

ALFRED

After the war, and during the negotiations and controversies over the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations and the relations of American politics thereto, he wrote, in May, 1920:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

It is quite impossible to explain American politics to English people. For that reason I forbid criticism of that subject in my newspapers. Misunderstandings due to different meanings of the same words are among some of the basic difficulties of Anglo-American relations. The very words Republican and Democrat are confusing to the average non-American. Just now there is a discussion about the price of paper in which the use of the word 'publisher' for 'newspaper owner' confuses our people. . . .

None of these things are as important as your health. I am very sorry to see that you have apparently given up Deal. I, on the other hand, have gone one better than you. Instead of moving into Town I have moved out to my Deal. As a matter of fact, my wife and I have now three different Deals: One in Surrey, one in Sussex and one in Kent; and see as little of our London house as possible. Go thou and do likewise. Go and play golf at Deal.

Yours sincerely

NORTHCLETTE

Another visit to America followed, and then a voyage westward across the Pacific, during which he wrote on August 11, 1921, from the steamer, off Honolulu:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

My visit to God's Country was so brief that I did not have time to write to you. Of the fourteen nights I had in the United States and Canada, I was seven in the train. At Washington everyone asked

me about your Embassy. I told them what I told you, that it is considered the best managed in London. They seem to think we understand American politics and your position therein. I assured them that we do not, and we don't. I think your friends and critics in Washington are about equal in number. The President strikes me as being the right man in the right place at this juncture of American affairs. I have known four White Houses. This is the simplest yet. The President seems to me to be a man who, having chosen his Cabinet, will sit back and let them a good deal alone. That is the way of every good organizer. . . . The office has broadened him a great deal. He spoke very kindly of you. I came away from Washington with the opinion that though he is handsome, amiable and unassuming, I don't think anyone will slap him on the back.

I saw two kinds of Hughes — Hughes of the State Department and Hughes at the dinner party; one very much the Secretary of State, the other most amusing and human.

There seems to be a general understanding that our Ambassador (G. H.) is quite different from the previous Ambassadors; and your membership of the Supreme Council is recognized as being a great and important event.

Affectionately yours

ALFRED

One more, brief but to the point, was written from the office of 'The Times,' in London, on May 17, 1922; referring to an article just published about Harvey's first year as Ambassador:

MY DEAR GEORGE:

What was said in 'The Times' was what we all feel. You are winning a place in this little England of ours of a nature that you may not know.

I know we are a damned slow lot. We do not get wireless flu' fever, and we do not all dress alike, eat alike, think alike, walk alike, talk alike, so that among so many individualities it is difficult to win our affections; but I may tell you — and you may tell anyone you choose — that you and your Lady have done that in twelve months, despite the abominable attacks that were made upon you by your foolish enemies, verbally and printed, before you arrived here.

Your affectionate

ALFRED

Northcliffe's death was a real bereavement to Harvey, who instantly upon hearing of it sent this tribute to 'The Times':

Of the surprisingly few real personalities developed by the great war, Northcliffe's will live in history as one of the three or four most vivid. It is not for an American to attempt to measure the value of

his service to the Empire, but I may, I trust, with propriety bear testimony to the debt owed to him by the Republic for his unflagging endeavors in the interest of our common race. It was a cardinal tenet of his faith that perpetuity of civilization could be assured only by mutuality of purpose and action on the part of our two countries, and he actually did more perhaps than any other one man, living or dead, to attain fulfilment of that noble aspiration. America joins Britain in full sympathy at the loss of one of her greatest sons; as I, in common with so many others who loved him for himself, grieve inexpressibly at the passing of a friend dear and faithful for thirty long years.

GEORGE HARVEY

Still another close friend and frequent correspondent was John St. Loe Strachey, the accomplished editor of 'The Spectator,' of London, whose habitual attitude of discriminating friendliness toward this country had for years been a source of profound gratification to all right-minded Americans and an inestimable service to international good will, and with whom, therefore, Harvey felt a more than ordinary degree of sympathy. A few of his later letters, after the war, will be illuminating. In May, 1922, Strachey published in his paper an article reviewing in highly appreciative but of course entirely just and truthful terms Harvey's achievements during his first year as Ambassador and the 'clean slate' which his efforts had produced; which called from Harvey a note of thanks:

MY DEAR MR. STRACHEY:

That was a truly splendid article of yours, and I am happy to hear that it was cabled to the American papers. Naturally I am most grateful for your most kind words about my own endeavor, but no less, I assure you, did I appreciate your tribute to Curzon — so far better really deserved.

You are right, a thousandfold right, of course, in adjuring all hands to keep eyes open to see that a main chance shall not pass unheeded. Mine, be confident, will not be closed — and I beg you not to fail to point the way and spur me on to help to full fruition your own life work in a very great cause.

I am as ever faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

To this Strachey replied the very next day:

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

It was a great pleasure to me to get your kind and generous letter, and to hear that the article had been so well received in America. I

can assure you that the article was written *ex animo* and with *the fullest belief* in all it said. We owe a great debt to you. I was very glad to speak well of Curzon, but I ought to say that here the prompting was entirely yours. You spoke so well of the Foreign Office and its chief that I felt I must not be behind and that you would be really pained if I forgot their part. . . . I do hope you will make your President *realize to the full* that he is greatly admired here and that he may trust British public opinion. It will not prove fickle. He is just the kind of cautious, honorable, non-sloppy man they like instinctively. . . .

Yours very sincerely

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

Long after Harvey had retired from the Ambassadorship and had for a year become editor of 'The Washington Post,' he printed a noteworthy article concerning what he regarded as France's scheme for evading payment of her war debts, which created a sensation in both America and Europe, and which moved Strachey to write:

MY DEAR HARVEY:

I expect you may already have seen my article on your thrilling flaying of the impostures of the French Debt claim. I want, however, to write you a personal line expressing the homage due from one journalist to another. You have done a great and monumental piece of work. I have been writing for nearly fifty years, and all that time studying forms of appeal and presentation by means of the written word, and I can say honestly that I never saw anything so potent and so penetrating as your article. I meant what I said when I told the shade of Junius to look to his laurels. . . .

I am deeply interested to learn that you have gone back to Journalism and are editing 'The Washington Post' and so giving the Capital a newspaper that matters. I hope, however, that it will not be long before you change that chair for the State Department. . . .

Believe me, yours very sincerely

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

Nine months later, after he had left Washington for Deal, and was preparing to go to the South for the winter for the sake of Mrs. Harvey's health, in the course of a long letter Harvey wrote to Strachey concerning President Coolidge:

Last week while paying the President a visit Down East I told him that you contemplated a trip this way and that I could think of nothing more desirable than a real acquaintanceship of you two. He quickly and keenly acquiesced from such very considerable knowledge as he had of both yourself and 'The Spectator,' but naturally he

wanted to know more, and when I told him of your tremendous service to both countries through all the years, and how, but for you, the great debt settlement could not have been made then or probably ever thereafter, his acquisitive mind could hardly be satisfied. So I am writing you this, that you may know that there is no Englishman whom he is so desirous of meeting as yourself — which is as it should be — and the way will be provided whether I am in the vicinity or not. You will appreciate and enjoy him, I am sure — a highly intelligent political student, thoroughly grounded in first principles, imperturbable but quick, incisive and resolute, and as completely imbued with the spirit of our race as you or I. And the marvel is that in these spotty times he holds a more nearly universal confidence of the people than any President since Washington. He cannot account for this generally admitted fact; nor can I. But one night we finally agreed that it was simply and solely as the embodiment of the imperishable ideals of the old Pilgrim stock — to me the most heartening thought in many a year.

In response Strachey wrote:

Your letter was one of the most delightful *I have ever received*, and it will go to my archives as a *precious possession*. . . . I was literally overwhelmed by the kind things you said about me. I did very, very little compared to what you did in regard to the Debt, but I think that all concerned must feel that the thing achieved was *absolutely vital*.

A few weeks later Harvey entertained Strachey at a dinner in New York, at which a score of prominent citizens were present, summoned by him in one of his most whimsical conceits:

MY DEAR —

I am asking a few fairly reputable, presumably intelligent and notably loquacious patriots to dine with me, to meet St. Loe Strachey, of 'The Spectator.' May I not ask if you will be so gracious as to honor the small party with your greatly desired presence?

To hark back, however, to the actual days of his Ambassadorship, record must be made of a curious but really important incident, in the recognition and restoration of a long-missing historical painting. More than eighty years ago, Daniel Webster had observed that among the portraits of Secretaries of State which hung in the State Department, there was none of one of the most eminent of them all, John Quincy Adams, and he thereupon took the initiative in securing an Act of Congress providing for the painting of a portrait of Mr. Adams to

supply the deficiency. A portrait was duly painted, but for some unknown reason it was not placed, or at any rate was not retained, in the State Department, but for scores of years was missing and was by most forgotten. At the same time, in the American Embassy in London there hung a painted portrait with no name attached, and which nobody recognized, though it was among the likenesses of former Ambassadors and Ministers. But one day a caller, noticing it, suggested to Harvey that it was probably the 'Congressional' portrait of Adams. Careful scrutiny, and comparison of it with known portraits of Adams, confirmed that opinion. It was impossible, of course, to ascertain how the picture got there from Washington, the only plausible conjecture being that it was taken over by Adams's son, Charles Francis Adams, when he became Minister in 1861. At all events, Harvey had the picture cleaned and taken back to Washington, to make the gallery of Secretaries of State complete.

It was inevitable that Harvey should suffer the common fate of his predecessors, in being lampooned and denounced for wearing Court dress on ceremonial occasions, notably at the Royal Wedding. There were even public demands that he be recalled for such 'un-American' conduct — demands chiefly made by those who were envious because they had no chance to go to Court at all. The same fantastic fuss had been raised many times before. Some of our hot-gospeller patriots almost went into convulsion fits when it was known that John Hay attired himself in conventional Court costume; and narrowly escaped apoplexy when Whitelaw Reid did the same thing. It was an intolerable reflection upon American manhood, they wailed and ululated, for an American Ambassador to toady to effete royalty by putting on knee breeches; which ought to be prohibited by law. And all this in the sacrosanct name of 'Jeffersonian simplicity,' in naïve disregard of the fact that Thomas Jefferson probably never in his waking hours wore anything but knee breeches after he put off baby clothes; nor did Washington, Adams, Franklin, or any of the Fathers of the Republic. Similarly, Bedlam was let loose when, upon his retirement from the Ambassadorship, Harvey 'obtained the King's pleasure' before making his departure; that, of course, being an immemorial and universal formality of courtesy —

corresponding with the invariable custom of decent people in private life, in bidding adieu to their host or hostess on leaving a house in which they have been entertained. Out of these idiosyncrasies of Gifted Hopkins, Harvey probably got more fun than anybody else.

In one of Harvey's letters to President Harding, already cited, mention was made of the decoration of the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey with the Congressional Medal of Honor, on October 17, 1921, the actual bestowal being made by General Pershing, assisted by Admiral Niblack, and addresses being made by the American Ambassador, by General Pershing, by the Dean of Westminster, and by the Prime Minister. As a part of the service 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' was sung by the choir and congregation, during which it was observed that the Duke of Connaught and General Pershing were sharing a single Order of Service. Harvey's brief address was so generally regarded as the finest feature of the occasion, and as one of the finest of his many fine speeches, that it must here be reproduced. He said:

By an Act of the Congress of the United States, approved on March 4 of the present year, the President was authorized 'to bestow, with appropriate ceremonies, military and civil, a Medal of Honor upon the unknown unidentified British soldier buried in Westminster Abbey.' The purpose of Congress was declared by the Act itself, in these words:

'Animated by the same spirit of comradeship in which we of the American forces fought alongside of our Allies, we desire to add whatever we can to the imperishable glory won by the deeds of our Allies and commemorated in part of this tribute to their unknown dead.'

The Congressional Medal, as it is commonly termed because it is the only medal presented 'in the name of Congress,' symbolizes the highest military honor that can be bestowed by the Government of the United States. It corresponds to the Victoria Cross and can be awarded only to an American warrior who achieves distinction 'at the risk of life, above and beyond the call of duty.'

A special Act of Congress was required to permit the placing of it upon the tomb of a British soldier. The significance of this presentation, therefore, is twofold. It comprises, in addition to the highest military tribute, a message of fraternity direct from the American people, through their chosen Representatives in Congress, to the people of the British Empire.

There were two soldiers. One was British. The other was Ameri-

can. They fought under different flags, but upon the same vast battlefield. Their incentives and ideals were identical. They were patriot warriors, sworn to the defence and preservation of the countries which they loved beyond their own lives. Each realized that the downfall of his own free land would presage the destruction of all liberty. Both were conscious of the blessings that had flowed from the English Magna Charta and the American Constitution.

Well they knew that the obliteration of either would mean the extinguishment of the other. So with consciences as clear as their eyes and with hearts as clean as their hands they could stand and did stand shoulder to shoulder in common battle for their common race and common cause. There was nothing singular, nothing peculiar, about them. They typified millions so like to themselves as to constitute a mighty host of undistinguishable fighting men of hardy stock. A tribute to either is a tribute to all.

Though different in rank, these two soldiers were as one in patriotism, in fidelity, in honor, and in courage. They were comrades in the roar of battle. They are comrades in the peace of this sacred place. One, the soldier of the Empire, made the supreme sacrifice, and, to the glory of the country whose faith he kept, he lies at rest in this hallowed ground enshrined in grateful memory. The other, equally noble and equally beloved, is by my side. Both live and will ever live in the hearts of their countrymen.

What more fitting than that this soldier of the great Republic should place this rare and precious token of appreciation and affection of a hundred millions of kinsmen upon the tomb of his comrade, the soldier of the mighty Empire!

Proudly and reverently, by authority of the Congress and the President, I call upon the General of the Armies of the United States, fifth only in line as the successor of Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, to bestow the Medal of Honor upon this typical British soldier who, though, alas! in common with thousands of others, 'unknown and unidentified,' shall never be 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

THE death of President Harding was an unspeakable shock to Harvey. It did not, however, materially affect his official career. He had already decided to resign the Ambassadorship in the fall of 1923. With the settlement of the British debt the great work upon which he had fixed his heart and his attention was completed. His health had been impaired by his strenuous labors and an unfavorable climate, and so, perhaps even more, had that of his wife. Moreover, his personal affairs were in imperative need of his direct attention. In the spring of 1923, therefore, he came home to Deal for a long and much-needed vacation. His intention was to remain there most of the summer; to go to Panama to meet President Harding on his return from his Alaska tour and come back to Washington with him, giving an account of his stewardship and discussing various matters with him on the way; and then to offer his resignation, afterward going back to London for a few weeks to close up his business there and take formal leave of the King.

His absence from his post was much regretted on both sides of the Atlantic; for there were several matters needing expert treatment. Particularly was the question of Prohibition enforcement causing international concern. British vessels were engaging in 'rum-running' all along the Atlantic coast of the United States, and the American Government was much aggrieved, but helpless. Chiefly on that account, Secretary Hughes wrote to him, at Deal, at the end of June:

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

I am most reluctant to disturb your well-earned rest or to make any suggestion that is not in accord with your wishes, but I feel compelled to say that in my judgment we need our Ambassador in England at this time very badly. If there ever was a time when it was necessary to have the advantage of personal explanations, it is now, when apparently the British Government is laboring under misapprehensions. We need the sort of representation, discussion and explication which only personal contact makes possible. The

fact that we have no British Ambassador in Washington vastly adds to the difficulty of our situation.

Faithfully yours

CHARLES E. HUGHES

The Secretary had in mind, no doubt, the negotiation of some such treaty as that which, as already related, Harvey did secure in the closing weeks of his service, extending the right of search and seizure from the conventional three-mile to a twelve-mile line. Harvey pointed out in reply that it would be impossible for him to get back to London and effect anything before the adjournment of Parliament, and that the Parliamentary recess would not be a favorable occasion for the work in view, whereupon the Secretary acquiesced in his remaining here until the end of the summer.

In England, late in July, rumors were rife, to the discomfort of the King, that Harvey would not return; and one day at a Royal garden party the King sent the Lord Chamberlain to bring to him Post Wheeler, the Counselor of the American Embassy. On Mr. Wheeler's arrival in the Royal presence, the King asked him directly: 'What do you hear from your Ambassador? I have seen several Americans lately who say that if he comes back to London at all it will be for only a short visit?' Wheeler replied that he had recently received a letter from him in which he spoke of returning to London in about a month. Thereupon the King said, very earnestly and with much satisfaction and relief: 'Then he *is* coming back; so that's all right!'

A few days later, on August 2, President Harding died, and that sad event precipitated affairs. If Harvey had not already determined to resign, he would then, on that account, have done so, in order to give the new President — really, Acting President — a free and unembarrassed hand in such reorganization of the Government as he might desire. So on August 6 he wrote his formal resignation, according to the prescription of the State Department; and then put it into a pigeon-hole of his desk. It occurred to him after writing it that it would be more fitting to withhold it until after Harding's funeral.

At that time Harvey had met Calvin Coolidge only once, and could scarcely claim to be acquainted with him. But he had long watched and admired his career, particularly in that

dramatic and historic episode when as Governor of Massachusetts he squelched a Boston police strike, which was part of a practical conspiracy for a general strike of the police of the Nation, and thus evoked from all parts of the land the fervent cry, 'Thank God for Coolidge!' In 'Harvey's Weekly' in 1920 he had given him high rank among the candidates for the Republican nomination for President, and he rejoiced greatly when, by a perfectly unique popular stampede of the Convention, he was named for the Vice-Presidency. It was indeed natural that the two men should be attracted to each other. Both were Vermonters by birth. Both were intensely imbued with the New England spirit of robust, inflexible Americanism, and with the ideals of the Pilgrims. It was with something like sympathetic eagerness, certainly with the completest confidence of mind and heart, that Harvey therefore contemplated entering into intimate personal contact and relations with his new Chief.

Their meeting occurred at an impressive time. It was in Washington, a few hours before they were both to set out for Marion, Ohio, to attend the funeral of Warren G. Harding. Let us have the story of it in Harvey's own words:

The meeting came about in this way. On Monday, the day I arrived in Washington, Senator Brandegee had a talk with him by the President's request. In the course of the conversation he elicited the information that I was coming to Washington and was to stop with him (Brandegee), whereupon the President said that he wished to see me and incidentally asked the Senator if he knew what my attitude was with respect to continuing as Ambassador. Brandegee replied that he did not know, as he had had no communication with me since the death of President Harding. President Coolidge, according to Brandegee, remarked quite earnestly that whatever my disposition might be as to a long continuance, he hoped that I would go along with him for the present, at any rate, and he also asked Brandegee so to inform me.

On Tuesday Senator Lodge arrived and saw President Coolidge, who said to him, as he had said to Brandegee, that he wished very much to see me and, as Lodge understood, though he was a bit hazy, that he expected to see me that afternoon. On Thursday afternoon, about half past two, President Coolidge's secretary rang up Senator Brandegee and inquired what was the understanding about my seeing the President. Brandegee replied that he had told me that the President wished to see me, but that both he and myself assumed that I would be notified of the time when he would wish me to wait

upon him, but that in any case I was there at the moment and that he could speak to me. He then said to me over the telephone that the President had cleared the decks for a conversation with me that afternoon and would be glad to have me come around immediately. I went over promptly, and after a very few minutes spent with Mrs. Coolidge, who was in the reception room, I was shown into the President's room, nobody else being present. He was most cordial, and began at once with a question as to how I regarded the general situation, as it applied to him. I replied that, of course, as everybody was saying, he had been inducted into a very difficult and trying position. Nevertheless I felt that there were mitigating circumstances which might tend to ease somewhat his consciousness of the heavy task ahead of him — certainly, at any rate, as compared with the burden that Mr. Harding would have been obliged to assume if he had returned alive. Mr. Coolidge was greatly interested in this point of view and asked me to explain further. I replied that in the broad sense he had inherited all of the credit for the many and substantial achievements of the Harding Administration, because they were party achievements and he was the leader of the party. The Opposition could not deprive the party or himself, as its leader, of public appreciation of the reduction of the debt, economies, the international conference results at Washington, etc. On the other hand he, President Coolidge, could not and would not be held in any degree accountable for the resentment and disfavor felt by various groups, such as the Farmers, and the War Veterans, and the Low Tariff people, at President Harding. Nor would any of the general dissatisfaction at existing conditions be transferred to him. Consequently his burden, as a whole, though heavy, was nothing like as overwhelming as President Harding's would have been.

He said frankly that this view had not occurred to his mind, but he believed it was absolutely correct, and it afforded him much comfort at least, and some little encouragement.

He then went straight to the World Court difficulty, saying that he was greatly in need of exact information. The fact of the matter was, he added, with the utmost frankness, that he had paid very little attention to the matter, following his custom of giving practically undivided attention to the things connected with his own job. He had read only casually the President's message and Secretary Hughes's report to the Senate, and he had glanced over the President's speech at St. Louis, but he really had not examined either of them closely enough to appreciate the differences between them. I responded that if it would be of any service to him I would prepare a succinct statement showing what these differences were and what they involved. He expressed great gratification at this suggestion, and said that he had had in mind to ask me to do that very thing, adding politely that he knew of nobody else so competent to put the whole matter before him in such a way as to make it unnecessary for him to give the time to a personal investigation. So it was left that I

was to get up the document and let him know when it was ready, so that we could go over it together, in case he should wish to ask any questions.

He then inquired what I thought of the World Court proposal in a general way. I replied frankly that I had not considered it on its merits, but had studied it at request of Mr. Harding in its political aspect only. The party was on the verge of disruption when I returned from Europe, and by the request of the President I had evolved the St. Louis plan, as doubtless he was aware, to prevent this disruption. For the time being, at any rate, the programme had been successful, as the threatened break had not taken place. Further than that, circumstances arising from the development of public opinion would have to determine future policies.

'Well,' he remarked, rather grimly, 'that baby is not on my doorstep. It is on the Senate's doorstep. You agree to that, don't you?'

I replied that of course that was technically correct, but that I was disposed to think that the question was one upon which at some time he would have to take a position in one form or another. He said that he recognized that. I added that, despite all the newspaper publication and hot air generally, I saw no reason why he should be rushed in the matter. There was nothing imminent or pressing in it. Congress would not meet, in all probability, until December, and I was convinced that the good sense of the country, instead of calling for immediate decision on his part, would wholly approve his taking his time about giving any indication as to what his final attitude might be. He said he was greatly relieved to hear that view, and he coincided and would act accordingly.

He then jumped into the coal question. What did I think about that? I told him I felt distinctly ignorant on all domestic problems, necessarily, but from such little information as I had been able to acquire I was disposed to think that when all was said and done, he had the whip hand on that situation. As I understood it, the whole menace rested on the production of anthracite. Bituminous coal was produced over such large areas and by so large and varied a number of operators and miners that there could not be any effective hold-up in any case; and, in fact, the Government had been assured of the coöperation of the bituminous producers in their endeavors to safeguard the industries and households throughout the country. Anthracite was limited to a small area and, so far as I could learn, both operators and miners were selfish. They should be given every opportunity to settle their differences, and in the event of their failure to do so should be asked to submit the matter for adjustment by disinterested parties under his direction. In the event of their refusal there were several courses to pursue. I deprecated the suggestion of the Government taking over and operating the mines. It seemed to me that it would be quite as effective, in case they should be wholly unamenable to reason, to issue a proclamation

to the American people, setting forth the facts and requesting them to accept, as a patriotic duty, all of the discomforts, added expense, and all other undesirable features, of substituting the use of bituminous coal for anthracite, and actually buy no anthracite coal whatever for a period of one or perhaps even two years. Of course, I should not issue any such proclamation at the present time, but I should not hesitate to let the operators and miners understand that it could and might be done. Also I should see to it that they would realize that other methods of protecting the lives and property of the American people could be devised, and that in any case he should not fail to exercise any authority he might possess to the limit, to see to it that lives should not be sacrificed or industries paralyzed for lack of fuel.

He nodded to this understandingly and, I should say, affirmatively. I then added that in this case, as in the World Court business, although this was far more imminent, I should again refuse to be rushed. I should take the time necessary to reach an appreciation of the situation, as of his own personal knowledge, and I believed that a certain amount of time thus taken would be vastly beneficial in the light of his record of going to the extreme fearlessly in all matters pertaining to the safety and well-being of the public. When I had finished, he again remarked, 'Well, I guess we will let things stand as they are for the present.'

He asked me about the conditions in Europe, probably because Brandegee and, I think, also Lodge, had told him that I knew more about that subject than the whole State Department and all others put together. I told him that things were in a state of flux for the moment, and that I could see no occasion or reason for the United States to inject itself into the situation, pending future developments. I said that obviously I could not inform him with respect to the exact conditions at the present moment. I could give him my diagnosis of the whole business with respect to each and all of the European nations as of the first of May, when I left there, but that as I had not been in receipt of inside information since that time, I could not fetch such a survey up to date. Nevertheless, it was quite clear to my mind that there was no necessity for butting in at the moment, if ever, and that while things obviously were working toward a crisis between England and France, I doubted greatly if there would be anything happening of a momentous character for a month or more. Briefly, I said, he would understand what I meant when I voiced the opinion that it was a good time to let the hen set. He grinned, and said that he wholly understood and he concurred.

I mentioned to him that a few weeks ago the Secretary of State had thought it desirable that I should return immediately to London to take up his twelve-mile limit proposal, but that when I pointed out to him that I could not get there until Parliament had adjourned, and that it was quite apparent that Mr. Baldwin had appointed a Commission to study the subject for the purpose of keeping it away

from Parliament and wholly in the hands of the Cabinet, which seldom functioned in the month of August or in the first part of September, he agreed that there was no pressing need of my hurrying back, especially in view of the fact that President Harding had asked me to meet him at Panama with as comprehensive a survey of the whole situation, both domestic and foreign, as I could prepare, for consideration on our way back, during eight days at sea.

He manifested a very keen interest in this information and said that he would appreciate it very much if I would do the same thing for him that I had intended to do for President Harding and would generally take the same attitude toward him as toward his predecessor. I told him that I should naturally and most willingly do anything I could do that he thought might aid him in his Administration. I could not, however, with confidence make an exact survey of domestic problems until I should have opportunity to make further inquiries. He asked if such an investigation would involve personal visits to various parts of the country, and I replied in the negative — that I had never found any advantage in pursuing methods which, while essential to purely political managers, serve only to confuse one striving to interpret the psychology of the people. He again nodded to this with quick, and I should say approving, comprehension.

All this, of course, took much more time than would appear from this hasty summary. Much more, naturally, was said than I could possibly set down, as it was a quite rapid fire conversation. I had never met Mr. Coolidge but once, and then only to shake hands with him; but Mr. Harding himself was never more outspoken or frank. At about the point above noticed I had to leave to catch my train to Marion. Mr. Coolidge had supposed that I was going on his train, but there had been much confusion about the arrangements. No reference whatever was made in our conversation to my official relationship with the new Government. Doubtless there would have been if I had not been obliged to break away really in the middle of our talk. As a matter of fact, I was quite as well satisfied to have the matter left open and untouched; because it was a somewhat delicate situation and required rather thoughtful handling.

After the funeral at Marion, Harvey returned to New York, and on August 13 he mailed his resignation written and dated on August 6; addressed to the President but enclosed for transmission to him in a note to the Secretary of State. It was to take effect at as early a date as might meet the President's convenience. With it he sent a personal letter to the President, which also had been written and dated on August 6, or before the interview with Coolidge which has just been related. It ran as follows:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

In transmitting to you herewith my resignation as Ambassador to Great Britain, I cannot refrain from expressing, with full sincerity, my earnest hope that your Administration will realize the fondest anticipations of all — and I can imagine no American imbued with a contrary desire — who wish for it every measure of success.

For myself, I may say with truth unqualified that your inherited attributes, fortified by your unblemished record as a faithful and courageous servant of your State and your country, eliminate all misgivings and induce implicit confidence in both your well-meaning and your well-doing.

Particularly, as also a native of the proud little Commonwealth which has the honor of giving you to the great Republic, I rejoice in the privilege of congratulating both State and Nation upon acquisition of the universally acclaimed fidelity and sagacity which your accession to the Presidency has brought to their aid and guidance at this time.

Believe me, my dear Mr. President,

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Ten days later he wrote again; from Deal:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I enclose a somewhat sketchy synopsis of the two World Court proposals. It is quite inadequate, several aspects remaining wholly untouched; but it may serve as a basis for preliminary examination. . . .

My wife and I may go to Washington next week to see Mrs. Harding. If so, I shall have conversation with Senator Brandegee. If not, he is to come here. I shall not fail to communicate promptly my impressions derived from the interview.

Trusting that you will not hesitate to command me in any service that you think I may be able to render, I am

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

Immediately upon receipt of this, President Coolidge wrote:

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

Your two communications came a few days ago, but after I kept thinking I was to hear further from you concerning the matter which we discussed together, I had delayed sending you any formal acknowledgment. I was very much pleased to get your kind and thoughtful note [that accompanying his resignation] and wish to tell you how much I appreciate the sentiment that prompted your sending it.

The other matter [Harvey's resignation] needs only a formal acknowledgment, and concerning it you and I can confer later.

I trust that you may be coming to Washington in the near future, after we are in the White House, and that you will come to see us there.

With kindest regards, I am, very truly yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

P.S. Your letter [with the World Court analysis] just came in. Do come down with Mrs. Harvey, as indicated.

C. C.

Promptly upon receipt of Harvey's resignation, Secretary Hughes wrote to him most cordially:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I confess that I was surprised to receive today your resignation, as I had supposed that you would be willing to continue in office at least for a time. As you had evidently reached a definite conclusion, and your request permitted of no alternative, I have forwarded your resignation to the President.

Permit me to express my deep appreciation of the services, of inestimable importance, which you have rendered to your country in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and especially the pleasure that I have had in our association in the effort to work out our post-war problems. I trust that, although you have decided to sever the official relation, you will not fail to give me at all times the benefit of your friendly counsel. I cannot bring myself to speak of the tragic experience through which we have just passed; I cannot realize that our beloved Chief is no longer with us.

With kindest regards, I am, very sincerely yours

CHARLES E. HUGHES

There quickly arose between President Coolidge and Harvey an exceptionally intimate and confidential friendship; even more marked than that between Harding and Harvey had been. Coolidge did not, it is true, depend upon Harvey for aid as much as Harding did, yet he took counsel with him much more frequently and had him often as a guest, sometimes for days together, at the White House. This was, of course, facilitated by the fact that, instead of being abroad as he was during the Harding Administration, under Coolidge Harvey was much of the time in this country, and for a year in Washington. Nevertheless, as I have already indicated, there was a peculiar sympathy between the two Vermonters, which induced both official coöperation and personal friendship. A few of the letters which passed between them may here be cited, out of their chronological place, to suggest the informal

and intimate character of their relations. Coolidge's, I may add, were often written, not on a typewriting machine, but with pen and ink, in his own finely legible hand.

Thus, on February 14, 1924, the President wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

By this time you will know what a poor hand I am to write letters. You know all that I know and more from the papers, for I do not have time to read them.

I do not know why I have been put in this hard place; but here I am, and am trying to straighten it out, observe the law, and close it up. I wonder when you are coming North. [Harvey was then in the South, for his and Mrs. Harvey's health.]

In the country I think things are fairly good, but we lack organization in Congress. I am looking for a reaction from the hysteria that holds sway just now.

From my statement to the Senate and my speech in New York I had a very good reaction. I think they were overestimated.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Harvey, I am,

Very truly yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

After his election in the fall of 1924, to which Harvey greatly contributed, and of which I shall speak hereafter, Coolidge wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

To yourself, and equally to Mrs. Harvey, I wish to express the appreciation of Mrs. Coolidge and myself for your note of congratulation. I must make acknowledgment of the fine contribution which you made to the success of the campaign. Your work was one of its real features, and your many acts of helpfulness will not be forgotten.

Very truly yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

On June 3, 1925, the President wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Learning of your indisposition, I am sending you some hot-weather consolation. I know you approve large cigars.

I was very sorry not to have you and Mrs. Harvey in, so I could thank you in person for your many great favors. But I am sure I shall see you later, somewhere.

With kindest regards I am yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

In reply to this, Harvey wrote, from Deal:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I thank you most cordially for those superlative cigars.

More especially I wish to express my deep appreciation of your most friendly letter. Your kindly estimate of such assistance as I have been able to render your Administration is, I fear, an exaggeration; but I like it just the same, very much.

It has been a constantly increasing joy to me to help along from the beginning — at first because I felt that you were *right*, and later, more and more strongly and closely, because you were *you*.

Richard Harding Davis *wrote* 'Winning the West,' but, according to all reports, left to you the privilege of *achieving* it. Although not surprising to me, the fact is none the less gratifying, and I make my happy felicitations.

With my very best wishes and hopes for the future, I am and shall continue to be, my dear Mr. President,

Most faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

P.S. Shucks! It wasn't Dick Davis who wrote 'The Winning of the West,' at all! It was T. R., of course. Well, all the better, say I, for the point I was making.

G. H.

A few days later, after a noteworthy speech by the President, this joint dispatch was sent to him by telegraph:

Hearty congratulations upon your sound and splendid address. It improves our golf game very much. Wishing you a most happy and beneficial holiday, we rejoice at your opportunity to obtain greatly needed recreation.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER *and* GEORGE HARVEY

To this the President made a reply in kind. In the fall of that year Harvey wrote to him, as related in a former chapter, concerning Mr. Strachey, of 'The Spectator,' whom he was desirous that he should meet; and in response to this Coolidge wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Your very thoughtful note about Mr. Strachey has been received, and I have had the matter taken up with you by telephone, and assume that the British Ambassador will make a request that I receive this gentleman. We like to maintain that form, as otherwise I would be sure to have received some one sooner or later that was not in good standing at home, to the embarrassment of myself and perhaps to the embarrassment of the British Government.

I want to thank you very much for taking this matter up, and I am sure I shall enjoy very much meeting your friend. I am planning

to have him to dinner on the Wednesday night that you mentioned. I trust that you and Mrs. Harvey are well, and that you will let me know any time you are coming to Washington. Things are going on fairly well for the present, but no one ever knows how long it will continue.

Very cordially yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

In the winter of 1925-26, Mrs. Harvey remained too long in the unfavorable climate of New York, and when at last she and her husband reached Castle Hot Springs, Arizona, she was literally fighting for life with desperate pulmonary complications. Harvey was greatly needed at Washington by the Republican leaders and by the President himself, but of course could not and would not leave his wife; and he thus informed Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee and a very close friend and adviser of the President. A little later, Coolidge wrote, on March 4:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Some time ago I was advised that Mrs. Harvey was ill, and that it was not deemed prudent for you to leave her. I want to express my sympathy for her and my hope that she is better.

We have disposed of the World Court, the Tax Bill, the Coal Strike, and the Aluminum investigation. The latter, which was brought out with a great hurrah, did not materialize on examination. Some opposition has developed to the Italian debt, but in the last few days a very marked shift has taken place in favor of the settlement. It now looks to be certain of adoption. I hope that those who have been telling us that it was none of our business what was done in Europe will not now suggest that we are going to be influenced by the actions of Mussolini, and that others who have said we ought to do more for Europe are not now going to say we have done too much.

With kindest regards, I am

Very truly yours

CALVIN COOLIDGE

A fortnight later Harvey replied:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Thanking you for your kind inquiry and expression of sympathy, I have delayed replying for a few days in order to be able to give positive assurance of a complete recovery. Indeed, far more was accomplished than could have been anticipated with any fair measure of reason. . . . I need not dwell on the struggle itself further than to say that it was severely terrifying, and on two occasions seemed

doomed to immediate failure. It was during one of these periods that I received a most considerate message from Senator Butler. Naturally, with rather exceptional zest, my wife wishes to extend to you her most cordial appreciation along with unqualified assurance that you continue to be 'her kind of a man.'

The severe experience left me somewhat the worse for wear and so an easy mark for the bronchial-asthmatic germ; consequently I have had a rather disagreeable time of it for the last two or three weeks, and am only now beginning to sense that there is daylight ahead if I can only get to see it. . . . I am encouraged . . . that I may reasonably hope to return East in the early part of April wholly fit and prepared for whatever tasks may be awaiting me. . . .

Your domestic political achievements seem to me pretty real. Indeed, if at Swampscott last summer we could have foreseen the actual outcome with respect to coal, aluminum, debt, and World Court, I doubt if there would have been many sleepless nights. I cannot myself recall any governmental work that could more accurately be depicted as a model of quiet efficiency.

I have been giving some thought to foreign affairs, with relation notably to disarmament, and regret to find less occasion for hope than might be desired. It is highly improbable that I could shed any light upon the subject from this remote region, but even so I may take a shot into the air some fine morning, comforted at least with the reflection that no harm could ensue.

However, we shall see. I have not held a pen for a long time, and am dictating this collection of passing observations somewhat uncomfortably from bed, with fragments of calomel duly delivered for consumption every fifteen minutes.

I remain, my dear Mr. President, as ever

Most faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

The next fall the Harveys went to Europe, in quest of the mild climate of the Riviera, and the President wrote just before their departure:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

We read you are going abroad, so fear you and Mrs. Harvey will not get down to see us. We should be pleased to see you both before you go, if you find you can come. This is not a command; just a hope. Our best wishes are with you both, always.

You will see by my message that nothing has occurred to lift the situation out of the present channel. If you get an idea any time, let me have it. The country is so prosperous on the whole and so contented with its business that it seems it would want most to be let alone. But we cannot stand still. The question is, where to go helpfully.

Cordially

CALVIN COOLIDGE

With some details of Harvey's brilliant support of Coolidge for election in 1924, and with his attitude toward Coolidge's potential candidacy again in 1928, I shall deal in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BACK TO THE SANCTUM

AFTER the presentation and acceptance of his resignation as Ambassador, but before its going into effect, Harvey returned to London to resume his duties for a short time, and then to take his formal leave of the Sovereign and the Government to which he had been accredited. He received many warm greetings of welcome, not the least noteworthy being from the usually somewhat reserved and austere Foreign Secretary:

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

Will you allow me to send you a word of welcome on your return to our shores after an absence which our friendly regard for you has found all too long?

The death of your President must, I fear, have been a great blow to you.

I am, yours very sincerely
CURZON

Three achievements chiefly marked this brief sojourn in England. One was the practical conclusion of the agreement for the Twelve-Mile Treaty, already mentioned. Another was the unveiling of a sign-post, and the third was a farewell dinner with The Pilgrims. The second of these may seem at first blush a curious performance for an Ambassador, yet it was by no means unfitting or unworthy, as the story will show. The Duke of York had made the interesting suggestion that in every village in the kingdom there should be erected a post or other monument, bearing conspicuously the name of the place, and also an inscription, picture, or emblem, recalling some historic event related to it. To that suggestion the first response was made by Lady Gulielma Demetriadi, wife of Sir Stephen Demetriadi, and a descendant of William Penn. She caused to be erected such a sign-post as the Duke had in mind, at the village of Ringmer, near Lewes, in Sussex, and asked the Ambassador to come down thither and unveil it. The special interest of it to Harvey and to his countrymen generally lay in the circumstance that it was at Ringmer that two great

Englishmen intimately associated with America married their wives. These were William Penn, whose first wife was the beautiful and saintly Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett; and John Harvard, who married Anna, daughter of the Reverend John Sadler. The unveiling of this post was therefore a function which Harvey was very much pleased to perform.

As he had been welcomed to Great Britain by The Pilgrims at the beginning of his Ambassadorship, it was fitting that his farewell at its close should be made in like manner. It was on October 23. Three hundred men sat down to dinner, to do him honor. Lord Desborough was in the chair, and the toast to the guest's health was proposed by the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin. 'I do not think,' he said, 'anything strikes an Englishman more than this — and we feel it when we look down the list of Ministers and Ambassadors from America — that America has always sent to us of her best. We have learned to look to America for men of exceptional quality, and we are never disappointed.'

In replying, Harvey made a most impressive address; perhaps the most impressive and valuable of all his public utterances. The most striking portion of it related to the Monroe Doctrine, and it is to be doubted whether, either before or since that memorable evening, that foundation stone of American foreign policy has ever been so well and so convincingly explained to a British or any foreign audience. Some passages must be cited, not merely for their eloquence of phrase and cogency of logic, but also for their perfect exposition of that inflexible and immutable Americanism which Harvey cherished and practiced in the direct line of patriotic descent from Washington, Hamilton, the younger Adams, and Daniel Webster. He said:

It is not unusual, especially in democracies, for a political Opposition to chide an existing Government for having 'no foreign policy.' The accusation is made frequently in my country against whatever Administration happens to be in power. But it has no basis in fact. The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations — a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of time. Indeed, as a circumstance not devoid of current interest, it was promulgated just one hundred years ago, come December the second, when the event will be duly

celebrated throughout the length and breadth of our land. It is not, technically and precisely speaking, a National policy; it is an American principle. . . .

The Monroe Doctrine is of American origin absolutely, and continues to this day a purely American principle. It has become as distinctly a part of our fundamental law as if it had been written into the Constitution. . . .

And what, precisely, is this dictum of the United States, this unique possession of the Western Hemisphere? Its original scope and meaning may be stated simply in three parts: (1) No more European colonies on the American Continents; no interference with those already established, but no territorial expansion thereof. (2) No incorporation or extension of European political systems in the Western Hemisphere. (3) No interposition by Europe in the political affairs of the American Republics; no participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe. This is the living part of the Monroe Doctrine which confronts us today. . . .

The Monroe Doctrine is no less sacred in our eyes now, when we are rich and powerful, than when we were poor and weak. It continues to be, in all its phases, the cornerstone of our National policy, and must be recognized and accepted as such in all international transactions. Does this involve or imply selfish aloofness from the trials and tribulations of the world, or unwillingness to help our friends? Not at all. Your own philosopher-poet expressed to perfection the American aspiration when he wrote, with that touch of genius which only Kipling now retains: 'Help me to need no aid from men, that I may help such men as need.' More prosaically, but with no less sententious accuracy, our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, only the other day epitomized the same idea in even fewer words: 'Not isolation but independence is the cardinal principle of the Republic.' . . . You have the Monroe Doctrine, the American principle, unchanged and unchangeable by any President, any Congress, or any Court, for the simple reason that it is implanted in the will of the American people, who alone in the United States possess sovereign powers.

One would think that such language was sufficiently clear and comprehensible; notably a sentence in the first paragraph which I have cited, and which I here repeat: 'The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations — a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of time.' Yet in the press report of that speech, cabled to America and widely printed, appeared this astounding statement: 'The Ambassador said that the National American policy was, to have no foreign policy.' And upon the basis of this report — the utter falsity of which

can be regarded as anything less than deliberate and malicious, only by the exercise of a credulity and a charity beyond the capacity of rational mankind — Harvey was severely arraigned by editorial writers, and it was only with reluctance that in a single instance, so far as I can ascertain, retraction of the libel was made. I have dwelt at this length upon the incident, because it was an average example of a number of gross misrepresentations to which Harvey was subjected, and to which, in personal consciousness of rectitude, he was too proud or too indifferent to reply.

Early in November, Harvey sailed for home, on the same steamer, the *Aquitania*, that had borne him to England at the beginning of his mission; and his departure was marked with an honor never before rendered on such an occasion. As the *Aquitania* left Southampton, the entire Atlantic Fleet of the British Navy was assembled in the Solent, for inspection by the visiting Prime Ministers of the British Dominions; and as the *Aquitania* came abreast of the battleship line, every ship ran up the Stars and Stripes at its foremast, and the huge *Barham*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Sinclair, thundered from her guns a Royal salute. Meantime the crew of the *Aquitania* stood at attention, while the British and American national anthems were played; and Harvey, with bared head, stood on the bridge to acknowledge the unprecedented tribute.

The British press teemed with expressions of regret at his departure, and equally with expressions of grateful appreciation of his achievements and their substantial value to both Great Britain and America and, through them, to the whole world. By no means the most eulogistic, but because of its very restraint one of the most forceful and most to be prized, was that of 'The Spectator':

On Saturday last Mr. George Harvey left England after two and a half years as American Ambassador here. To say that he filled a post which has been held by an extraordinarily distinguished line of men in a way that enhanced that great tradition, would be to describe only one aspect of his tenure of office. When he came to England he was, to us, comparatively an unknown man, or known only for his vehement opposition to President Wilson. Today he leaves us, having proved that the qualities of a great polemical journalist and of a successful diplomatist, at first sight so opposite, are by no

means mutually exclusive. In other words, Mr. Harvey is the happy possessor of an intellect as flexible as it is strong, which enables him to adapt himself, with surprising success, to every new task as it presents itself. In the last two years the four great causes of Anglo-American friction — the Japanese Alliance, the Irish Question, the British Debt, the threat of Naval Competition — have all vanished. Mr. Harvey has played his part in the solution of each of those problems. Could any man have a higher claim to the notice and to the commendation of history?

Some unpleasant but wholesome truths were uttered with trenchant force by 'The National Review':

Mr. Harvey is *persona ingratisissima* among certain sections of his compatriots who keenly resented his appointment and have left no stone unturned to render his stay in London impossible. His crowning crime was that he could not and would not swallow the League of Nations. This reluctance involved the implacable animosity of all Mugwumps, Highbrows, and International Financiers who either believe in that snare and delusion or find it convenient to pretend that they do. It is dangerous for any Englishman to speak in praise of any American public man, because that way his damnation lies, but we shall permit ourselves to say that Mr. Harvey's refusal to echo the claptrap that forms the stock in trade of Anglo-American after-dinner, or after-luncheon, oratory, and his frank confession concerning the motives of the United States in entering the Great War, coupled with his warnings against European expectations concerning American policy, have helped to clear the air and to educate us in the actualities of Anglo-American relations.

In the course of a long leading article 'The Daily Telegraph' of London said:

The English people have learned to regard it as a national right that the American Ambassador in London should be a man of high ability and distinction. The names of Charles Francis Adams, of James Russell Lowell, of John Hay, of Joseph Choate, of Walter Hines Page, suggest, indeed, very different qualities, but there is no contesting their eminence. The man who has to take up such a succession is judged by a high standard. Mr. Harvey, by the consent of all, on his side of the ocean and ours, who have watched the course of Anglo-American affairs during the past three years, has proved himself one of the most efficient of that brilliant company.

Writing from another but no less pertinent and authentic point of view, said a contributor to 'The Observer':

For twenty years and more he has been partly the Clemenceau and partly the Warwick of American politics. He has made Presidents

and unmade them. Both parties in turn have writhed under and been goaded by the terror of his pen. He has swung conventions, drafted platforms, nominated candidates. As a judge of the turbulent tides of American opinion he is almost without a rival. . . .

The results of his Ambassadorship are, as one would expect, severely tangible. . . . The list of things done, of questions settled, of obstacles removed, under the guidance and at the prompting of his fertile and realistic brain, is a shattering answer to all criticism, past, present, or to come.

On his return to America, Harvey naturally turned to his old profession, the intellectual love of his life. He resumed the editorship of 'The North American Review,' and contributed to its pages a number of articles abundantly instinct with all his old-time pungency, vigor, audacity, and charm. To one of these, 'Uncle Shylock Looks Abroad,' I have hitherto sufficiently referred. Another was 'Aristides the Second,' a vivid and penetrating character sketch of M. Briand; which was widely republished in France, and which, because by happy chance it followed close upon some decidedly unpleasant American strictures upon him and his Administration, elicited from its subject the grateful remark: 'Cela compense largement, et cela console complètement.'

An article which created an extraordinary sensation in Great Britain was one on 'The Plight of England,' in the fall of 1925, in which Harvey cited some disquieting facts concerning the decline of certain British industries, notably in coal, and pointed out the tremendous burden which rested upon her in her undertaking fully and honorably to discharge her war debt to the United States — in the agreement for which he had himself performed so important a part. Because of misinterpretation, and some misleading garbling in press synopses of it, this was widely regarded in America as a slap at Great Britain, while in the latter country it was received with incredulity, with resentment, even with sorrow, as the undeserved wound of a friend. In 'The Observer' the eminent publicist J. L. Garvin called it a 'premature obituary' and a 'romance of pessimism,' and styled its author 'a friend gone wrong.' In response, Harvey wrote to him an explanatory letter, in which he said:

Partly because I deemed it unwise to make my purpose too obvious, and partly because the article was 'hashed' by the press associa-

tions, some misconstruction developed in England, although out West in this country it did much good.

I was trying, of course, to pave the way, not for unattainable cancellation, but for just equalization of our credit obligations.

Since then I have been groping for a formula, and am now printing a second piece, in lighter vein to get attention, along the same line as that of the first. It is only a little pebble, tossed out upon the face of a pond, but I am really curious to watch the ripples.

Naturally, nothing can be actually accomplished pending a National election. But time and constant pegging away would be required to play their parts in any event.

I may have hit upon an ultimate solution. I am confident, for one thing, that the idea will make a strong appeal to our people, though just how effective politically remains to be seen.

The readjustment with respect to England would, of course, apply to all others who have 'made good' along with her, and likewise to France, Belgium, and Italy, although the financial differences in their cases from the easy terms already made would be relatively trifling.

The two great points are:

1 — Every dollar paid by any country would be applied to liquidation of the principal, not to hateful interest; a circumstance which would surely incite willing rather than resentful endeavor, and good will in place of bad.

2 — We would probably really get the reduced sums within a reasonable time — say twenty-five or thirty-five years — in place of distasteful mortgages of so long duration that no sane man can regard their liquidation as more than a faint hope.

To this he added, in view of Garvin's undertaking the task of editing the new edition of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica':

You must have a fine time, editing the 'Encyclopædia.' Why don't you make a new Dictionary, or write a fresh Bible, to make sure of keeping busy?

Early in 1924, one of the foremost newspaper syndicates approached him with a proposal that he should write for it a series of weekly articles, on politics and current events, and inquired what his attitude would be in that year's Presidential campaign. He replied:

Personally I am for Coolidge; not as a Republican, because I am not a Republican and never have been, but, as I said at a Gridiron dinner in his presence last December, as an 'Independent Independent' who beholds in him the best man for President in sight. Whatever I may write for publication during the campaign will be written

from the standpoint of an unrestricted, self-directed American publicist concerned only with the welfare of the country, and wholly free to elucidate, expose, commend, or condemn professions and deeds of any public man or any political party, as my judgment may pronounce them good or bad from the point of view indicated. I should make no effort to conceal my detestation of humbug, hypocrisy, cant and sham, but should try constantly to be tolerant and good-humored, and pray for a clean, honest and honorable campaign, upon clearly defined issues, with respect especially to Nationalism *vs.* Internationalism.

He did not make an engagement with the syndicate, however, for the reason that at the beginning of June, 1924, he became, on the invitation of its proprietor, Edward B. McLean, the editor of 'The Washington Post.' In order to correct some misapprehensions and, probably, still more willful and malicious misstatements concerning that engagement, it is fitting to state that it was made very explicitly — as the written agreement, the original text of which lies before me, indubitably proves — for just one year and no more, with no provision or suggestion on either side, and in fact no thought, of its renewal or extension for a longer period. As its editor he made that paper more nearly a National journal than any other American newspaper had ever been, and it was thus generally recognized in other countries. It was, of course, in general a strong supporter of the Administration and took the lead in moving for the nomination of President Coolidge in 1924. Of the ensuing campaign it was easily the leader of the Republican side; especially in directing attention to two supreme issues. One of these, set forth in an article entitled 'Coolidge or Chaos,' exposed the practical conspiracy of some Democrats and followers of the Radical candidate, La Follette, to throw the election into the House of Representatives, and the imminent peril of revolutionary conditions which the success of that sinister scheme would involve. In consequence 'Coolidge, not Chaos,' became one of the foremost watchwords and slogans of the campaign. The other issue was the ominous attacks which were being made upon the integrity of the Supreme Court and therefore upon one of the most essential features of the constitutional system with its distribution and balance of governmental powers.

As the campaign drew near its close, his extraordinary

prescience envisioned the result with uncanny accuracy; as I had the personal privilege of knowing. A fortnight before election he invited me to come to Washington and aid him during those last two weeks. I was glad to do so, and almost my first words on reaching him there were to ask him if the situation were so dubious as to need even the little extra effort which I might be able to make.

'Shucks, no!' he answered with a chuckle. 'It's all over now. Coolidge wins, and "there is no second." But I thought you'd enjoy taking part in a regular grandstand finish.'

Then, State by State, he checked off the result, precisely as it was two weeks later registered at the polls. Concerning only a single State — and that a very minor one — did he have the slightest doubt; and in it the result was what he had been the more inclined to expect.

Then he said, 'Come, let's take a drive'; and for two or three hours we rode to and fro along the Potomac River Parkway and elsewhere, while he unconsciously disclosed one of his motives in sending for me — namely, to have somebody to talk to about Frank Brandegee. That brilliant but too temperamental Senator from Connecticut had been one of Harvey's closest friends, and he had only a few days before committed suicide. Harvey was more shaken in mind and heart over that tragedy than I had ever before seen him. One thing that particularly distressed him was 'the needlessness of it! the needlessness of it!' as he repeated again and again. Brandegee had been suffering very grave financial embarrassments, over which he had seemed almost distracted. But Harvey and one or two others had taken his affairs in hand, brought order out of chaos, and abated all reasons for anxiety. 'And then, just as we got his feet on firm ground again, he did this! Oh, the needlessness of it!'

As editor of 'The Post' during the campaign, he was necessarily an intense partisan. But thereafter he was never blind to any good qualities or actions of the Opposition, and frequently won the gratitude of Democratic Senators and Representatives for his commendation of their statesmanlike and patriotic course. A single brief note of January 15, 1925 from Senator Underwood, will illustrate this fine characteristic:

MY DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

I read in this morning's 'Post' your splendid editorial in reference to my fight on the Muscle Shoals Bill. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the editorial and the fine words you say in reference to myself. It was a hard and strenuous fight, and I want you to know how much good your words of commendation have done me.

Sincerely and cordially yours

O. W. UNDERWOOD

Nowhere were Harvey's achievements during the Coolidge campaign more keenly appreciated — apart from the White House itself — than in the office of 'The Post' and by the trained and veteran newspaper men there, who were after all, in some respects, the best judges of them. It will not be unfitting to reproduce here two notes from leading members of the staff, written to him the day before the election:

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

As an humble member of 'The Post' staff, may I tell you that among newspaper men your work for the President is looked upon as one of the great achievements of political history? This has come to me from various sources — correspondents of metropolitan papers who have no personal interest in you, but always delight in giving credit to one of the craft. I was told today by a newspaper man that, in his judgment, no single piece of newspaper editorial undertaking had ever accomplished such important and far-reaching results as your one effort of a few weeks ago. He was only one of several. I have always believed that when one has something nice to say about any one, it is better to tell it to him when he is alive rather than to tell it to others after he is buried. This is my excuse for handing you this.

Very truly

HARRY N. PRICE

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY:

Before the avalanche starts may I pay my tribute to the rare skill with which you have steered the campaign? I am firmly convinced that it could not have been done without you. Tomorrow after prayers a certain gentleman should sing — I don't know if he can — 'You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied!'

With much admiration

SPURGEON

Not long after his retirement from the editorship of 'The Washington Post' Harvey began work on a somewhat elaborate biography of his friend Henry C. Frick — a task which he had agreed to perform almost immediately after the death

of Mr. Frick, but which he had not thus far had time to perform. In order to be free to devote his full attention to this and to other literary works which he had in mind, he reluctantly decided to sever his connection with 'The North American Review,' of which he had been the owner and editor for a longer time than any other man in its history. Accordingly in October, 1926, he sold that historic property to Walter Butler Mahony. 'I have felt for some time,' he said, 'that this venerable periodical is fairly entitled to its conductor's undivided attention, which I could not give without abandoning or neglecting certain historical and biographical work which I had undertaken.'

His volume about Mr. Frick was published the following year, and proved to be not merely a biography, but also an industrial and economic history of the United States during Mr. Frick's time. It brought the number of items in his bibliography up to only three; a small number, indeed, for one who had contributed so voluminously to the periodical press for more than a third of a century, but indicative of the too common fate of journalists. His other published works were 'The Power of Tolerance,' and 'Women, etc.'; both being compilations of essays and addresses, on a great variety of themes, but all marked with a scholarly charm that entitled them to high rank in that fascinating department of American and English literature.

CHAPTER XL

NEW ENGLAND'S SON GOES HOME

It is not to be imagined that George Harvey would ever have grown old, in mind and heart, even had he been permitted to reach and greatly to exceed the traditional Psalmist's span of years — of which, alas! he was doomed to fall far short. In an exceptional degree he possessed the perennial, the immortal, spirit of youth. He was not unmindful of the inexorable passage of the years, but he regarded it with a serene and buoyant philosophy which left nothing to be desired from either 'De Senectute' or 'L'Art d'être grandpère.' When he had reached threescore, one wondered which was the younger, he or his lovely granddaughter. And this rare and precious quality was finely shown in his converse and correspondence with those who were his seniors. Thus, when he was in Arizona, seeking health for his wife and himself, he wrote to his friend of years, John Hays Hammond — using, for lack of other available stock, some stationery left from his Ambassadorial days, and whimsically hinting at the experience which Hammond had had in the Johannisberg jail at the time of the ill-starred Jameson Raid:

From the Arizona Desert, To John Hays Hammond, On March 31, 1926.

(Warning — strictly private, for prudential reasons: I assume that I now have no right to use this paper, even in addressing a predecessor at the Court of St. James's, and I fully realize that you too may incur severe penalties if you condone the offense by retaining the document in your possession. Nevertheless, since I have no other suitable for the occasion on hand, I shall take a chance and trust that you will share the risk. After all, living in jail is no novelty to you and, some think, ought not to be to me; so what boots it if only the confinement be not solitary and together we be permitted congenial association while profiting from enforced rest? But I would not argue; I merely tell you; and, as you like, so be it!

G. H.)

It was like you to select March 31 for your advent. The 'Dictionary of Memorable Events' records no other happening on that date in 1855 or any other year to equal your personal achievement. At

the very beginning of your career you staked your first claim without dislodging anybody else, and the day continues to be an exclusive possession. So, wherever you may be at this moment, your heart must be light, unless Dryden was a poor interpreter of Horace when he sang:

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd today.

That the poet really had you in perspective nearly three centuries ago might be difficult to establish by evidence; but stay! Did he not continue:

Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more.

Who else but you, I demand to know, could Dryden have had in mind? He names no other; that is fact; ergo, there was no other; that is reason; logic is logic, 'that's what they say'; and the process of elimination clinches the conclusion. The strings of the clock in the hall were pulled by human hands; but you stand by Fate wound up for 'fourscore years' and on to run 'ten winters more.'

That will fetch you to ninety-one, but a step to the joyous and glorious Depewvian Age. Then, but not till then, it shall be your privilege to turn and look back upon the road of one life winding its way to the top of the highest peak in unfaltering service to mankind.

So while you pause at the seventy-first milestone, be heartened by the thought that your path still stretches straight ahead, ever forward, ever upward, as in the past, with 'eyes front' and fixed steadily upon the guiding star of faith in America as the chief living hope of humanity.

The fetters of public office, I trust, are not for you. Place fades into insignificance before position. The greatest monarch of the present time is a pygmy beside the First Citizen of this Republic.

And now, having thus acclaimed you, my honored and beloved friend, I foresee you in the eyes of posterity, far, far in the distance.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

GEORGE HARVEY

Came, all too soon, the fateful year of 1928. It brought another Presidential campaign; the eleventh — it would be — in which he had actively participated. For three years he had

been out of touch with politics, and at first it seemed that there was nothing to call him back to it. He had looked for another term for Calvin Coolidge; taking no stock in the shallow prattle about 'Third Term.' There was, of course, no reason why a man should not be elected for a third term, if the people wanted him. But as a matter of fact this would not be Coolidge's third term, but only his second. He realized what ought to be clear to every one above the moron class that a Vice-President who takes the place of a President removed by death or otherwise does not thereby become President, but merely Acting-President. So the Constitution unmistakably indicates, and so Hamilton in 'The Federalist' very explicitly made it plain that the Fathers of the Constitution intended. However, Calvin Coolidge's laconic 'I do not choose' quite ended that matter. Harvey knew what 'choose' meant, on the lips of a New-Englander. And the candidacy of Herbert Hoover did not at first appear to be so much in need of him as to incline him to forsake the rest and quiet which he desired and which indeed he greatly needed. But in the end the warrior could not resist the call to battle.

The issues of the campaign did, however, very strongly appeal to him, and when it was made known to him that Mr. Hoover, placing a high valuation upon his political acumen and judgment, personally desired that he should take an active part in the contest, especially in calling public attention to the defects in the Democratic platform, he answered to the call. At the earnest suggestion of Senator George H. Moses, of New Hampshire, who was in charge of the Hoover campaign in the Eastern States, he agreed to write a series of articles dissecting the Democratic programme, which would be published by leading newspapers throughout the country.

For the sake of his health, and particularly to escape the ravages of asthma, to which for many years he had been subject, and which the damp air of the New Jersey coast region often aggravated, he went up into New Hampshire to Shallcross, the estate of Frederick H. Prince, at Pumpelly Hill, Dublin. There he expected to find exemption from asthmatic troubles and a general recuperation of his health. How bitterly he was disappointed was suggested in a letter which he wrote to me only a week before his death:

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON:

I have your note and thank you for the trouble you took on behalf of Senator Moses. . . .

I am confident that this atmosphere would agree with me if it had a chance. We have had the most damnable weather that could be imagined, and the fogs have been so constant and so wet that day after day I have not been able to get out of the house. However, I still live in hope.

Trusting that you are very well and not following your usual custom of overworking, I am, as ever

Faithfully yours

GEORGE HARVEY

To assist him in his work, Harvey sent for his old friend and aid, Louis Seibold, who a few years before had, as already related, prepared for him a valuable report on the American attitude toward the British debt settlement, and Seibold went up to Dublin to confer with him and with Mr. Prince and the former Senator, W. M. Butler, of Massachusetts. It was agreed among them that Harvey should write the articles, with Seibold's collaboration, and that Seibold should manage the machinery of their wide distribution. Mr. Hoover expressed his gratification at this arrangement, and asked Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, the Chief of the Publicity Division of the Republican National Committee, to lend the fullest possible assistance in carrying out the plan.

The response from many leading newspapers was most encouraging. With few exceptions the editors indicated their willingness and indeed their eager desire to subscribe for the articles which Harvey would write. The plan comprised also the free distribution of articles to more than eight thousand newspapers and other periodicals, through the Publicity Bureau of Governor Allen. Mr. Prince, in his zeal for the Hoover campaign, offered to finance the entire undertaking, so that all papers would get all the articles without cost. But this was not necessary. The high value set upon Harvey's work, and his recognized supreme fitness to analyze and interpret the issues of the campaign in his inimitable style, made many papers glad to pay a handsome price for his articles.

Seibold sent to Harvey on August 19 the final draft of the plan of distribution of his articles, together with some papers which required his signature; and in the accompanying letter

told him that he would telephone to him the next evening, to ascertain whether he had received the documents and whether they were satisfactory. Harvey received Seibold's letter, just before luncheon, and it was the last that he ever received or read. He requested Mr. McDonough, Mr. Prince's secretary, who was looking after his correspondence, to see that the papers which needed it were signed by him after luncheon, and then sat down to what was to be his last meal. Shortly after rising from the table he was stricken with a weakness of the heart, the result of the long struggle with asthma and bronchitis, and in a few moments he was dead.

There came forthwith to Mrs. Harvey a flood of messages of regret and sympathy from all parts of the land and from Europe, and the press teemed with sketches of his career and with estimates of his character and achievements. A few, even in the hushed solemnity of death, could not repress their ghoulish hatred of the man whose genius they had envied and whose invincible truth-telling had defeated their devious schemes. But the greater number were generous and profuse with worthy tributes. 'No publicist in America wielded so great an influence as he.' 'He was the successor who has no followers, in the fields which Henry Watterson and Murat Halstead tilled with their pens.' 'He loved to write his opinions, and how well he could write! He had decided opinions; he knew just why he had them; he never took any other man's opinions for his own; and how well he could tell what he believed!' 'Harvey will live long as the master creator of ungloved literature, of the high temper of Harvey-ized steel.' 'He was an American citizen of the finest type, and will live in history.' 'George Harvey is dead, and another chapter in the history of American politics is closed.' 'On the morn of the battle he loved so well, a great Field Marshal of politics has passed the horizon; and the world mourns this fearless publisher who, all in all, was probably the most colorful political figure of the generation.' Such were specimen tributes from among the multitude.

His mortal remains were fittingly borne back to Peacham, to rest amid the scenes of his boyhood dreams and aspirations; accompanied thither by a distinguished company of those who had loved him in his life and who greatly mourned his un-

timely passing. The funeral services were held in the little Congregational church at Peacham, and amid the crowded gathering were some of the playmates and schoolmates of his boyhood of half a century before. A eulogy was pronounced by Senator George H. Moses, with whose eloquent and sympathetic words this story of George Harvey's life is ended:

Today the bosom of his native town receives for all time its most distinguished son. Those of us who came here with him are of the little group who stood closest to him in these recent days and who shared with him the hope of restored health and the promise of renewed activities to which he looked forward with that keen alertness which marked his approach to every subject.

Words elude me as I seek for the fitting phrase — of which Colonel Harvey had such complete mastery — with which to characterize this career, so full, so varied and so useful. Accordingly, may I have recourse to some words of others which have come to us in this moment of distress?

From another great Vermonter whose distinction was, perhaps, higher, but the lines of whose life were by no means so far-flung:

'My close acquaintance with him for many years brought home to me his real abilities. His distinguished career as a journalist and as a diplomat will long be remembered by his countrymen. CALVIN COOLIDGE.'

From another great executive, a companion and a confidant of our friend:

'The country has lost a great constructive leader, and I have lost a friend. HERBERT HOOVER.'

From a great commander who looked to Colonel Harvey for those elements of coöperation such as he alone could give:

'It is an irreparable loss that has come to the Nation that he has served so well. JOHN J. PERSHING.'

'Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.' Our friend thus stood; and kings and princes remember him today:

'Please accept my deepest sympathy.' EDWARD, Prince of Wales, thus cabled Mrs. Harvey.

The sense of shock which came to me with the distressing news that greeted my return from the Pacific Coast on Monday had but one reaction in my thoughts; and I uttered the agonizing cry wrung from Froude when he learned that Carlyle had passed on — 'A man is dead!'

But such a man as this does not die. He lives on, into the generations which follow him, where the remembrances of his words and deeds, which constitute his very self, continue to uphold and fortify and inspire those who recall his comradeship in moments of crisis, his counsels in hours of stress, and his coöperation in the carrying out

of plans which he most largely formulated. Such moments and hours will come again, and those of us who have to enter into them will remember what we did with and through him and what we must again do with and through him — in remembrance.

For what land has the dear one departed
Who so often went sailing before?
Have we seen him, the good and great hearted,
Put forth the last time from the shore?
Oh, what is the place that can hold him,
Who loved the dear earth and its ways?
What arms of new friends can enfold him,
That now in that country he stays?
It must be a land of glad laughing
For those lips bubbling over with cheer;
There must be the loving-cup's quaffing
For one who held friendship so dear.
There must be high service to render,
Or he, touched by all human need,
Would in heaven, soft-hearted and tender,
But find himself lonely indeed.
Over whatever seas he is sailing,
Whatever strange winds fan his brow,
What company rare he's regaling,
I know it is well with him now.
And when my last voyage I am making,
May I go, as he went, unafraid;
And, the Pilot that guided him taking,
May I make the same port he has made.

THE END

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